中英對照・電影文學名著選讀 1

（電影名稱：第七號情報員續集）

偕愛自俄國來



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世界文學名著的語言學習計劃

A①塞萬提斯：唐吉訶德傳	A②阿爾柯特：小婦人
A③狄更斯：孤雛淚	A④史威夫：格列佛遊記
B①馬克吐溫：湯姆歷險記	B②狄更斯：雙城記
B③王爾德：自私的巨人	B④泰克雷：浮華世界
C①莫泊桑：恐怖之夜	C②愛倫坡：黑貓
C③白朗特：咆哮山莊	C④威爾斯：世界大戰

■學好英語就像學好國語一樣容易！

學習科學需要聰明，但是學習英語不需要。如果有良好的課程和情境，人人都可以把英語學的和國語一樣好。**世界文學名著的語言學習計劃**就在提供理想的學習課程和情境——生動、幽默、富於智慧的故事代替枯燥單調的學習材料，消除了一般人學習英語不必要的困惱。標準、悅耳的英語，加上特別設計出來的背景聲音和音樂，打破了一般人學習語言常有的沈悶之感。

■只要有國中基礎的英語程度就適用這套課程。

世界文學名著選讀一共選了十二本書。每一本書都經過語言學家改寫：一本書大約三萬五千到五萬字，分成A、B、C三級。A級的單字有2100字，B級的單字有3100字，C級的單字4100字。文句的文法結構按A、B、C三級由簡而繁，由易而難。朗誦速度也由慢而快，A級是稍慢的速度，B級略快，到C級就是一般口語的正常速度。**以文章的難易而言**，A級相當於國中三年級到高中一年級，B級當相於高一到高二，C級相當於高三到大一。**以聽力的難易而言**，由於一般教學不重視聽和講的結果，叫台灣大學的學生來考A級的課程，大約會有百分之九十以上的學生不及格。因此，如果你是大學生或在職成年人，學過英語，但是基礎不好，這是最適合於你複習和自修的課程。如果你是中學生，越早使用這套課程，對你越有幫助，可以避免浪費時間，和許多無謂的折磨。

■怎樣利用這套課程學好英語？

小孩子從電視中可以熟記一長串他根本不懂的語言，我們曾經不自覺地學會唱一首歌。**世界文學名著的語言學習計劃**就在提供愉快的情境，教大家在輕鬆、自然中學好英語。輕鬆、自然並不表示我們可以不努力。由於時間和精力的限制，一般人不可能和學生一樣，做密集的學習。因此，你應該儘可能把握時間閱讀；在你不方便用眼睛學習的時候，例如開車、吃飯、洗澡、休息的時候，就打開錄音機用耳朵學習。由於這套課程的用句都是最常用的，而且不斷重覆，因此聽久了，你很自然就會熟習其中的表達和腔調，而在適當的情境下，衝口而出。達到這種程度，你就能自由自在地和外國人打交道，到外國旅行了。

■由於這是有計劃、有系統的編輯，前後連貫密切，讀者最好從第一本開始讀，按次序讀完。

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獅谷

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皆愛自俄國來

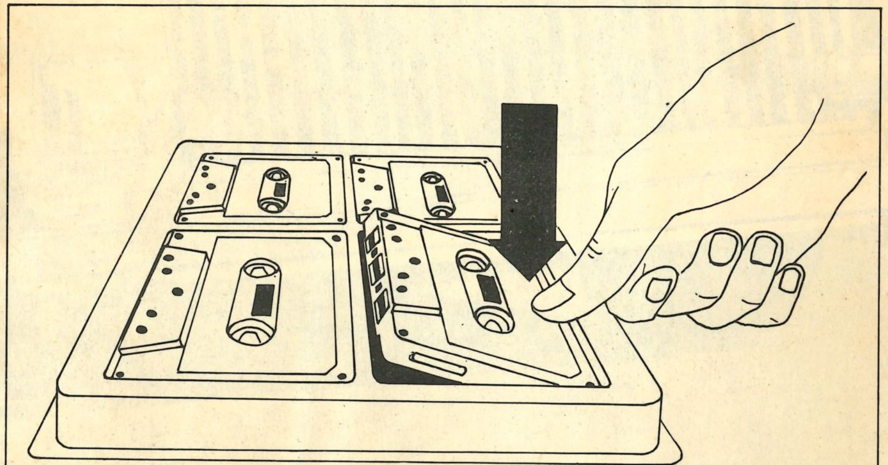


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卡帶取用方法：如圖箭頭所指處一按，另一端跳起，即可取出。



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偕愛自俄國來

伊埃・佛萊明／原著　郝明義／譯註

From Russia, with Love

by IAN FLEMING



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1 Land of Roses

The naked man who lay stretched out on his face* beside the swimming pool* could have been dead.

He could have been drowned, and pulled out of the pool and laid on the grass to dry while someone called the police. Even the little pile of objects in the grass beside his head might have been his personal belongings, carefully arranged in full view* so that no one could think that his rescuers had stolen anything.

To judge by that glittering pile, this had been, or was, a rich man*. It contained a money-clip* holding a thick roll of money, a gold cigarette-lighter, a gold cigarette-case* and a thick gold wrist-watch that told the day of the month, the month and the state of the moon. The story it told now was 2.30 on June 10th with the moon three-quarters full.

The well-kept garden in which the man lay was large and surrounded on three sides by rose bushes. From these came the sleepy sound of bees and beyond that, the distant thunder of the sea at the bottom of the cliff at the end of the garden.

There was no view of the sea from the garden – no view of anything except the sky above the twelve-foot wall. The house was a long, low box. On its inner garden side were four windows with iron frames and a glass door which led onto the smooth well-kept grass on which the naked man now lay. The other side of the house stood back a few yards from a dusty road. It was similar, except that on this side the four windows had iron bars over them, and the front door was of heavy wood.

The sleepy silence of early afternoon was broken by the sound of a car coming down the road. It stopped in front of the house. There was the noise of a car door shutting and the car drove away. The door bell rang twice. The naked man beside the swimming pool did not move. But, at the noise of

一、玫瑰園地

直挺挺俯臥在游泳池邊的那個裸體男人可能死了。

他可能是溺死的，被人從池裏拖出來放在草地上晾乾，這段工夫有人去報警了。在他頭邊，草地上有一小堆可能是他的東西，就連這些東西也細心地擺得一目了然，這樣誰都不會認爲救他的人偷走了什麼東西。

看那堆亮閃閃的東西，這個死人——也許還沒死——很有錢。那堆東西裏有一個鼓鼓地裝着鈔票的錢夾；一個金打火機；一個金煙匣；還有一隻標示日、月曆和月亮盈虧狀況的沉甸甸金錶。故事此刻，是六月十日兩點半，月亮四分之三圓。

這個男人躺着的花園很大，維修得很好，三面圍繞着玫瑰樹。樹林裏傳來蜜蜂引人睡意的嗡嗡聲，遠遠地，從樹林後面，花園盡頭的峭壁底下傳來海浪澎湃洶湧的轟隆聲響。

從花園這邊看不見海——除了十二呎高的圍牆上空的天幕，什麼也看不見。房子就好像是一個長長、矮矮的箱子。房子靠花園這一邊有四扇鐵框窗和一張玻璃門，玻璃門通向現在躺着那個裸體男人的修剪得很好的平坦草地。房子另一邊和一條滿是塵埃的道路隔着幾碼的距離。這一邊除了四扇窗戶裝着鐵架，大門是用沉甸甸的木頭做的之外，和另一邊很相似。

下午時刻還早，這片令人睏倦的沉寂被一輛一路開來的汽車聲音劃破。車子停在房子前面。接着傳來一陣開關車門，還有車子又開走的嘈雜聲響。門鈴響了兩次。游泳池旁邊那個男人沒有動彈。不過，聽了門鈴和車子的聲音，他就像是一隻野獸似地圓

the bell and the car, his eyes opened very wide for a moment, like a wild animal's. The man immediately remembered where he was, and what the noises were. The eyelids* closed sleepily over the very pale blue, inward-looking* eyes.

A young woman in a white cotton shirt and a short blue skirt came through the glass door with a string bag* in her hand. She walked across the grass towards the naked man. A few yards away from him she dropped her string bag on the grass and sat down and took off her cheap, rather dusty shoes.

The girl opened the string bag and took out a bottle containing some heavy colourless liquid. Then she went over to the man and knelt on the grass beside him. She poured some of the liquid, a light oil scented,* like everything else in that part of the world, with roses, between his shoulder-blades* and began massaging* the muscles at the back of the man's neck.

It was hard work. The man was enormously strong and the muscles at the base of the neck hardly yielded* to the girl's thumbs even when the weight of her shoulders was behind them. By the time she was finished with the man, the girl was always wet with sweat and so tired that she made for* the swimming-pool and then lay down in the shade to sleep until the car came for her. But that was not what worried her as she worked away at the man's back. It was her feeling of horror for the finest body she had ever seen.

None of this horror showed in the girl's face, but her heart beat fast with fear.

Once again, as she so often had over the past two years, she wondered why she hated this splendid body. Once again she tried to understand her feelings.

Was her feeling only physical? Was it the red-brown of the sun-burn,* on the naturally white skin, like roast* meat? Or was it something else – the feeling that inside his wonderful body was an evil person?

The girl got to her feet and stood, stretching her tired shoulders. She went to her string bag and took out a hand-

睜了一會兒眼睛。這個男人馬上想起他是在什麼地方，還有那是什麼聲音了。他睏倦地闔上眼簾，遮住那雙深沉內向的淺藍色眼睛。

一個年輕女郎打開玻璃門走了出來，她穿着一件白棉布襯衫，一條藍色短裙子，手裏提着一個網袋。她走過草地，朝那個裸體男人去了。她走到離他幾碼遠的地方，把網袋扔在草地上，接着坐下來脫掉她那雙有點骯髒的廉價鞋子。

女郎打開網袋，拿出一個瓶子，裏面裝着一種濃濃的透明液體。然後她走到男人身邊，在草地上跪下來。她在他兩肩胛骨之間倒了些那種液體——這種液體像是清油，就和這個天地裏其他一切東西一樣，帶着玫瑰花香——開始按摩男人後頸的肌肉。

這件工作做起來很吃力。男人極為粗壯，即使女郎使出全力用姆指去按摩，他脖子底下的肌肉還是硬硬的沒有軟化。每次女郎為這男人按摩完後，她總是香汗淋漓，疲累地跳進游泳池裏泡一會兒，然後找一處蔭凉的地方一覺睡到車子來接她。不過，她在那個男人背上按摩的時候並不是為這一點在緊張。她是為自己從沒見過這麼一付強健的軀體而有一種驚恐的感覺。

女郎的臉上絲毫沒流露出驚恐的神色，但是心跳却因恐懼而加快了。

就像她在這兩年裏時常會有的心情，她又開始奇怪自己為什麼憎厭這副卓越出衆的軀體。她又一次想了解自己的感受。

難道她的感受完全是生理上的？還是因為這原來十分白皙的皮膚被太陽曬成紅褐色以後，和烤肉的色澤一樣？或者，是其他的理由——覺得在他那出色的軀體裏面潛伏着一個邪惡的靈魂？

女郎站了起來，伸動她疲累的肩膀。她朝網袋走過去，掏出

towel. With it she wiped the sweat off her face and body.

When she turned to the man, he had already rolled over and now lay, his head resting on an open hand, staring at the sky. The other arm lay stretched out on the grass, waiting for her. She rubbed some oil into her hands, picked up the half-open hand and started massaging the short thick fingers.

The girl glanced nervously sideways at the red-brown face. On the surface it was all right, even handsome in a way, but when one looked closer, there was something cruel about the thin lips and a pig-like look about the nose. The absence of expression in the very pale blue eyes made the whole face look strange and unnatural, as if, thought the girl, someone had taken a doll and painted its face to frighten people.

The girl worked up the arm to the huge muscles at the top. Where had the man got his wonderful muscles? Was he a boxer? What did he *do* with this amazing body of his? The girl had heard that this house belonged to the police. The two servants were clearly guards of some sort, although they did the cooking and the housework. Regularly every month the man went away for a few days and the girl was told not to come. And from time to time they told her to stay away for a week, or two weeks, or a month. Once, after one of these absences, the man's neck and the upper part of his body had been black and blue. Another time the red corner of a wound had shown under a wide bandage over his heart.

She never dared to ask about the man at the hospital or in the town. When she had first been sent to the house, one of the servants had told her that if she spoke about what she saw she would go to prison. Back at the hospital, her chief had sent for her and said the same thing. So it was a State secret. Perhaps that was what upset* her about this splendid body. She shut her eyes tight at the thought of what he could order his men to do to her. Quickly she opened them again – he might notice. But the eyes still stared up at the sky.

She reached for the oil – now for the face. The girl's thumbs had hardly touched the man's face when the telephone in the house started ringing. At once the man was up

一方毛巾。她用毛巾擦掉臉和身上的汗水。

等她轉向那個男人時，他已經翻過身來，一手枕往後腦，直直地望着天空。他另一隻手伸在草地上，等她過來。她在手上倒了些油揉了揉，握起那隻半屈半伸的手掌，開始按摩五根又粗又短的手指。

女郎緊張地斜瞄了一眼那張紅褐色的臉孔。光看表面，那張面孔沒什麼不對勁——甚至從某一方面可以說很英俊——但是細看一下，會發現他那窄薄的嘴唇透露着一抹殘酷的神氣，而鼻子則有點像豬鼻子。他那淺得不能再淺的藍眸子裏一無表情，使他整張臉孔看來怪異又不近人情，女郎想，這就好像是有人拿了個玩偶在臉上塗上油彩來嚇人。

女郎一路按摩到胳臂上方的大股肌肉上。這個男人是怎麼練出這一身驚人的肌肉？是個拳師嗎？他練這麼一副驚人的軀體用來做什麼？女郎聽說過這幢房子屬於警方所有。兩名僕人雖然也做家事，烹飪，但顯然是保鏢之類的人物。這個男人每個月都要定期出外幾天，女郎會接到通知不必來。時常，他們會叫她一個禮拜，或兩個禮拜，或一個月都不要來。有一次，等這個男人又出現後，他的脖子和上半身一片青紫。還有一次，他胸前綁著一道寬寬的繃帶，繃帶一角透出紅紅的血跡，顯示受過傷。

她從不敢在醫院或城裏向別人打聽這個男人的事情。當她第一次被派來這幢房子的時候，一名僕人就告訴過她，如果她向別人談起她所看見的事情就會入獄。所以這是國家機密。也許就是因爲這個緣故，她看見這副出色的軀體就很煩亂。她想到他可能吩咐手下對她採取些什麼行動，就閉上了眼睛。她很快又睜開了眼睛——他可能會看到的。但是他的眼睛仍然朝上直瞪着天空。

她伸手拿起油來——這次是臉部了。女郎的大姆指才剛剛碰上男人的臉孔，屋裏的電話響了起來。那個男人馬上起身屈起一

on one knee, like a runner waiting for the starting gun. But he did not move forward. The ringing stopped. There was the sound of a voice. The voice stopped and one of the servants appeared at the door, called and went back into the house. But the naked man was already running. The girl watched him go through the open glass door.

I'd better not let him find me here when he comes out again, she thought. He might think I'm listening. She got to her feet, walked to the edge of the swimming pool and dived gracefully in.

It was a good thing that she did not know who he was, this man whose body she feared and hated so much. His real name was Donovan Grant or 'Red' Grant. But, for the past ten years, it had been Krassno Granitski. He was the Chief Executioner* of SMERSH, the secret organization, and at this moment he was receiving his instructions from his masters in Moscow.

膝，就像賽跑選手在等候開賽鎗聲響起。但是他並沒向前衝去。電話鈴聲斷了。屋裏傳來一個人在講話的聲音。聲音停了下來，一名僕人出現在門口招呼了一聲又走回屋裏。不過這時那個裸體男人早就跑過去了。女郎望着他跑進那扇敞開的玻璃門裏。

等他再出來的時候，我還是別讓他發現我在這裏的好，她想道。他可能會以爲我在偷聽。她站起來，走到游泳池邊姿勢美妙地鑽進水中。

幸好她不知道這個身體使她覺得恐懼又憎厭的男人是誰。他的眞實姓名是杜拿潘·格蘭，或是說「紅」格蘭。不過，過去十年來他的名字却是「克拉斯諾·格拉尼茨基」。他是「史莫希」這個秘密組織的「首席死刑執行者」，此刻，他正在聆聽莫斯科的主子下的指令。

2 The Executioner

Grant put the telephone receiver back and sat looking at it. The guard who was standing over him said, 'You had better start moving.'

'Did they give you no idea of the job?' asked Grant. His Russian was excellent, but he spoke it with a thick accent. The voice was high and flat, like someone reciting* a dull* lesson from a book.

'None. Only that you are wanted in Moscow.* The plane is on its way. It will be here in about an hour. You will be in Moscow by midnight. You had better pack. I will order the car.'

Grant got nervously* to his feet. 'Yes. You are right. But didn't they even say if it was official business?'

Grant walked slowly out through the glass door and onto the grass. If* he noticed the girl who sat on the far edge of the pool, he made no sign. He bent and picked up his personal belongings, and walked back into the house and up the stairs to his bedroom.

The room was very bare. It was furnished only with an iron bed, a chair and a cupboard,* together with a wash-stand* and a tin basin.* On the floor were English and American magazines. Cheap paper-back* books stood against the wall under the window.

Grant bent down and pulled a cheap suitcase from under the bed. He packed into it a collection of* cheap, clean, respectable clothes from the cupboard. Then he washed in a hurried way with cold water in the tin basin. The soap was scented with roses.

There was the noise of a car outside. Grant hastily* dressed in clothes as dull and ordinary as those he had packed and went downstairs with his suitcase.

The front door was open. The two guards were talking to

二、死刑執行者

格蘭放回電話筒，坐着望向電話。站在他身邊的保鏢說道，「你最好馬上行動。」

「他們有沒有向你透露這次任務的性質？」格蘭問道。他的俄語說得非常流利，但是腔調很重。他的聲音又高又平，就像一個人在照着書本朗誦沉悶的課文。

「什麼也沒有。只說莫斯科要你過去。飛機已經來了。大約再過一個小時就到。半夜的時候你就可以到莫斯科了。你最好收拾下東西。我去叫車子。」

格蘭全身是勁地站起身來。「對。你說的沒錯。不過，是不是公事他們也沒說嗎？」

格蘭緩步走出玻璃門，來到草地上。儘管他看見了那個女郎坐在泳池另一頭，他什麼表示也沒有。他彎腰拾起自己的東西，走回屋裏上樓進了臥房。

臥房空空蕩蕩的。屋裏的家具只有一張鐵床，椅子，櫃子，還有一個擺着一面錫盆的盥洗架。地上有些英國和美國雜誌。窗底下，靠牆立着些廉價平裝書本。

格蘭俯身從床下拖出一個廉價手提箱。他從櫃子裏拿出一堆價錢便宜，卻乾淨又體面的襯衫放進手提箱裏。然後他在錫盆裏用冷水匆促地洗了個臉。香皂也帶着玫瑰花香。

外面傳來汽車的聲音。格蘭急忙穿上一件就像他裝進手提箱裏那樣的陰沉又普通的襯衫，帶着手提箱走下樓去。

大門敞開着。兩名保鏢正在和汽車司機交談。「笨蛋，」他

the driver of the car. 'Fools,' he said to himself. (He still did most of his thinking in English.) 'They're probably telling him to make sure I get on the plane all right. They probably can't imagine why a foreigner would want to live in their awful country.' Grant put down his suitcase and took down an ugly dark-blue raincoat from a hook* on the wall near the door. He put it on and a black cloth cap – the sort every Russian official wears – and picked up his suitcase again. Then he went out to the car and climbed in beside the driver.

The two guards stood back to watch him leave. The driver started the car and drove off quickly down the dusty road.

The house was on the south-eastern coast of the Crimea*, and it was one of the many official holiday homes along that coast. Red Grant knew that he was very lucky indeed to have one of them, instead of some awful place just outside Moscow. As the car climbed up into the mountains, he thought how well the Russians had treated him.

The forty-mile drive to the airport took an hour. There were no other cars on the road. But there were roses all the way, fields of them, hedges* of them along the road. At the approach to the airport there was a huge circular bed of roses, planted with red and white varieties to make a red star against a white background. Grant was sick of roses and he wanted to get to Moscow and away from their heavy, sweet scent.

They drove past the entrance to the main airport and went on to the military* side of it. At a tall wire gate the driver showed his papers* to two armed guards and drove through onto the runway*. Several planes stood there, big military transports* and Navy* helicopters*. The driver stopped to ask where to find Grant's plane. At once the control tower* spotted* him and a loud voice barked at them from a loud-speaker, 'To the left. Number V-BO.'

The driver was obediently driving along in that direction, when the loud-speaker* barked, 'STOP!'

As the driver stopped the car, there was a scream of engines over their heads. Grant and the driver felt rather than saw four fighter planes fly low over them, with their wind-

暗自說道。（他想事情的時候，大半還是用英語）「他們可能在要他確定我搭上飛機。他們可能就是想不通一個外國人爲什麼會想在他們這個可怕的國家裏生活。」格蘭放下手提箱，在門邊的牆上衣鉤取下一件難看的深藍色雨衣。他穿上雨衣，戴了頂黑布帽——就是那種每個蘇俄官員都戴的——又提起手提箱。然後他走出去，上車坐在司機身旁。

兩名保鏢往後站開，看他離開。司機開動車子，很快就沿着馬路開走了。

這棟房子建在克里米亞半島的東南岸上，這片海岸上還有很多其他官員的休閒家居。紅格蘭知道自己能擁有這其中一棟房子，而不是莫斯科近郊某個可怕的地方實在夠運。汽車往高山區攀爬上去，他在想蘇俄人對他實在不錯。

駕車往機場趕這四十哩路要一個小時。路上沒有其他汽車。不過路上到處都是玫瑰——沿路一片一片地，一排一排地。近飛機場的時候，有一圈好大好大的圓形玫瑰花圃，種滿了各式各樣的紅玫瑰和白玫瑰，構成一副白底紅星星的圖案。格蘭對玫瑰是膩了，他很想到莫斯科去，擺脫掉這股濃郁芳香的氣味。

他們駕車經過通向主機場的入口，朝那旁邊的軍用機場過去。到了一個架着鐵絲網的大門口，司機向兩名持鎗衞兵出示了證件，接着就往飛機跑道上開去。跑道上停着好幾架飛機，有龐大的軍用運輸機，也有隸屬海軍的直昇機。司機把車停下，想問一下去哪裏找得到格蘭的飛機。指揮塔的探照燈馬上照向他，麥克風裏一個大嗓門朝他們吼道，「向左。V-BO號。」

司機乖乖地朝那個方向開去，一直到麥克風又吼了聲才停下，「停車！」

司機把車子剎住，他們頭頂響起飛機引擎的轟隆聲響。格蘭和司機與其說是看見，不如說感覺到四架戰鬥機低空飛過他們頭

brakes* down for the landing. The planes hit the huge runway one after the other.

'Continue!' barked the loud-speaker. A hundred yards further on they came to a plane with the letters V-BO. A small ladder hung down from its cabin door and the car stopped beside it. One of the plane's crew appeared at the door. He came down the ladder and carefully examined the driver's and Grant's papers. Then he sent the driver away and signalled to Grant to follow him up the ladder. He did not offer to help with the suitcase. The man pulled up the ladder after them, shut the cabin door and went forward to the control room.

There were twenty empty seats to choose from. Grant sat down in the one nearest the door and fastened his seat-belt.* There was a short burst of talk with the control tower, then the two engines coughed into life. The plane turned as quickly as a motor-car, rolled out to the start of the north-south* runway, rushed down it and took off.

Grant unfastened his seat-belt, lit a cigarette and sat back to reflect on his past life and to consider the immediate future.

Donovan Grant was the son of a German professional weight-lifter* and a Southern Irish* servant girl. His mother died giving birth to* a huge baby boy. Before she died, she said that the boy was to be called Donovan (the weight-lifter had called himself The Great O'Donovan) and Grant, which was her name.

The aunt, rather against her will, looked after the boy. He grew up healthy and extremely strong, but very quiet. He had no friends. He refused to talk to other children, and when he wanted something he took it by force.* The children in the school feared and hated him, but he soon became well-known through boxing at local sports. There the blood-thirsty fierceness of his attack, together with his low cunning,* gave him the victory over much older and bigger boys.

When he was fifteen or sixteen his body began to feel

上，擋風器都放下準備着陸。飛機一架接着一架猛力地降落在大跑道上。

「往前開！」擴音器裏吼道。他們又往前趕了一百碼，來到一架寫着「V-BO」字母的飛機旁邊。機艙門口垂下一條小梯子，汽車就在梯邊停下。機艙門口出現一名機員。他走下梯子，仔細地檢查司機和格蘭的證件。然後他差走司機，向格蘭做了個手勢，要他跟着他走上梯子。他並沒表示要幫格蘭拿手提箱。等他們上去以後，那個人把梯子拉上來，關住機艙門，往前向指揮室走去。

有二十張空座位可以隨便坐。格蘭在最近門口的座位上坐下，綁緊了安全帶。機上和指揮塔短暫地通了一會兒話，然後兩具引擎就斷續地咆哮着發動起來。飛機就像摩托車一樣迅速地轉個方向，搖晃着滑上南北向的跑道起頭，沿着跑道衝下去離陸起飛了。

格蘭解開安全帶，點上一支香煙，倚身向後，回憶過去的日子，同時也考慮起即將面臨的遭遇。

杜拿潘•格蘭是一個德國職業舉重家和一個南愛爾蘭女僕所生的兒子。他母親生下他這個大胖兒子後就死了。在她死前，她說這個男孩要取名作杜拿潘（那名舉重家曾自稱為「偉大的奧杜拿潘」），格蘭則是她的姓。

可以說有違她的遺囑，以後扶養這個男孩的是他阿姨。他長得健康又極為強壯，但十分文靜。他沒有朋友。他不肯和其他的孩子交談，他想要什麼東西，就強取豪奪。村裏學校的孩子對他又怕又恨，不過沒多久他就參加地方運動會的拳擊項目嶄露頭角。在運動會上，他兇猛地不見血不休，再加上他有卑鄙的狡計，使他面對年紀比他大，體格比他壯的男孩也能贏得勝利。

等他到了十五、六歲的時候，每當滿月時分前後，他就感覺

strange and violent urges* around the time of the full moon. When, in the October of his sixteenth year, he first got 'The Feelings', as he called them to himself, he went out and killed a cat. This made him feel better for a whole month. In November he killed a big sheep-dog,* and for Christmas he cut the throat of a cow at midnight in a neighbour's shed.* These actions made him 'feel good'. He was sensible enough to realize that the village would soon start wondering about these mysterious deaths, so he bought a bicycle and on one night every month he rode off into the countryside. Often he had to go a long way to get what he wanted. After two months of having to satisfy himself with chickens and geese, he took a chance and cut the throat of a man sleeping in a field.

There were so few people about at night that soon he set out earlier, bicycling far and wide. He came to distant villages in the half-light, when lonely workers were coming home from the fields or girls were going out to meet their boy-friends. However, Grant was not interested in girls, as girls, only in killing them. Only that made him feel better.

By the end of his seventeenth year horrible stories were spreading around the countryside. Police moved in, and stories of the 'Moon Killer' brought newspaper-men to the area. Several times Grant, on his bicycle, was stopped and questioned. But the village was proud of his boxing (he was training hard for the North of Ireland Championship)* and everyone knew he needed to cycle to keep himself fit.*

Even so, Grant realized the danger. Before it was too late, he left the village and went to Belfast* to become a professional boxer. Discipline was strict. It was almost like being in prison and, when the blood boiled again in Grant's veins, the only thing he could do was half-kill the man he was fighting. Twice he did this. Only the fact that he won the championship saved him from being thrown out by his boxing team.

Grant won the championship on his eighteenth birthday in 1945. Then he joined the army and became a driver. The

到身體裏有一些怪異又暴戾的衝動。在他十六歲那年的十月，他初次體會到他自稱爲「感受」的那種感覺，他到外面去殺了一隻猫。這使他覺得好過了一整個月。十一月他殺了隻大牧羊狗；耶誕節的時候，他半夜在鄰居的倉庫裏割破了一頭母牛的喉嚨。這些行動使他「感受很棒」。他很聰明，知道村人很快就會對這些神秘的死亡事件起疑心，這就買了一輛脚踏車，每個月找一天晚上騎車到鄉間去。他往往要趕一趟遠路才能得到自己所需要的。有兩個月之久，他只能殺些雞、鵝來滿足自己，這樣過後，他找了個機會切開一個睡在田裏的男人喉嚨。

夜裏四處很少有人，過沒多久他就提前出發，騎着脚踏車去的地方又遠又多。他專挑天色陰暗，該是單身的農夫從田裏收工回來，或是女孩子出外見男朋友的時候去一些遙遠的村落。然而，格蘭對女孩子並沒有女色的興趣，他唯一感興趣的就是殺掉她們。只有這樣才能使他覺得好受些。

等他十七歲那一年過完，鄉間到處流傳著恐怖的傳言。警方着手調查，而「月夜殺手」的故事也把記者吸引到這個地區來了。格蘭騎着脚踏車有好幾次被擋路盤問。不過村人非常看重他的拳擊本領（當時他正接受艱苦訓練，準備參加「北愛爾蘭冠軍賽」），大家都知道他需要騎踏車來鍛鍊身體。

即使如此，格蘭還是覺察到危險，趁着事情還沒一發不可收拾，他離開村子，去貝爾發斯特當一名職業拳師。那裏的訓練極爲嚴格。生活幾乎就像坐牢一樣，當格蘭體內的血液又開始昂奮時，他唯一能做的就是把對手揍個半死。他這樣子來了兩次。若不是他贏得冠軍，他早就被自己所屬的拳擊隊攆走了。

格蘭是在1945年，他過十八歲生日那一天贏得冠軍的。然後他就從軍當司機去了。他在英國受過訓以後，有「感受」的時候

training in England made him more careful when he had 'The Feelings.' Now, every full moon, he took a bottle of whisky into the woods near the camp and drank it all down until he became unconscious. Then, in the early hours of the morning, he struggled back to camp, only half satisfied but no longer dangerous. If a guard caught him, he received only a light punishment, because his commanding officer* wanted to keep him happy for the Army boxing championships.

But Grant's transport unit had to go to Berlin* in a hurry and Grant missed the championships. He liked Berlin. The constant smell of danger appealed to him. It made him even more careful and cunning. He still got drunk every full moon, but all the rest of the time he was watching and planning. He liked all he heard about the Russians, and he decided to go over* to them. But how? What could he bring them as a gift? What did they want?

It was the championships in Germany that finally made him go over. By chance* they took place on the night of the full moon. Grant was warned for hitting low. Finally he was stopped for this in the third round.* The whole audience showed their disgust, Grant's own unit most of all. The next morning the commanding officer sent for him. Coldly he told Grant that he was a disgrace to the other men. The other drivers refused to work with him, so Grant had to be moved to the motor-cycle despatch* service.

This suited Grant very well indeed. He waited a few days and then, when he had collected the day's mail from the Military Intelligence Centre, he made straight for the Russian side of Berlin. There he waited with his engine running until the British control gate opened to let a taxi through, and then rode through the gate at top speed and stopped beside the Russian border-guard post.

They dragged him roughly into the guard-room. An officer behind a desk asked him what he wanted.

'I want the Secret Service*,' said Grant flatly. 'The Head of it.'

The officer stared coldly at him. He said something in

越發小心起來。這時，一到月圓時分，他就帶一瓶威士忌酒鑽進軍營附近的樹林裏，把酒一古腦兒灌下去，喝個酩酊大醉。然後，一大早他就搖搖擺擺地走回軍營去，雖然沒有全部滿足，但却不再構成危險。如果衞兵逮到他，他也只受一點很輕的懲罰，因爲他隊上的指揮官想討他歡心，以便要他赢得陸軍拳擊比賽的錦標。

不過，由於格蘭所屬的運輸部隊一定得趕緊趕去柏林，格蘭錯過了錦標賽。他喜歡柏林。那份持續的危險氣氛很對他的口味。這種氣氛使得他更加小心，狡猾。他只要聽到有關俄國人的事情，就很喜歡，並決心去投靠他們。但是怎麼去？他能拿什麼東西當禮物送給他們？他們到底要什麼東西？

最後使他眞正投靠過去的是在德國舉行的錦標賽。他們無意中把比賽安排在滿月之夜舉行。格蘭襲擊對手下體被予以警告。最後，在第三回合，他因這一點被中止比賽，所有的觀衆都表露出他們內心的厭惡，格蘭自己的部隊尤甚。第二天早上指揮官就召他去了。他冷冷地告訴格蘭說他是隊上其他弟兄的恥辱。其他的司機都不肯和他一起工作，於是格蘭不得不調到摩托車傳遞急件公文的部門。

這樣調動，實在再適合格蘭不過了。他等了幾天，有一天收到「軍事情報中心」寄來的文件後，就直接去柏林蘇俄佔領的那一邊了。他到了那裏，把摩托車繼續發動着，等英國這邊控制的大門打開來讓一輛計程車過去的時候，他以全速騎車穿過大門，在蘇俄守衞邊界旁邊停下來。

他們粗暴地把他拖進守衞室裏。一名坐在桌後的軍官問他要幹什麼。

「我要見情報局的人，」格蘭淡然說道，「局長。」

軍官冷冷地瞪着他。他以俄語說了些話。把格蘭帶進來的兵



Russian. The soldiers who had brought Grant in started to drag him out again. One of them lifted his machine gun.* Grant shook them off easily. He said, speaking clearly and patiently, 'I have a lot of secret papers outside, in the leather bags of the motor-cycle.' Suddenly he had a bright idea. 'You will get into bad trouble if they do not get to your Secret Service.'

The officer said something to the soldiers and they stood back. 'We have no Secret Service,' he said to Grant in careful English. 'Sit down and complete this form.*'

Grant sat down at the desk and filled in a long form which asked questions about anyone who wanted to visit the Eastern part of the city – name, address, what they wanted there, and so on. Meanwhile, the officer spoke into a telephone.

By the time Grant had finished, two more soldiers had come into the room. The officer handed one of them the

士又要把他再拖出去。其中一個還擧起了機關鎗。格蘭輕易就掙開了他們。他口齒清晰，有耐心地說道，「我在外面有一大堆機密文件，就裝在摩托車的皮袋裏。」突然，他有了個聰明的念頭。「如果那些文件送不到你們情報局那裏，你的痲煩可就要吃不了兜著走。」

軍官朝兵士說了些什麼，他們就站開了。「我們沒有『情報局』，」他用英語一字一字地向格蘭說道。「坐下來填這個表格。」

格蘭在桌邊坐下，填寫一份長表格，表格上有一堆問題，想進這都市東區的人就得回答——姓名、地址，來這裏的目的等等。在這當兒，那名軍官掛了通電話。

等格蘭填好表格，屋子裏已經又多了兩名兵士。軍官也沒瞧表格一眼就交給了其中一名兵士。他們帶格蘭出去，把他連摩托

form without looking at it. They took Grant out and put him and his motor-cycle into the back of a closed van* and locked the door. After a quarter of an hour of fast driving the van stopped. When Grant got out he found himself in a yard behind a large new building. The two men took him into the building and up in a lift,* then left him alone in a cell* without windows. It contained only an iron bench. After an hour – during which, he supposed, they went through* the secret papers – they led Grant into a comfortable office. There, an officer with three rows of ribbons* on his chest was sitting behind a desk. The desk was bare except for a bowl of roses.

Ten years later, looking out of the plane window at the lights twenty thousand feet below, Grant gave a hard little smile. Roses. From that moment in his life it had been nothing but roses. Roses, roses all the way.

車一起關進一輛密封的卡車後廂，鎖住門。卡車快速行駛了一刻鐘停了下來。等格蘭下了車子，發現自己置身在一棟新蓋的大房子後院裏。那兩個男人帶他進房子，乘電梯上樓，然後把他一個人關在一間沒開窗戶的密室裏。屋裏只有一張鐵凳子。過了一個小時——他想他們是在這期間查看文件——他們把格蘭帶進一間舒適的辦公室裏。屋裏，一名胸前有三排勳章綬帶的官員坐在桌後。桌上除了一盆玫瑰花就什麼也沒有了。

十年後，格蘭從兩萬呎高空的飛機窗口望下去，看着地上的燈火，他唇邊淡淡地浮起一個冷峻的微笑。玫瑰。他這一生從那時起就除了玫瑰什麼也沒有了。玫瑰，一直都是玫瑰。

3 Advanced* Studies

'So you would like to work for us, Mister Grant?'

It was half an hour later and the Russian officer was bored. He thought he had obtained from this rather unpleasant British soldier every military detail that could possibly be of interest. A few polite words to thank the man for the rich supply of secrets from his despatch bags*, and then the man could go down to the cells. In time he could be sent off to one of the labour camps*.

'Yes, I would like to work for you.'

'And what work could you do, Mister Grant? We have plenty of unskilled labour. We do not need drivers and,' the officer smiled for a moment – 'we have plenty of men who can box – and win championships.'

'I am an expert at killing people. I do it very well. I enjoy it.'

The officer saw the red flame that flashed for a moment behind the very pale blue eyes under the sand-coloured* eyelashes. He thought, this man means it. He is mad as well as unpleasant. He looked coldly at Grant. Is it worth wasting food on him in a labour camp, he thought. Perhaps we had better shoot him. Or throw him back into the British part of the city and let them worry about him.

'You don't believe me,' said Grant impatiently. This was the wrong man, the wrong department. 'Who does the rough stuff* for you here?' He was sure the Russians had a murder department of some sort. Everyone said so. 'Let me talk to them. I'll kill somebody for them. Anybody they like. Now.'

The officer looked at him sourly*. Perhaps I had better report the matter, he thought. 'Wait here,' he said to Grant. He got up and went out of the room, leaving the door open. A guard came and stood in the doorway. He watched Grant's back, his hand on his gun.

三、高級課程

「這麼說，你願意爲我們工作了，格蘭先生？」

過了半個小時，那名蘇俄官員不耐煩起來了。他想他已經從這名有點討人厭的英國兵身上把可能有利害關係的軍事情報全都打聽完了。等客套幾句，謝謝他的公文袋提供了那麼多機密資料後，就叫他回密室去吧。一到時候，就可以把他流放到勞動營裏了。

「是的，我願意爲你們工作。」

「你能做什麼工作呢，格蘭先生？我們已經有許多沒有技術的工人。我們不需要司機，並且，」官員微笑了一會兒——「我們有許多會拳擊的人手——並且能贏得錦標。」

「我殺人是專家。我可以做得非常俐落。我喜歡殺人。」

瞬間，官員看見在那對淡茶色眼睫毛後的淺藍色眸子裏閃過一道紅焰。他想，這個人是在說眞的。他又瘋狂又討人厭。他冷冷地望著格蘭。把他送到勞動營，在他身上浪費食物值不值得？他想。也許最好還是把他鎗斃。不然或是把他趕回城裏英國人佔領的那一邊，叫他們爲他操心算了。

「你不相信我，」格蘭不耐煩地說道。不該碰上這個人，不該碰上這個部門。「你們這裏是誰在動粗的？」他確信蘇俄有一個負責謀殺之類的部門。大家都這麼說。「讓我和他們談談。我會幫他們殺個人的。他們想要我殺什麼人都可以。我現在就要見他們。」

那名官員不懷好意地望著他。也許我最好還是把這件事呈報上去吧，他想。「在這裏等著，」他對格蘭說道。他起身走出屋子，沒關房門。一名衞兵走進來站在門口。他守視著格蘭的背影，手扣在鎗上。

The officer went into the next room. It was empty. There were three telephones on the desk. He picked up the receiver of a direct line to Moscow. When the other end answered he said, 'SMERSH'. When SMERSH answered he asked for the Chief-of-Staff.*

Ten minutes later he put the receiver back. What luck! Whichever way it goes, he thought, it will turn out well. If the Englishman succeeds, that will be excellent. And if he fails – there will be trouble for the British because Grant is their man. The Germans will be worried because this will frighten their spies, and the Americans, who are supplying this spy ring with all the money, will be worried too. Perfect!

Feeling very pleased with himself, the officer walked back into his office and sat down opposite Grant.

'Do you mean what you say?' he asked.

'Of course I do.'

'Have you a good memory?'

'Yes.'

'Then listen. In the British part of the city there is a German called Dr Baumgarten. He lives in Flat* 5 at 22 King's Street. Do you know where that is?'

'Yes.'

'Tonight, with your motor-cycle, you will be put back into the British side. Your number plates* will be changed. Your people will be looking for you. You will take an envelope to Dr Baumgarten. In your uniform and with this envelope, you will have no difficulty in reaching him. You will say that the message is so private that you must see Dr Baumgarten alone. Then you will kill him.' The officer paused and lifted his eyebrows. 'Yes?'

'Yes,' said Grant steadily. 'And if I do, will you give me more of this work?'

'It is possible,' said the officer. He sounded bored again. 'First you must show what you can do. When you have completed your work and returned to the Russian side, ask for Boris.' He rang a bell and a man in plain clothes* came in. 'This man will give you food. Later he will give you the

那名官員走進隔壁一間屋子。屋裏空空蕩蕩的。桌上有三具電話。他拿起一個直通莫斯科的聽筒。等另一頭有了回音，他說道，「史莫希。」等「史莫希」開始答話後，他要請「參謀長」聽電話。

十分鐘後，他放回聽筒。眞夠運！事情不管怎麼變化，他想，對我們總是有利的。如果這個英國人成了，那就再好不過。而如果他失敗——那英國人就會沾上一身臊，因爲格蘭是他們的人。德國人要緊張，因爲這會嚇壞他們的間諜，而正在用金錢來培植這個間諜圈子的美國人也要頭痛的。太棒了！

那名官員洋洋自得地走回自己的辦公室，在格蘭的對面坐下。

「你說的可都當眞？」他問道。

「當然當眞。」

「你的記性可好？」

「是的。」

「那你聽著。城裏英國佔領的那一邊有個名叫鮑格坦博士的德國人。他住在國王街22號五樓。你知道在什麼地方嗎？」

「是的。」

「今天晚上，我們會把你和你的摩托車一起送回英國人那一邊。我們會換過你的牌照。你那邊的人會到處搜尋你。你要帶一個信封去送給鮑格坦博士。你穿著自己的制服，拿這個信封，很容易就能找到他。你要說傳達的消息非常機密，一定得私下和鮑格坦博士單獨見面。然後你就把他殺掉。」官員停頓了一下，揚了揚眉毛。「沒問題嗎？」

「沒問題，」格蘭沉著地說道，「如果我做到了，你們還會給我這種工作嗎？」

「很可能，」官員說道。他的聲音又煩起來了。「首先你得證明你做得到什麼才行。等你任務完成，回到俄國人這一邊來，你就去找『布里斯』。」他按了一下鈴，走進一個便衣男人。「這個人會給你吃的東西。過後他會給你一個信封和一把美國造的

thoughts. He needed men who could kill. People who acted against the State were enemies of the State, and the State had no room for enemies. In a country with a population of two hundred million, you can kill many thousands a year without missing them. The serious problem, the officer realized, was the shortage of executioners. Executioners very soon got tired of their work. They became silent and took to drink.

Here, at last, was a man who appeared to be an expert killer, who enjoyed killing. The Head of Department wrote a short note on the report, marked it SMERSH and threw it into his OUT tray.* So SMERSH took the body of Donovan Grant, changed his name to Granitsky and made him their man.

The next two years were hard for Grant. He had to go back to school, and to a school that made him wish for the village school with its old wooden desks, full of the smell of little boys and the sleepy noise of flies. Now, in the Intelligence School for Foreigners outside Leningrad,* with serious, intelligent men from all over the world, he struggled with subjects which meant nothing to him.

The 'General Political Knowledge' was meaningless to Grant, as was almost everything else. Every month ended with examinations in which Grant was always bottom of the class.

But he did his best, and when they got to more practical subjects, Grant did much better. He quickly understood codes because he *wanted* to understand them. He was good at Communications, and he got excellent marks for Field-Work* in which each student had to do artificial spy-work in the countryside around Leningrad. Finally, when it came to 'Safety First', Presence of Mind, Courage and Coolness, Grant got top marks out of the whole school.

At the end of the year, the report that went back to SMERSH said, 'Political value –nil.* Practical value –excellent', which was just what SMERSH wanted to hear.

He spent the next year with only two other foreign students and several hundred Russians at another school where he learned to fight without weapons, and also photography

突然有了別的想法。他需要能殺人的人。凡是行動和「國家」作對的人都是「國家」的敵人，而「國家」容不下敵人。在一個有兩億人口的國家裏，你可以每年殺掉好幾千人也沒有關係。這位官員很清楚：眞正的問題在於缺少殺手。殺手對他們的工作很快就會厭倦。他們逐漸沉默寡言，耽迷在酒精中。

這裏終於有了一個好像是專家的殺手，他喜歡殺人。「部長」在報告上寫了一段短短的評語，註上「史莫希」的字樣，把報告扔進桌上的「閱畢」小箱子。於是「史莫希」就利用了杜拿潘・格蘭的肉體，把他的名字改成「格拉尼茨基」，把他變成他們的人了。

在格蘭來說，接下來的兩年過得非常辛苦。他又得上學，這次去的學校使他倒想去那村裏的學校，雖然那裏木頭桌子舊舊的，滿溢著小男孩的汗臭味，還有蒼蠅那令人瞌睡的嗡嗡聲音。在列寧格勒郊外的「外國人專設情報學院」裏，他和來自全世界各地的認眞、聰明的人們一起奮力學習一些對他毫無意義的課目。

對格蘭來說，「一般政治知識」和絕大部份其他課目一樣，是毫無意義的。每個月底考試，格蘭的成績總是全班最差的。

不過他盡了全力，等他們開始學習一些比較實用的課目時，格蘭的成績就好多了。他很快就懂得密碼，因爲他「想」懂密碼。他的「通訊」課目很棒，學生上「野外任務」，要全都在列寧格勒的鄉間執行模擬間諜任務，他這一課目的分數高得不得了。最後，等開始上「安全第一」、「沈著」、「勇氣與冷靜」等課目時，格蘭的分數是全校最高的。

那一年年底，呈囘「史莫希」的報告上寫著：「政治價值——零。實用價值——極優。」而這正是「史莫希」所希望知道的。

第二年，只有他和另外兩名外國學生一起去另一所學校和好幾百名俄國人上課，他在那裏學得空手搏擊，照相及無線電技術

and radio, and advanced shooting with several kinds of weapon. He passed top of the class.

Twice during this year, without warning, a black car came for him on the night of the full moon and took him to a prison in Moscow. There he was allowed to carry out executions with various weapons while doctors measured his heart-beat and blood-pressure. It was a good year, and Grant felt that he was giving satisfaction.

In 1949 and 1950 Grant was allowed to go on minor jobs. He carried these out very neatly and carefully. Although the authorities watched him closely, he never showed any lowering of his high standards, or any weakness of character. It might have been different if he had been asked to do a job during the full moon. But his superiors*, realizing that at this time Grant was outside their control, chose safe dates for his spying work. They kept the moon period for executions only.

In 1951 and 1952 those in authority began to realize more fully just how useful Grant was. They made him a Russian citizen and increased his salary. In 1953 they gave him the house in the Crimea, with two body-guards, partly to protect him and partly to make sure he did not betray his masters. And, once a month, he was taken to the nearest prison and allowed to do the executions.

Naturally Grant had no friends. Everyone who met him hated him, or feared him, or envied* him. But if he noticed the fact, he did not care. The only people he was interested in were his victims*. The rest of his life was inside him, and that was rich and exciting.

Grant was thinking about all this when the plane started to lose height just south of Moscow. He was at the top of his profession, the chief executioner of SMERSH. What could he aim for now? A higher position? More money? More pretty gold toys? More important victims? There really did not seem to be anything more to aim for. Or was there perhaps some other man, whom Grant had never heard of, in some other country, whom Grant would have to deal with before he could be the top man in the whole world?

，還有各式各類武器的高級射擊方法。他的成績是全班頂尖的。

這一年裏，有一輛黑車子在兩次月圓之夜事先毫無通知地來找他，把他帶到莫斯科一所監獄裏。他在那裏奉准以各種武器執行殺人任務，醫生則在一旁測量他的心跳次數和血壓。那一年過得很棒，格蘭覺得自己很滿足。

1949和1950年間，格蘭奉准執行一些次要的任務。他極爲俐落又細心地執行了這些任務。雖然當局密切地監視他，他高超的水準却從沒要跌降的跡象，他的性格也從沒露出任何弱點。但如果是要他在月圓時分去執行任務的話，情形就會不同。不過他的上司知道這段時間控制不了格蘭，所以總是挑安全的日子指派他諜務工作。他們只在殘月的期間指派他去殺人。

1951和1952年間，那些掌權的高官才開始比較更清楚地認淸格蘭是多麼有用了。他們使他成爲俄國公民，並提高他的薪俸。1953年，他們給了他克里米亞半島上那棟房子，還有兩名保鏢，這一方面是保護他，一方面是把握住他不要背叛他的主人。並且，他每個月都會被帶到離他最近的監獄去一次，奉准殺人。

格蘭當然不會有朋友。見過他的人不是怕他，就是恨他，或是嫉妬他。不過卽使他看出眞相，他也不在乎。他唯一感興趣的就是那些在他手下犧牲的人。他把生活中其他一切都深藏內心，那是豐富又令人興奮的。

在格蘭回想這一切的當兒，飛機在莫斯科的南方開始下降了。他是他這一行裏的頂尖高手，是「史莫希」的首席死刑執行者。他現在還要追求什麼？更高的地位？更多的金錢？更多漂亮的金玩具？更多地位顯赫的犧牲者？的確好像再沒有什麼東西値得去追求了。或者，在某個其他的國度裏，另外有個格蘭從沒聽說過的人，格蘭必得和他交過手，才能成爲全世界頂尖的人物？

4 The Death Department

SMERSH exists to murder spies. It works both at home and abroad. SMERSH is short for 'Smiert Spionam', which means 'Death to Spies', but only its own people use the word. No ordinary member of the public would dream of allowing the word to pass his lips.

SMERSH has its base* in a very large and ugly building. It is number 13 in a wide, dull street. Passers-by* keep their eyes to the ground as they pass the two guards with their machine-guns who stand at the doorway. If they remember in time, or can do so without drawing attention to themselves, they cross the street and pass by on the other side.

On the second floor* are the chiefs of SMERSH. The most important room on the second floor is a very large, light room. It is painted in the pale green which is found in government offices everywhere. Opposite the door, two wide windows look out over the yard at the back of the building. On the floor is a wall-to-wall carpet of the finest quality. Across the far left-hand corner of the room stands a heavy wood desk. The top of the desk is covered with red leather. On the left side of the desk are IN and OUT baskets and on the right are four telephones.

From the centre of the desk, forming a T with it, is a long table, also covered with red leather. Eight straight-backed red leather chairs stand ready. Ashtrays* are on the table, and two heavy glass jugs of water with glasses.

On the walls are four large pictures in gold frames. On the left hand wall, under one of these, stands a large TV set. A tape-recorder* is hidden in this, and it can be switched on from the desk. The microphone* for the tape-recorder stretches under the whole area of the table. Next to the TV is a small door leading into a personal lavatory* and wash-room*, and into a small room for showing secret films.

四、死神部門

「史莫希」之存在就是要謀殺做諜報工作的人。它的活動範圍遍及於國內外。「史莫希」是「史密爾特・史平南」的縮寫，意思是「處死間諜」，不過只有其內部人員才用這個字眼。一般民衆做夢也沒敢想讓這個字眼溜出口中。

「史莫希」的大本部在一棟龐大又難看的建築物裏。它座落在一條寬濶、陰沉的街道上，街號是十三號。路人經過兩名手持機關鎗站在門口的衞兵身邊，都直望著地面不敢斜視。如果他們剛巧記得起來，或是做了也不會使衞兵注意到，他們就會過街打另一邊過去。

三樓都是「史莫希」的首腦人物。三樓最重要的屋子是一間光線明亮的大房間。房間漆成淡綠色，是政府官員的辦公室一律採用的色調。對著房門，有兩張俯瞰樓後庭院的寬大窗戶。整個地板上舖著一層質料上好的地毯。屋裏左手邊那一頭的角落立著一張沉甸甸的木頭書桌。桌面上舖著紅皮。桌上左邊擺著「呈閱」、「閱畢」的籃子，右邊則有四具電話。

在書桌的中間部份，頂連著一條也舖著紅皮的長桌子，和書桌構成「T」字形。桌邊擺放著八張直背紅皮椅子。桌上擺著煙灰缸，兩個瓶裏裝著水的大玻璃瓶和玻璃杯。

牆上掛著四面鑲著金框的大圖畫。左邊牆上，在一幅圖畫底下立放著一架大電視機。電視機裏藏著一架錄音機，開關可以在書桌上打開。錄音機的麥克風遍佈於整個桌子底下。電視機旁邊是一扇小門，裏面是一間私人廁所和盥洗室，還有一間冲洗機密照相底片的小屋子。

Under another of the pictures is a bookcase. In it are books on politics in many languages, and on spies, police methods and similar subjects. Next to the bookcase, against the wall, stands a long, narrow table on which are several big books with leather covers. These contain photographs of everyone who has been executed by SMERSH.

About the time that Grant was coming in to land at the airport, just before 11.30 pm, a tough-looking, broad man of about fifty was standing at the table looking at one of these books. He was the Head of SMERSH. He wore army uniform. On the chest of his coat were the ribbons of many decorations,* both Russian and foreign. Above the high collar* the face was narrow and sharp. The eyes were round and brown below thick black brows. The head was shaved bare and the tight white skin glittered in the light. It was a hard face, a face with authority.

One of the telephones on the desk rang. The man sat down and picked up the receiver of the white telephone. This was a direct line to heads of State and other very important people. Every word on these lines was recorded.

'Yes . . . Yes, General. I have a meeting here in a few minutes. After that, if action is agreed on, I shall have a meeting with my Head of Plans. In case execution is decided upon, I have brought the necessary person to Moscow. I shall take care of everything myself . . . Yes, General, I will telephone you after the first meeting and let you know.'

The man, who was known as General 'G.', put back the receiver and pressed a bell under his desk. At the same time, he switched on the recorder. His assistant came in.

'Have they arrived?'

'Yes, General.'

'Bring them in.'

In a few minutes six men, five of them in uniform, came in and, with hardly a glance at the man behind the desk, took their places at the table. They were three senior* officers, heads of their departments, and their assistants. No Russian senior official goes alone to a meeting. He takes someone

另一幅畫底下是一個書橱。橱裏有以各種語文著作的政治學，及探討諜報工作、治安手段及類似課題的書籍。就在書橱旁邊，靠牆立著一個長長、窄窄的桌子，桌上有好些皮面的大簿子。所有被「史莫希」暗殺了的人的照片都在這些簿子裏。

晚上就要十一點半的時候——也是格蘭差不多要在機場降落的時刻——一個長相陰沉的粗壯男人站在桌邊閱覽這其中一本簿子。他就是「史莫希」首長。他穿著軍服。他外衣的胸前掛著許多勳章綬帶，有俄國頒發的，也有外國頒發的。位於高衣領上方的那張臉孔瘦削又冷酷。一雙濃黑的眉毛下，棕色的眼睛圓圓的。他的臉修得很乾淨，白皙的皮膚在燈光下閃動著光亮。那是一張冷酷的臉孔，一張權威的臉孔。

書桌上有一具電話響起來了。男人坐下來，拿起白色電話的聽筒。這個電話直通「國家」 首長和其他顯要 。在這電話上說的每一句話都會錄音下來。

「是的……是的，將軍。我馬上就要在這裏開會。會後，如果大家通過這次行動，我就要再和『策劃首長』會商一下。以防到時決定採取狙殺，我已經把需要的人手調來莫斯科了。我會親自小心處理一切的……是的，將軍，等開完第一個會，我會打電話給您，讓您了解一下情況。」

那個大家稱之爲「G」將軍的人放下聽筒，按了下書桌下面的鈴。同時他把錄音機也打開了。他的助理人員走了進來。

「他們到了嗎？」

「是的，將軍。」

「帶他們進來。」

過了沒一會兒，進來了六個男人，其中五個穿著制服，幾乎誰都沒看書桌後面那人一眼，各自在桌邊坐下。這一夥人包括三名高級官員——都是各自部門的首長——和手下的助理人員。蘇俄的高級官員是不可以單獨出席會議的。他要帶一個人當證人，

along as a witness*, for his own protection and for the security of his department. No notes* are taken at meetings, and decisions are passed back by word of mouth.

On the far side of the table sat General Slavin, head of Army Intelligence, with his assistant. At the end of the table sat General Vishensky of the Foreign Intelligence Department. With his back to the door sat General Nikitin, head of Secret Service Intelligence.

'Good evening, friends.'

A polite mutter* came from the three senior officers. Each one knew about the hidden tape-recorder, and each thought he was the only one to know. And each one, without telling his assistant, had decided to say as little as possible.

'Let us smoke.' General G. took out a packet* of cigarettes and lit one with an American lighter. 'Friends,' he said, 'we meet under instructions from a higher authority. We must reach our decision quickly. But it will be of the greatest importance to the State. It must therefore be a correct decision.'

General G. paused to allow his words to sink in. One by one, he slowly examined the faces of the three senior officers at the table. Their eyes looked steadily back at him. But inside, these extremely important men were worried. They were about to learn a State secret, the knowledge of which could be extremely dangerous for them.

'Friends,' continued General G., 'our foreign policies have been very successful in recent years. While the West cheers our dancers and our football teams and laughs at our jokes, we are making progress all over the world.'

He saw the eyes shining around the table. Now was the time to be hard. Suddenly General G. leaned forward and banged* the leather top of the desk.

'But,' his voice was soft, 'where has there been failure in carrying out the policies of the State? Who has suffered defeats when victory was going to all the other departments? Who, with its stupid mistakes, has been making the State look stupid and weak all over the world? WHO?'

His voice rose almost to a scream. General G. thought how

一面是保護自己，一面也是保障他那個部門的安全。開會的時候不可以做筆錄，有什麼表決都是口頭通過的。

桌子那一邊坐著「陸軍情報中心」的首長——斯拉賓將軍和手下的助理人員。桌子的盡頭坐著「外國情報部門」的維先斯基將軍。背對門口坐的是尼基丁將軍，「秘密情報局」的首長。

「晚安，各位朋友。」

三名高級官員低聲客套了一下。他們每個人都知道那台隱藏著的錄音機，而每個人都以爲只有自己才知道。並且，每個人都已經決定盡量少開口——這一點他們都沒有告訴助理人員。

「吸吸煙吧。」G將軍掏出一包香煙，用一把美國打火機點了一支煙。「各位朋友，」他說，「我們是依照上級的指令開這個會的。我們一定得趕快做出決定。不過，我們做出的決定對『國家』極關緊要。因此，這個決定一定得正確無誤。」

G將軍停頓了一下，要大家好好記住他講的話。他慢慢地輪流察看桌邊三名高級官員的臉色。他們的眼神沉著地回望著他。但是這些極其顯赫的人物內心却在緊張不安。他們就要得知一項國家機密，知道這件機密對他們是非常危險的。

「各位朋友，」G將軍繼續說道，「這幾年來，我們的對外政策非常成功。就在西方國家爲我們的舞蹈家和足球隊喝采，聽著我們開的玩笑哈哈大笑時，我們却在世界各地步步進逼。」

他看到桌邊的人們眼睛都亮起來了。現在該是來硬的時候了。驀然間，G將軍俯身向前，在皮桌面上用力敲了一下。

「可是，」他的聲音倒很柔和，「在執行『國家』的政策時是誰失敗出的毛病？當其他一切部門都有勝利的成果時，是誰在承受失敗的打擊？是誰犯了愚蠢的錯誤，使得『國家』被人當笑話看，在世界各地都抬不起頭來？是誰？」

他聲音高得就像在吼叫。G將軍暗中在想自己演講得眞是太

well he was giving this speech. How splendid it would sound when the tape-recording was played back to his superiors! He looked angrily down the table.

'The whole intelligence service.' The voice was now an angry shout. '*We* are the failures! We! All of us!' The voice came back to normal, became more reasonable. 'Look at the record! Defeat after defeat, failure after failure! I do not have to tell you that, unless tonight we make a recommendation for a great intelligence victory, and unless we act correctly on that recommendation, there will be trouble.'

General G. gave them a few minutes to think. No one said a word for the defence. No one mentioned the many victories that could be set against the few mistakes.

'Friends,' went on General G., 'let us take this as a challenge and get down to business.' He lit a cigarette and continued. 'I said that we must at once recommend a course of action in the intelligence field, and one of our departments, no doubt my own, will be called upon to carry out this act.'

A tiny sigh of relief went around the table. So at least SMERSH would be responsible!

'But the choice of a target will not be an easy matter, and our responsibility for the correct choice will be a heavy one.' He went on, 'It is not just a question of blowing up a building or shooting a minister. Our operation must be more delicate, more carefully planned, aimed at the heart of western intelligence services. It must do those services damage – hidden damage which the general public will perhaps never learn about, but which will be the secret talk of government people. But it must also cause a public scandal* which will make the rest of the world laugh at the shame and stupidity of our enemies. This will make other countries, who will realize that we are behind this scandal, tremble with fear, and it will encourage our own spies and field-workers to greater efforts.' General G. paused and looked down the table. 'And now let us choose our target.' One by one, the three men spoke of possible targets. At last they came to England.

'Britain,' said General Vishensky, 'has an intelligence

棒了。等錄音帶再放給他上級聽的時候，眞是太了不起了！他帶著憤怒的神情望向桌邊的人。

「是整個情報機構。」這時，聲音已經是在怒吼了。「失敗就出在我們身上！我們！我們全部！」聲音恢復到正常水準，理智得多了。「看看我們的記錄！敗了又敗，垮了又垮！除非今晚我們能提出一個可以大贏一場情報戰的方案，除非我們能根據那方案一絲不差地行動，不用我來告訴你們，你們也該知道會出麻煩的。」

G將軍給了他們幾分鐘思考的時間。沒有人同嘴辯護。沒有人提起那許多足可抵消些許過失的勝利成果。

「各位朋友，」G將軍繼續說道，「咱們就把它當作一次挑戰，認眞地動手做吧。」他點起一支香煙，接著說下去。「我說過我們必須馬上提出一個由情報機構來行動的方案，而我們中有一個部門——這毫無疑問是我自己的部門——要接受徵召去執行這個方案。」

桌邊的人都輕輕地鬆了口氣。起碼「史莫希」要負責這件事的！

「然而，選擇靶子並不是件容易事，我們要選出正確的靶子，這件責任非常重大。」他繼續說道，「這不只是炸一棟房子，鎗殺一個部長的事。我們的行動一定要計劃得精細又謹慎，瞄準西方情報作業的核心給它一擊。這一擊一定得損毀他們的作業——這種損毀是幕後的，一般大衆也許永遠也無從得知，但是政府人員却會竊竊私語。但這也必須引發一場公開的醜聞，使世界其他國家都嘲笑我們敵人的愚蠢和羞辱。這會使其他國家知道是我們在幕後操縱這件醜聞，嚇得發抖，並且，這會鼓舞我們手下的間諜和從事情報工作的人員，努力爭取更大的成果。」G將軍停頓了一下，向桌邊的人望去。「現在咱們就選擇靶子吧。」那三個人輪流說了些可以選擇的靶子。最後，他們說到英國了。

「英國，」維先斯基將軍說道，「有一個我們都很重視的情

service which we all respect. Britain, being an island, has great advantages from this point of view and their Secret Service employs men with good education and good brains. Their agents are good, very good. They pay them very little money, give no relief from taxes and no special shops like ours, in which to buy cheap goods. And yet these men and women continue to do this dangerous work. Love of adventure? It is difficult to understand what makes them do it.'

'I recommend the English Secret Service as our target,' said General Nikitin.

'Is it agreed, then, that the English Secret Service shall be our target?' asked General G. There were careful, slow nods all round the table.

'We know that this service enjoys a certain reputation. We must destroy this reputation, but how? We cannot destroy all its men at one blow. What about its Head? Who is the Head of the British Secret Service?'

General Nikitin's assistant whispered in his ear. The General answered, 'He is a senior officer in the navy. He is known by the letter M. We have a record on him, but it contains very little. He does not drink very much. He is too old for women. The public does not know that he exists, so it would be difficult to make a scandal around his death. And he would not be easy to kill, as he does not often go abroad, and we could hardly just shoot him in a London street. You wanted a delicate piece of work.'

'There is much in what you say,' said General G. 'But we are here to find a target who *will* suit our needs. Have they no one who is a hero to the organization? Someone who is admired, and whose shameful death would worry and weaken? Have they no such men?'

There was silence around the table while everyone searched his memory. So many names, so many things going on every day all over the world. Who was there in the English Secret Service?

It was General Nikitin who broke the silence. He hesitated,* then said, 'There is a man called Bond.'

報組織。英國是一個島國，這一點對他們很有利，而他們的『情報局』任用了些教育程度很高，頭腦很精明的人手。他們的工作人員很優秀，非常優秀。他們付給那些人的錢很少，沒有減稅項目，也沒有像我們這兒一樣可以買到便宜東西的商店。可是這些男女一直都在做這種危險的工作。愛好冒險？眞的很難了解是什麼因素使他們工作。」

「我建議就以『英國情報局』做靶子。」尼基丁將軍說。

「那麼，大家可都同意以『英國情報局』做我們的靶子？」G將軍問道。桌邊的人都小心地，慢慢地點了點頭。

「我們都知道這個組織享有相當名聲。我們必須摧毀這份聲譽，可是怎麼樣去摧毀？我們沒法一下子就把他們所有的人員都殺光。找他們的首腦下手如何？『英國情報局』的局長是誰？」

尼基丁將軍的助理人員在他身邊悄悄說了幾句話。這名將軍回答說，「是一名海軍高級將官。大家都以『M』這個字母稱呼他。我們有他的檔案，但是資料極少。他喝酒不多。年紀很老，對女色也沒興趣。一般人都不知道有這麼一個人存在，所以很難在他的死上弄出醜聞。並且要下手殺他也不容易，因爲他不常到國外去，而我們總不能在倫敦大街上開鎗殺他就算了。你要的是一件天衣無縫的任務。」

「你說的很有道理，」G將軍說道。「不過我們聚在這裏就是要找出一個符合我們需要的靶子。他們那個組織裏沒有什麼英雄人物嗎？沒有一個受人仰慕，恥辱地一死會使大家緊張又軟弱的人物嗎？他們就沒有這樣的人嗎？」

桌邊的人都沉默下來，每個人都在仔細思索。全世界每天出現的人名太多，發生的事太多了。英國的情報局裏有什麼人物？

是尼基丁將軍打破了沉寂。他猶豫了一下，接著說了，「有一個名叫龐德的人。」

5 The Death Warrant*

General G's hand banged down on the desk. 'Yes, there certainly is "a man called Bond", as you put it.' His voice was hard. 'James Bond.' (He pronounced it 'Shems'). 'And nobody, including myself, could think of this spy's name! We are indeed forgetful. No wonder the intelligence service is getting a bad name!'

General Vishensky felt he ought to defend himself and his department. 'There are many enemies of the State, General,' he protested. 'If I want their names, I send to the Central Record Office. Certainly I know the name of this Bond. He has been a great problem to us at different times. But today my mind is full of other things. I am interested in football but I cannot remember the name of every foreigner who has scored a goal against our football team.'

'You are pleased to joke,' said General G., to underline* this out-of-place* comment for the benefit of* the recorder. 'This is a serious matter. I certainly admit my fault in not remembering the name of this secret agent. General Nikitin will no doubt remind us, but I seem to remember that this man Bond has several times upset the plans of SMERSH. That is,' he added, 'before I took control of this department.'

General Slavin felt that he should say something. 'We asked for this man to be dealt with by your department, General,' he said to Nikitin, 'I do not think any action followed our request. If it had, we should not now have to bother with him.'

General Nikitin's hand shook with rage.* He controlled himself. 'With respect,* General,' he said, 'the request of your department was not agreed by the higher authorities which, at the time, did not wish to damage relations with England. In any case, if such a request had reached my department, it would have been passed to SMERSH for action.'

'My department received no such request,' said General

五、死刑宣告

G將軍碰然一聲敲了下書桌。「對，的確有個像你說的『名叫龐德的人』。」他的聲音冷冷的。「詹姆斯‧龐德。」（他唸作『謝姆斯』）「而連我在內，竟然沒一個人想到這個間諜的名字！我們的記性眞是太糟糕了。怪不得我們的情報組織名氣越來越差了！」

維先斯基將軍覺得他該爲自己和所屬的部門辯護一下了。「『國家』的敵人很多，將軍，」他提出抗議。「如果我想要他們的名字，我會派人去『中央檔案處』查。我當然知道這個『龐德』的名號。他給我們造成好幾次嚴重的問題。可是今天我想的都是些別的事情。像我對足球很感興趣，不過我可沒法把外國球隊和我們球隊踢球時，每一個射門得分的外國球員的名字都記住。」

「你就喜歡開玩笑，」G將軍說道，他要在錄音機上強調下這一段離題的發言。「這件事很嚴重。我沒能想起這名秘密情報員的名字，的確要認錯。毫無疑問，尼基丁將軍會提醒我們——不過我好像也想起來了——龐德這個人以前破壞了好幾次『史莫希』的計劃。而這都是，」他加道，「我還沒接管這個部門以前的事。」

斯拉賓將軍覺得他該講講話了。「我們要求過你的部門處置這個人。」他對尼基丁說道，「我不認爲在我們提出要求後你們採取過任何行動。如果採取過行動，我們今天就不必爲他的事在煩了。」

尼基丁將軍氣得手都發抖。他強捺自己的怒火。「對不起，將軍，」他說，「你那部門提出的要求當時並沒有獲得上級的同意，上級那個時候不想破壞和英國間的關係。不管怎樣，如果我的部門接過這種要求，我們會交給『史莫希』去執行的。」

envelope and a sharp knife, made in America. It is an excellent weapon. Good luck.'

The officer picked a rose out of the bowl and held it to his nose, enjoying its scent.

Grant got to his feet. 'Thank you, sir,' he said warmly. The officer did not look up from the rose. Grant followed the man in plain clothes out of the room.

The plane roared on, across the heart of Russia. They had left behind them the heavy industry around Stalino* and, to the west, the silver thread of the river Dnieper*. In another hour, they would be in Moscow.

Grant knew all this because, by now, he knew a lot about Russia. After his quick, neat murder of the spy Dr Baumgarten, Grant had slipped back over the border into the Russian side. There he had asked for 'Boris'. At once he was put into plain clothes, with a hat over his red hair. Then they hurried him into a private plane and away to Moscow.

Then began a year which was almost like being in prison. Grant spent all his time keeping fit and learning Russian. People came and went around him, asking questions, trying to make him betray himself,* examining him physically and mentally. Meanwhile, spies in England and Ireland were checking every detail of his past life.

At the end of that year they gave Grant as clean a report of political health as any foreigner can get in Moscow. The people sent to check his background reported that he had told the truth. The people sent to examine him reported that he had no interest at all in politics. The doctors reported that he was mentally very sick, and that his illness was at its worst every full moon. They added that he had no interest in women and that he could bear pain unusually well. His physical health was splendid and, although his standard of education was very low, he was as cunning as a fox. All the reports agreed that Grant was an extremely dangerous member of society and should be locked away somewhere safe.

When the Head of Department saw the reports, he was just going to write *Kill him* across it when he suddenly had second

利刀。那種武器非常趁手。祝你好運。」

官員從盆裏摘了朵玫瑰放到鼻邊，自得其樂地聞那芬芳花香。

格蘭站了起來。「謝謝你，長官，」他懇切地說道。那名官員只顧聞玫瑰，沒抬頭看他。格蘭跟著便衣男人走出房間。

飛機轟隆轟隆地往前飛著，越過蘇俄的心臟地帶。他們已經飛過史達林諾周近的重工業區，朝著西方那一線銀白的聶伯河飛去。再過一個小時，他們就要到莫斯科了。

現在，格蘭知道這些是因爲他對蘇俄了解得很多。格蘭乾淨俐落地幹掉那個叫鮑格坦博士的間諜後，就溜過邊界到俄國人這一邊了。到了那裏他說要找「布里斯」。馬上就有人給他換上便衣，戴了頂遮住一頭紅髮的帽子。然後他們就急急把他載上一架秘密飛機，送到莫斯科去。

接下來是一年幾乎就像是坐牢的日子。格蘭把所有的時間都用來鍛練身體，並學習俄文。人們在他身邊來來往往，問他問題，想要他在無意中洩露眞正的心意，從肉體和心智雙方來調查他。同時，在愛爾蘭和英國活動的間諜也仔細地調查他過去的生活，半點細節也不放過。

等這一年過完，他們對格蘭的政治背景作的調查報告，是外國人在莫斯科所能獲得的最淸白報告。派去調查他身世背景的人員報告說他講的都是實話。派去審查他的人報告說他對政治毫無興趣。醫生報告說他的心智有毛病，而每當滿月時症狀最糟糕。他們還說他對女人沒有興趣，並且忍受痛苦的能力異常強悍。他的身體再健康不過，雖然教育程度非常低，但狡詐得就像一頭狐狸。所有的報告都一致指出格蘭是社會裏極爲危險的份子，應該安全地關鎖在一個遠遠的地方。

等「部長」看了報告後，剛要在報告上寫下「幹掉他」，却

G. sharply, 'or the execution of this man would have followed at once. However, friends, that is history now. Let us see what the records on this man contain.'

General G. picked up the receiver of the telephone nearest to him. 'General G. here,' he said. 'Send me the record of James Bond, English spy. Urgent.' He listened for the immediate 'At once, Comrade General,' and put the receiver down again. He looked down the table with authority. 'From many points of view this spy seems a suitable target. He appears to be a dangerous enemy of the State. His execution will be of benefit to all departments of our intelligence service. Is this not true?'

There was a mutter of agreement.

'Also his Secret Service will feel his loss. But will that be enough? Will his loss seriously injure them? Is this man a hero to his organization and to his country?'

General Vishensky spoke up. 'The English are not interested in heroes unless they are famous sportsmen. Military heroes do not interest them at all. This man Bond is unknown to the general public. If he was known, he would still not be a hero. In England, war, whether open or secret, is not admired. The English do not like to think about war. After a war, the names of war heroes are forgotten as soon as possible. Within the Secret Service, this man may be a local hero, or he may not. It will depend on his appearance* and his personal habits. Of these I know nothing. He may be fat and unpleasant. No one makes a hero of such a man, however successful he is.'

Nikitin cut in. 'The English spies we have captured speak highly of this man*. He is certainly greatly admired in his Service. He is also said to be very good-looking.'

The telephone rang again. General G. picked up the receiver, listened for a moment and said, 'Bring it in.' There was a knock at the door. The assistant came in carrying a thick file. He crossed the room and placed the file* on the desk in front of General G. and walked out, closing the door softly behind him.

「我的部門沒接過這種要求，」G將軍厲聲說道，「不然我們會馬上就把這人除掉。然而，各位朋友，現在這都是過去事了。咱們看看這個傢伙的檔案裏寫了些什麼吧。」

G將軍拿起最靠近他的一架電話聽筒。「我是G將軍，」他說，「拿一個叫詹姆斯•龐德的英國間諜的檔案給我。急件。」他聽見對方立刻傳來「馬上就到，將軍同志，」就又放下聽筒。他威嚴十足地望望桌邊各人。「從許多觀點來看，這名間諜好像都是個恰當的靶子。他似乎是『國家』很危險的敵人。除掉他，對我們情報組織的所有部門都有利。我這麼說對不對？」

大家低聲附合。

「他的『情報局』失去他也會覺得可惜。可是這樣就夠了嗎？他一死，他們會不會損失很重？這個人對他的組織和國家來說是不是個英雄？」

維先斯基將軍開口說話了。「除非是名氣響亮的運動員，英國人對英雄不感興趣，軍方的英雄人物根本不吸引他們。一般大衆並不知道龐德這個人。即使知道他，還是算不了英雄。在英國，戰爭——不管是明的還是暗的——都不受人歡迎。英國人不願意去想有關戰爭的事情。一場戰爭結束，大家會把戰時英雄的名字說有多快就有多快地忘掉。在他們的『情報局』裏，這個人也許是他們那一部份人眼中的英雄，也許不是。這要看他的相貌及生活習慣而定。我對這些都一無所知。他也許肥肥的，很討人厭。誰都不會把這種人看作是英雄——不管他有多麼成功。」

尼基丁插口說了。「我們俘虜過的英國間諜都很讚賞這個人。他在組織裏的確非常受人仰慕。據說他的相貌也非常英俊。」

電話鈴又響了。G將軍拿起聽筒，聽了一會兒說道，「拿進來吧。」有人敲了敲門。助理人員拿了一個厚厚的檔案夾走進來。他走過房間，把檔案夾放在G將軍面前的桌子上又走了出去，隨手輕輕把門帶上。

The file had a black cover. A thick white stripe* ran across it from the top right-hand corner to the bottom left. In the top left-hand space there were the letters 'S.S.' in white, and under them the Russian for 'Top Secret.' Across the centre was neatly painted in white letters, 'JAMES BOND', and underneath 'English Spy'.

General G. opened the file and took out a large envelope. It contained photographs. He emptied them onto the leather top of the desk and picked them up one by one. He looked closely at them, then passed them across the desk to Nikitin who glanced at them and passed them on.

The first had the date 1946 under it. It showed a dark young man sitting at a sunny table outside a café.* There was a tall glass beside him on the table. The right arm rested on the table and there was a cigarette between the fingers of the right hand. The man looked happy and care-free.* He clearly did not know that he was being photographed from about twenty feet away.

The next had 1950 on it. It was the face and shoulders of the same man. It was a close-up* and Bond was looking with careful, narrow eyes at something, probably the photographer's face. A small button-hole type camera, decided the General.

The third was from 1951. It showed the same man in a dark suit, without a hat, walking down a wide empty street. He looked as if he was going somewhere urgently. General G. decided that the photograph had been taken from a car. He thought the man had a look of decision about him, as if he was making quickly for something bad that was happening further down the street.

The fourth and last photograph was marked PASSPORT 1953. The photograph must have been taken at a border when Bond had shown his passport. General G. studied the face carefully.

It was a dark, clean-cut* face with a three-inch scar* that showed white against the sun-burned skin of his right cheek. The eyes were wide and level under straight, rather long black

檔案夾的封皮是黑色。一道寬寬的白條紋從右上角橫過左下方。左上方寫着白色的字母「S. S.」，下面用俄文寫着「最高機密」。中間部份整齊地橫漆着白字「詹姆斯·龐德」，下面是「英國間諜」。

G將軍打開檔案夾，掏出一個大信封。信封裏裝着照片。他把照片都倒在皮桌面上，一張張地拿了起來。他仔細地看照片，然後從桌面上傳給尼基丁，尼基丁瞄了一眼就往下傳過去。

第一張照片底下註明的日期是1946年。照片上一個膚色黝黑的年輕人坐在一家咖啡館外陽光燦爛的桌邊。他身旁的桌子上擺着一個高玻璃杯。他右臂倚放在桌上，右手手指間夾着一支香煙。這個人看起來很快樂，無憂無慮的。顯然，他並不知道大約二十呎之外有人拍下他的照片。

第二張寫着1950年。是同一個人的頭、肩部。這是張特寫，龐德瞇着眼睛，仔細地望着什麼東西，可能是在看照這張相的人。一個小小的鈕孔型照相機，將軍判斷。

第三張是1951年拍的。照片裏同一個人穿着一套深色西裝，沒戴帽子，沿著一條寬濶空蕩的街道走下去。他好像在趕着去什麼地方。G將軍判斷這張照片是在汽車裏拍的。他覺得這個人帶着一股果斷堅決的神氣，就好像街前面出了什麼糟糕的事情，而他正匆匆趕去。

第四張，也是最後一張照片註明「護照，1953」。這張照片一定是龐德在某國邊界上交出護照時拍下來的。G將軍仔細地觀察他的臉孔。

那是張膚色黝黑，長相很漂亮的臉孔，一道三吋長的疤痕橫過他的右頰，在他曬黑的皮膚上顯得白白的。他有一對筆直、相當長的黑眉毛，眉下的眼睛坦率又很有神。髮色是黑的，隨隨便

brows. The hair was black, carelessly brushed so that a thick black lock*fell over the right eyebrow*. The fairly long, straight nose ended at a short upper lip below which was a wide, finely drawn but cruel mouth. The line of the jaw was straight and firm. A few inches of dark suit, white shirt and black silk tie completed the picture.

General G. could see decision, authority in the man's face. He didn't care what else went on inside the man. He passed the photograph down the table and returned to the file, glancing rapidly down each page.

The photographs came back to him. He kept his place in the file with a finger and looked up at the others. 'He looks a nasty* character,' he said. 'His story proves he is. I will read out some of it. Then we must decide. It's getting late.' He turned back to the first page and began to read out the points that struck him.

'First name: JAMES. Height: six feet. Weight: 167 pounds. Eyes, blue. Hair, black. Scar down right cheek and on left shoulder. Excellent all-round*sportsman and boxer. Expert with gun and knife. Does not use disguises*. Languages: French and German. Smokes heavily, drinks. Weakness: women.'

General G. missed a page and went on: 'This man always carries a .25 Beretta gun in a holster*under his left arm. Has been known to carry a knife strapped*to his left arm. Has used shoes with steel toe-caps*. In general, fights with courage and bears pain well.'

General G. looked through more pages until he came to the bottom of the last page and read out: 'This man is a dangerous professional spy. He has worked for the English Secret Service since 1938 and now holds the secret number 007 in that service. The double 'O' is used for agents*who have killed, and who are permitted to kill, on active service*. There are believed to be only two other English agents with this authority.'

General G. shut the file decisively*. 'Well, are we agreed?'

'Yes,' said Nikitin loudly.

'Yes,' said Slavin in a bored voice.

便地梳着，一撮濃密的黑髮落在左右眼眉上。他的鼻子長長的，直直的，鼻端稍微向上翹起，底下是一張孤線優美，但很冷酷的寬寬的嘴巴。下巴的線條挺直、堅毅。照片上還稍微露出一點他身上穿的黑西裝，白襯衫和黑色的絲領帶，再就沒有了。

G將軍在這人的臉上看得出堅毅、權威的神色。他不理會那個人心裏還有什麼東西了。他把照片沿着桌子傳下去，回頭看那檔案夾，速度很快地一頁頁瞄下去。

照片又都傳回他手上。他一支手指按着檔案夾，一面抬頭朝其他人望了過去。「看來這個人的性格很難纏，」他說道。「他的經歷證明的確如此。我唸幾段給你們聽聽。然後我們就得作決定了。再遲就晚了。」他翻回第一頁，開始唸出他印象深刻的地方。

「名字：詹姆斯。身高：六呎。體重： 167磅。眼睛，藍色。頭髮，黑色。右頰疤痕直下左肩。精通各類運動，極優秀的拳擊手。擅長使用鎗、刀。不用化裝。語言：法文、德文。抽煙很重，飲酒。弱點：女人。」

G將軍翻過一頁沒唸，又續讀下去：「此人左脇隨時携帶一支皮套裝25口徑的比列塔手鎗。據悉左臂還用皮帶綁著一把刀子。穿着鞋尖包着鋼片的鞋子。總論，作戰勇猛，忍受疼痛力強。」

G將軍翻閱過好幾頁，看到最後一頁的底下，他唸道：「此人是極危險之專業間諜。自1938年起即爲英國情報局工作，如今在該局擁有００７之秘密編號。雙「０」代表在執勤期間殺過人，並得以先斬後奏的情報員。據悉，英國情報員中另外只有兩名擁有此項特權。」

G將軍斷然闔上檔案夾。「好了，我們就這麼同意了吧？」

「是的，」尼基丁大聲說道。

「是的，」斯拉賓的聲音很煩。

General Vishensky was looking down at his finger-nails. He was sick of* murder. He had enjoyed his time in England. 'Yes,' he said, 'I suppose so.'

General G's hand went to the telephone again. He spoke to his assistant. 'Death warrant,' he said. 'Make it out* in the name of "James Bond". Description: English spy. Crime: Enemy of the State.' He put the receiver back and leaned forward in his chair. 'And now it will be a question of finding a suitable plan, one that cannot fail.'

The door opened and the assistant came in. He was carrying a bright yellow sheet of paper. He put it in front of General G. and went out. General G. looked rapidly down the paper and wrote the words *To be killed* at the head of* the large empty space at the bottom. He passed the paper to Nikitin who wrote *Kill him* and signed his name. He handed it across to Slavin who did the same. At last the paper came to General Vishensky who sighed and wrote *Kill him. Vishensky* more or less* under the other names. Then he took his hands away from the paper and got to his feet.

'If that is all, General?' he said, pushing his chair back.

'One moment, General,' said General G. 'I have something to add to the instructions.' The paper was handed to him. He took out his pen and crossed out what he had written. He wrote again, speaking the words slowly as he did so.

To be killed shamefully and signed it. He looked up and smiled pleasantly at the others. 'Thank you, friends. That is all. Good night.'

When the others had left, General G. rose to his feet and stretched. Then he sat down again at his desk, switched off the recorder and rang for his assistant. The man came in and stood beside the desk.

General G. handed him the yellow paper. 'Send this out at once. Find out where Kronsteen is and have him fetched* by car. I don't care if he's in bed. He will have to come. And I will see Colonel Klebb in ten minutes.'

'Yes, General.' The man left the room. General G. picked up the white telephone and spoke quietly into it for five

維先斯基將軍低頭望着自己的手指甲。他厭惡暗殺。當初他在英國渡過一段愜意的日子。「是的，」他說，「我想就這樣吧。」

G將軍又朝電話伸過手去。他開口和助理人員說話了。「死刑宣告，」他說，「以『詹姆斯・龐德』的名義記下來。身份：英國間諜。罪行：國家之敵。」他放回聽筒，坐在椅子上倚身向前。「現在的問題就是訂出一個恰當的計劃，絕不能失敗的計劃。」

房門打開，助理人員走了進來。他帶着一張耀目的黃紙。他在G將軍面前放下，又走出去了。G將軍很快地把那張紙看了一遍，接着在底下一大片空白地方的頭上寫下「殺」的字樣。他把那張紙傳給尼基丁，尼基丁寫下「殺」，簽了名。他把紙傳給斯拉賓，他也照樣寫了。最後那張紙傳到維先斯基將軍的手中，他簽了名，寫下「殺」。「維先斯基」寫得多少要比其他人的名字爲低。然後他放開那張紙，站了起來。

「這就好了吧，將軍？」說着，他把椅子向後推開。

「再等一下，將軍，」G將軍說道，「我在指令上還要再加點東西。」那張紙交回給他。他掏出筆，劃掉他剛才寫的。他又重寫了，一面寫一面慢慢地唸出聲音。

「叫他恥辱地死」，接着簽了名。他抬頭朝其他人得意地微笑起來。「謝謝你們，各位朋友。這就好了。晚安。」

等別人都走了後，G將軍站起身來伸了個懶腰。然後他又在桌邊坐下，關掉錄音機，按鈴傳助理人員進來。助理人員走進來站在桌旁。

G將軍把那張黃紙交給他。「馬上就發出去。查明克隆斯丁在哪裏，把他用汽車載來。我不管他是不是在睡覺。他一定得到。我還要在十分鐘之內見到克列布上校。」

「是的，將軍。」那個人離開了房間。G將軍拿起白色電話，平靜地說了五分鐘的話。最後，他說道，「我現在打算把這件

minutes. Finally he said, 'And I am now going to give the job to Colonel Klebb and the Planner, Kronsteen. We will discuss the outlines of a suitable plan and they will give me detailed suggestions tomorrow. Is that in order, Comrade General?'

'Yes,' came his master's quiet voice. The line went dead. Another telephone rang. General G. said 'Yes' into the receiver and put it back.

A moment later the assistant opened the big door and stood at the entrance. 'Colonel Klebb,' he announced.

A frog-like figure in green uniform came into the room and walked with quick short steps over to the desk.

General G. looked up and waved towards the nearest chair. 'Good evening, Colonel.'

The flat face split into a sugary smile. 'Good evening, General.'

The Head of the Executions Department of SMERSH rearranged her skirt and sat down.

任務指派給克列布上校和策劃人——克隆斯丁。我們會大約討論出計劃的概要，等明天他們就會提供我詳盡的建議。這樣做沒錯吧，將軍同志？」

「沒錯，」電話中傳來他頭子平靜的聲音。電話掛斷了。另一具電話響起來。G將軍對着話筒說了聲「好。」就放了回去。

過了一下子，助理人員打開那扇大門，站在門口。「克列布上校。」他揚聲說道。

一個穿着綠色制服，像個蛤蟆似的人走進屋裏，踏着又快又短的步伐走向桌邊。

G將軍站起來，朝一張離他最近的椅子揮了揮手。

「晚安，上校。」

那張扁臉上綻出一個甜甜的微笑。「晚安，將軍。」

這名「史莫希」的死刑執行部門首長整理了下裙邊，坐了下來。

6 The Planner

The two faces of the double clock looking out across the chess board showed different times. Kronsteen's showed twenty minutes to one. Makharov's clock said five minutes to one. He had wasted time in the middle of the game and now he had only five minutes to go. He was in bad 'time trouble*'. Unless Kronsteen made some crazy mistake, which was extremely unlikely, Makharov was beaten.

Kronsteen sat very straight and still. His elbows rested on the table and his big head was on his hands. Under the wide, intelligent brow the dark eyes looked down with ice-cold calm at the board. But under that smooth surface the blood was running fast. A thick vein at one side of his head was pumping* away at over ninety beats to the minute. He had sweated away a pound of weight in the last two hours and ten minutes, and the thought of a false move still frightened him. But to Makharov, and to the watching, waiting crowd, he was still as cool as ever, the man whose game was often compared to a man eating fish. First he took off the skin, then he picked out the bones, then he ate the fish. Kronsteen had won the Championship of Moscow twice. Now he was in the final* for the third time. If he won this game, he would be a possible Grand Master.

In the pool of silence round the table, there was no sound except Kronsteen's clock. The two judges sat very still in their raised chairs. They knew, as Makharov did, that this was certainly the end of the fight. There came a sigh from the crowded seats opposite the Championship table. Kronsteen had slowly removed the right hand from his cheek and had stretched it across the board. Like the claws of a pink crab, his thumb and finger had opened, then descended.* The hand, holding a piece,* moved up and to the side and down. Then the hand slowly came back to the face again.

六、策劃人

朝著棋盤的雙面鐘兩個鐘面指出不同的時間。克隆斯丁的那一面指出差二十分一點。馬克哈羅夫的鐘則指出差五分一點。他在棋局中盤浪費了些時間，現在只有五分鐘可以利用了。他面臨很大的「讀秒麻煩」。除非克隆斯丁犯下要命的錯誤——而那是極不可能的——馬克哈羅夫就要輸了。

克隆斯丁筆直地坐着，一動不動。他雙肘倚在桌上，兩手托着自己的大腦袋。在那聰明的寬眉毛下，他一雙黑沉沉的眼睛冰冷無情地望着棋盤。但是在那沉穩的表面下，他體內的血液却急速地流動着。他頭一邊有一條粗粗的血管，正以每分鐘超過九十次的次數跳動着。過去兩個小時裏他流汗流得體重輕了一磅，他仍然還在緊張，怕下錯哪一步棋。但是在馬克哈羅夫眼中看來，在旁觀、等待的羣衆眼中看來，他却冷靜一如往常，這個人下起棋來，大家時常比作吃魚。他先把皮除去，接着剔掉骨頭，然後才吃魚肉。克隆斯丁已經兩度贏得莫斯科盃冠軍。現在他是第三次進入決賽。如果他贏了這盤棋，他就有可能成爲「棋王」了。

桌子周近一片靜寂，除了克隆斯丁的鐘聲什麼動靜也沒有。兩名裁判坐在高椅子上一動不動。他們知道——馬克哈羅夫也知道——這場拼鬪到這裏就下完了。冠軍爭霸戰的桌子對面坐了一大堆人，其中有人嘆了口氣。克隆斯丁的右手已經慢慢地從臉邊挪開，朝棋盤伸去。就像一隻螃蟹的爪子一樣，他的大姆指和食指張了開來，接着就往棋盤落下去了。那隻手揑住一枚棋子，拿起來，挪到一邊，放了下來，接着手又慢慢地囘到臉邊。

The watching crowd muttered and whispered as they saw the move, shown on the huge wall-map for all to see. This must be the kill! Kronsteen reached down and pushed the button at the bottom of his clock. It stopped at a quarter to one. At the same moment, Makharov's clock came to life and started its loud beat.

Kronsteen sat back. He placed his hands flat on the table and looked coldly at the sweating face of the other man. Makharov was struggling like a fish on a hook. Makharov, Champion of Georgia*. Well, tomorrow Comrade Makharov could go back to Georgia and stay there. He would not be able to move to Moscow with his family *this* year.

A man in plain clothes whispered to one of the judges. He handed him a white envelope. The judge shook his head and pointed to Makharov's clock. It now showed three minutes to one. The man in plain clothes whispered one short sentence which made the judge bow his head. He rang a little bell.

'There is an urgent personal message for Comrade Kronsteen,' he announced into the microphone. 'There will be a three minute pause.'

A mutter went round the hall. Although Makharov now raised his eyes politely from the chess-board and stared up at the high ceiling, the watching crowd knew that he remembered the position of every piece. A three minute pause simply meant three extra minutes for Makharov.

Kronsteen felt the same annoyance, but his face was without expression as the judge stepped down from his chair and handed him a plain envelope without an address. Kronsteen tore it open with his thumb and removed the white sheet of paper. It said, in the large type-written letters he knew so well, 'YOU ARE WANTED THIS MOMENT.' No signature.

Kronsteen folded the paper and carefully placed it in his inside pocket, to be destroyed later. He looked up at the face of the plain clothes man standing beside the judge. The eyes were watching him. Well, thought Kronsteen, I will *not* resign with only three minutes to go. It is an insult to the People's Sport. But, as he made a sign to the judge that the game could

牆上掛了一幅大圖，戰況就顯示在圖上讓大家都可以看見，旁觀的羣衆看到這一步棋時都竊竊私語起來。這一定是殺著了！克隆斯丁伸手按下鐘底的按鈕。鐘停在差十五分一點上。同時，馬克哈羅夫的鐘開始走動起來，一聲一聲的很響亮。

克隆斯丁向後一坐。他雙手平放在桌上，冷冷地望着另外那個汗流滿面的男人。馬克哈羅夫就像一條上鈎的魚在掙扎。馬克哈羅夫是喬治亞共和國的冠軍。好了，馬克哈羅夫同志明天就可以回喬治亞，留在那裏了。今年他是沒法和家人搬來莫斯科了。

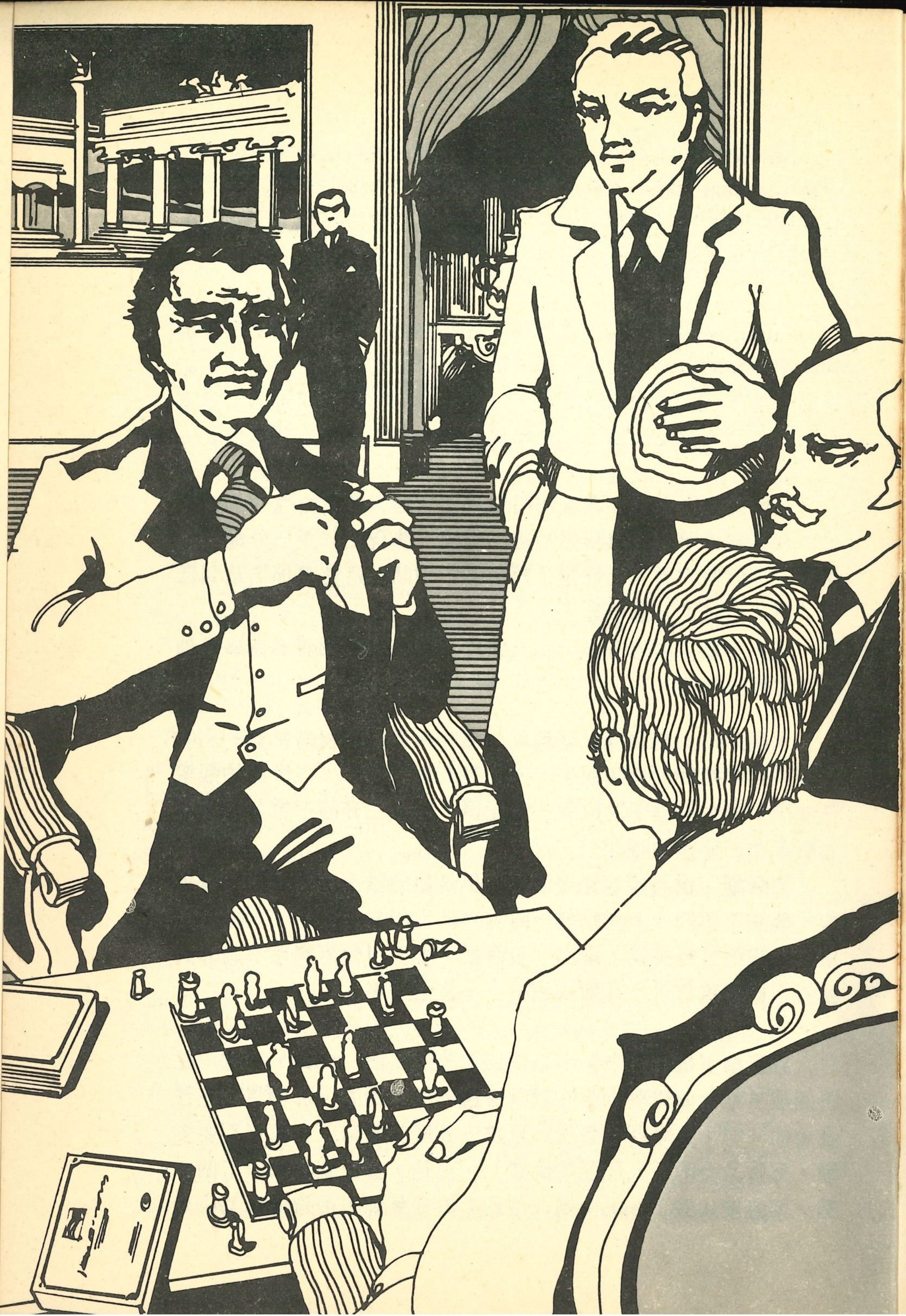
一個便衣男人和一名裁判悄悄說了句話。他交給他一個白信封。裁判搖搖頭，指指馬克哈羅夫的鐘。鐘現在只差三分鐘就一點了。那個便衣男人悄聲說了短短的一句話，這使得那名裁判低下了頭。他按了一個小鈴。

「克隆斯丁同志有一份私人緊急信文，」他朝着麥克風宣佈。「暫停三分鐘。」

大廳裏的人都竊竊私語起來。這時，原先注視着棋盤的馬克哈羅夫雖然禮貌地抬起頭來，望向高高的天花板，但旁觀的觀衆都知道其實每個棋子的位置他都記得。暫停三分鐘不啻多給了馬克哈羅夫三分鐘的時間。

克隆斯丁也同樣地覺得懊惱，但是他的臉上沒流露出絲毫表情，裁判下了椅子，交給他一封沒寫地址的普通信封。克隆斯丁用大姆指把信封挑開，抽出一張白紙。紙上用他再熟悉不過的大號打字機字體打着，「即刻過來」。沒有署名。

克隆斯丁摺起紙來，小心翼翼地放進裏面的口袋，等晚一點再銷毀。他抬頭直望向站在裁判身邊的便衣男人。那個男人正注視着他。嗯，克隆斯丁想道，只差三分鐘就要結束，我可不要棄權。那樣是侮辱「人民運動競賽」。可是，當他朝裁判作了個手勢，要繼續比賽下去的時候，他內心却在顫慄。他避開那個仍然



continue, he trembled inside. He avoided the eyes of the plain clothes man who remained standing there beside him.

The bell rang. 'The game continues.' Makharov slowly bent down his head. The hand of his clock had slipped past the hour and he was still alive.

Kronsteen continued to tremble inside. What he had done was unheard of in an employee of SMERSH, or of any other State department.

He would certainly be reported for disobedience. What might happen then? At the best, a lecture from General G. and a black mark on his file. At the worst? Kronsteen did not like to think. Whatever happened, the sweets of victory had turned bitter* in his mouth.

But now it was the end. With five seconds to go on his clock, Makharov gave the bow that meant he resigned. As the bell rang, the crowd rose to its feet with a thunder of clapping.*

Kronsteen stood up and bowed to Makharov, to the judges,

站在他身邊的便衣男人眼光。

鈴響了。「繼續比賽。」馬克哈羅夫慢慢低下了頭。他那一座鐘的指針已經走過了限定的時間，而他還有時間可以下。

克隆斯丁內心還在顫慄。他剛才的行動是「史莫希」，或任何其他政府部門人員都沒聽說過的。

他不服從命令，一定會被呈報上去。到時會怎麼樣？最好的情況，吃G將軍一頓排頭，檔案上多一個黑點。最壞的情況呢？克隆斯丁不願想下去了。不管會發生什麼事，甘甜的勝利果實在他口中已經變得苦澀了。

可是現在總算下完了。馬克哈羅夫的鐘只剩五秒的時間，他欠了欠身子，表示認輸。當鈴聲響起來的時候，大家都站起身來，掌聲如雷。

克隆斯丁站了起來，朝馬克哈羅夫鞠了一躬，然後是兩位裁

and finally, deeply, to the crowd. Then, with the plain clothes man behind him, he fought his way coldly and rudely through the mass of admiring people towards the door.

Outside the hall stood the usual black car with its engine running. Kronsteen climbed into the back and shut the door. As the plain clothes man jumped into the front seat, the driver let off the brakes and the car rushed forward.

Kronsteen knew it was a waste of breath to say anything to the plain clothes guard about the delay. It would also be bad for discipline. After all, he was Head of Planning, with the rank of colonel. And his brain was worth diamonds to SMERSH. Perhaps he could argue his way out of this mess. He stared out of the window at the dark streets, already wet with the work of the night cleaners, and thought about his defence.

When the guard handed Kronsteen over to General G's assistant, he also handed the assistant a piece of paper. The assistant glanced at it and looked up coldly at Kronsteen with half-raised eyebrows. Kronsteen looked calmly back without saying anything. The assistant picked up his telephone and announced him.

They went into the big room. General G. waved Kronsteen to a seat opposite Colonel Klebb. The assistant handed General G. the piece of paper. The General read it and looked hard across at Kronsteen. When the assistant had left, he said softly, 'Well, Kronsteen?'

Kronsteen was calm. He knew the story that would appeal to the General. He spoke quietly and with authority. 'To the public, General, I am a professional chess player. Tonight I became the Champion of Moscow for the third time. If, with only three minutes to go, I had received a message that my wife was being murdered outside the hall, I would not have raised a finger to help her. My public know that. They are as single-minded about the game as I am. Tonight, if I had resigned and come here as soon as I received your message, five thousand people would have known that it could only be on the orders of a department like this. There would have been a

判，最後，朝人羣深深地行了一禮。接着，他走在那名便衣男人前面，一路冷冷地，粗魯地排開景仰他的羣衆，朝門口走去。

大廳外面停的還是那輛黑車子，引擎發動着。克隆斯丁鑽進後座，把車門關上。那名便衣人員才剛跳進前座，司機就鬆開煞車，汽車向前衝去了。

克隆斯丁很清楚，和這名便衣保鏢談什麼躭誤的理由都是白費口舌。並且這也違反紀律。再怎麼說，他總是策劃部門的首長，官階是上校。還有，他的頭腦是「史莫希」極爲看重的。也許，他好好地辯明的話可以沒事。他望向窗外黑黑的街道，夜間清潔工已經清洗過街道，他開始思索該怎麼爲自己辯護。

保鏢把克隆斯丁交給G將軍的助理人員時，還遞給助理人員一張紙。助理人員看了看，抬頭半揚着眉毛冷冷地望向克隆斯丁。克隆斯丁什麼也沒說，只是冷靜地回望過去。助理人員拿起了電話，大聲講出他的名字。

他們走進那間大房間。G將軍朝克隆斯丁擺了擺手，要他在克列布上校對面坐下。助理人員把那張紙交給G將軍。將軍看了一遍，冷峻地望向克隆斯丁。等助理人員離開後，他柔聲說了，「怎麼了，克隆斯丁？」

克隆斯丁很冷靜。他知道自己的故事一定會打動將軍。他平靜又威嚴地開口說了。「將軍，在民衆眼裏，我是一個職業棋士。今晚，我第三度拿到莫斯科盃的冠軍。當時只剩三分鐘就要結束，就算我接到消息說我太太就要在大廳外面被殺，我也不會動彈分毫去救她。我的民衆明白這一點。他們就和我一樣，全神貫注在棋賽上。今晚，如果我一接到您的信文就棄權趕來這裏，那五千名羣衆一定知道我收到的指令必是像這裏的部門所發出。大家就會散佈出風言風語。爲了『國家』的利益着想，我等了三分

scandal. In the interests of* the State, I waited three minutes before obeying the order. Even so, the fact that I left in such a hurry will be the subject of comment. I shall have to say that one of my children is seriously ill. I shall have to put a child into hospital for a week to support the story. I am deeply sorry for the delay. But the decision was a difficult one, and I did what I thought best in the interests of the Department.'

General G. looked thoughtfully into the dark eyes. The man was guilty, but the defence was good. He took out his cigarette lighter and burned the paper. He dropped the last burning corner into the glass ashtray on his desk. He said nothing to reveal his thoughts, but the burning of the evidence was all that mattered to Kronsteen. Now nothing could go on his file. He was deeply relieved and grateful. The General had performed an act of great mercy.* Kronsteen would pay him with the riches* of his mind.

'Pass over the photographs, Colonel,' said General G. 'The matter is as follows . . . '

So* it is another death, thought Kronsteen as the General talked. He examined the dark, fierce face that looked at him from the passport photograph. While Kronsteen listened with half his mind to what the General was saying, he picked out the main facts. English spy. Great scandal wanted. Expert killer. Weakness for women. No expense spared.* Success to be achieved within three months. Broad* ideas wanted now. Details to be worked out later.

General G. looked at Colonel Klebb. 'What are your first thoughts* on this case, Colonel?'

The square glasses flashed in the light as the woman sat up and looked across the desk at the General. The pale, damp lips opened and shut rapidly as she gave her views. To Kronsteen, watching the face across the table, the opening and shutting of the lips reminded him of a mechanical doll. He stopped listening to her. He knew all the cases she was describing. He had planned most of them and they were stored in his memory like so many chess games. Instead he examined

鐘才照命令行動。即使如此，當時我匆忙離開的情形也一定成爲他們談論的題材。我必得告訴他們我有個小孩病得很厲害才行。我必得送一個孩子進醫院住一個禮拜，這個故事才站得住脚。我躭誤了時間，深深抱歉。可是當時作那個決定情非得已，我做的都是爲本部最大的利益着想。」

G將軍沉思着望向那對黑眼睛。這個人有罪，可是他辯解得很好。他掏出打火機，燒掉那張紙。他把殘餘的燃燒紙角扔進桌上的玻璃煙灰缸裏。他心中想些什麼一句也沒說，可是對克隆斯丁來說，把那張證據燒掉就是最要緊的了。他的檔案上什麼東西也不會有了。他放下了心頭一塊大石，非常感激。將軍演了一場大慈大悲的戲。克隆斯丁會感恩圖報的。

「看看這些照片吧，上校，」G將軍說道，「事情是這樣的……」

原來又有人要死了，克隆斯丁在將軍說話的當兒想道。他仔細地端量護照照片上那張望着他的黝黑、勇猛的臉孔。克隆斯丁心不在焉地聽將軍說着，却把握住了要點。英國間諜。要製造一場大醜聞。內行殺手。弱點是女色。不惜一切代價。三個月內要得手。現在要定出行動大綱。細節晚一點再決定。

G將軍望向克列布上校。「妳對這件案子有什麼基本觀點，上校？」

那個女人坐正了身子，方框眼鏡在燈光下閃動了一下，她望向坐在書桌那一邊的將軍。她發表自己的觀點，濕濕的蒼白嘴唇很快地開閤着。克隆斯丁隔着桌子望着那張面孔，只覺得那兩片嘴唇一張一閉地叫他想起一隻機械娃娃。他不聽她的了。她講的案件他都知道。其中大多都是他策劃的，那些案件就像許多棋賽一樣，都留存在他的記憶中。他反而仔細端量這個可怕的女人的

the face of this dreadful woman and wondered how much longer she could keep her job – how much longer he would have to work with her.

Dreadful? Kronsteen was not interested in human beings – not even in his own children. Nor did the words 'good' and 'bad' mean much to him. He was only interested in how people behaved in relation to each other, like chess pieces. With these thoughts at the back of his mind Kronsteen's cold brain considered the woman across the table. They had weeks of shared work ahead of them; it was as well to study her closely.

Rosa Klebb was one of the most powerful women in the State, and certainly the most feared. She had planned and fought and murdered her way to her present position.

Rosa Klebb was in her late forties. She was short and thickset.* Her arms, her short neck and her thick legs in their ugly brown stockings, were very strong for a woman. The thin orange hair was scraped* back from the face with its yellow-brown eyes that stared so coldly at General G. through their squares of glass. She had a look of cold cruelty and strength. Yes, thought Kronsteen, a *dreadful* woman.

'Thank you, Colonel. Your explanation of the position is most useful. And now, Kronsteen, have you anything to add? Please keep it short. It is two o'clock and we all have a busy day ahead of us.' General G.'s eyes, red from lack of sleep, stared across the desk into the deep dark pools below the wide forehead. No need to tell this man to keep it short, he thought. Kronsteen never had much to say, but each of his words was worth speeches from anyone else.

Kronsteen had already made up his mind. His voice when he spoke was extremely mild, but it had the authority that commands close attention.

'General, it was a Frenchman who said that it is no good killing a man unless you can destroy his reputation. It will, of course, be easy to kill this man Bond. Any paid killer could do it. The second part, the destruction of the man's character,* is more important and more difficult. At this stage it is only clear to me that the work must be done away from

臉孔，一面很想知道她到底還能把她的職位保持多久——也就是說他還得和她一起工作多久。

可怕？克隆斯丁對人都沒有興趣——甚至連對他自己的孩子也如此。「好」、「壞」這種字眼對他而言也沒什麼意義。他只對人的行為如何相互關聯影響這一點有興趣——就像棋子一樣。克隆斯丁心底既然有這些想法，他冷靜的頭腦也就開始研究桌子對面那個女人了。他們即將在一起工作好幾個禮拜，最好還是仔細地研究研究她。

羅莎•克列布是「國家」幾個最有權力——當然也最令人心寒——的女人之一，她能掙到目前這個地位，是經過設計、爭戰，並且殺了些人的。

羅莎•克列布已經快五十了。她五短身材，矮矮胖胖的。就一個女人而言，她的胳臂、短脖子，還有一雙穿着難看的褐色長襪的粗腿，都壯得過份了。她一頭稀疏的橘黃色頭髮貼着頭向後梳去，透過方框眼鏡，一雙黃褐色眼睛冷冷地瞪着將軍。她的神情中透露着冷酷的殘暴和力量。是的，克隆斯丁想道，眞是個可怕的女人。

「謝謝妳，上校。妳說明的見解非常有價值。現在，克隆斯丁，你有沒有什麼要補充的？請簡要敍述。現在兩點了，咱們今天還有得忙。」因為睡眠不足，G將軍的眼睛紅紅的，他隔着書桌望向那個寬額下黑沉深邃的眼睛。其實不必叫這個人簡要敍述，他想。克隆斯丁要講的話從來不多，可是他的一字一言抵得過別人的長篇大論。

克隆斯丁早已胸有成竹。他講話的語氣極為溫和，但是其中却蘊含着權威的氣息，令人不能不傾神聆聽。

「將軍，有個法國人說過，要殺一個人，除非能破壞他的名譽，不然是沒有用的。當然，要殺龐德這個人是很容易的。隨便付錢給哪一個殺手都辦得到。這第二部份——破壞這個人的名望——却遠較重要，遠較困難。在這一步上，我只清楚這件工作一定得在英國以外的地方下手，挑一個我們在報紙和廣播電台都有

England and in a country where we have some influence over the newspapers and radio. If you ask me how* we are to get the man there, I can only say that if the bait* in the trap* is important enough, and its capture is open to this man alone, he will be sent to take it. To avoid the appearance of a trap, I would consider giving the bait a touch of the unusual. The English love such things. They treat them as a challenge.' Kronsteen paused. 'I shall set a trap,' he said. 'For the present, I can only say that if the bait is successful in attracting the victim, we shall need an executioner with a perfect command of* the English language.' Kronsteen's eyes moved to the red leather table top in front of him. Thoughtfully, as if this was the heart of the problem, he added, 'We shall also need a trustworthy and extremely beautiful girl.'

相當影響力的國家。如果你問我怎麼才能把那個人誘到那裏，我只能說只要陷阱裏的誘餌夠份量，並且安排好只要捕獲他一個人，那他就會奉命送上門的。為了使陷阱不致露出馬脚，我將設法使那塊誘餌帶上非比尋常的色彩。英國人偏好此道。他們會覺得那是種挑戰。」克隆斯丁停頓了一下。「我將設下陷阱，」他說。「目前我只能說：如果誘餌能把那個倒霉的傢伙迷得很成功，我們將需要一名精通英語的死刑執行者。」克隆斯丁的眼光轉向他面前的紅皮桌面。他沉思着，就好像這才是問題的核心，接道，「我們還需要一名足可信賴，却又漂亮到極點的女孩子。」

7 The Beautiful Bait

Corporal* of State Security, Tatiana Romanova, sat by the window of her one room and looked out at the calm June evening, at the first pink of the sunset. The distant towers of a church shone brightly above the roofs of Moscow. Corporal Romanova thought that she was happier than she had ever been before.

Her happiness had nothing to do with* a love affair. It was the quiet, settled happiness of being able to look forward with confidence to the future. There were other things too, like a word of praise from Professor Denikin, and the smell of a good supper cooking on the electric stove. Her favourite music was on the radio and, above all, the long winter and the short spring were over and it was summer at last.

The room was a tiny box in a huge modern building where all the women of the State Security Departments lived. The fine, eight-floor building contained two thousand flats. Some, like hers, were mere one-room boxes, each with a telephone, hot and cold water, a single electric light and a share in the central bathrooms and lavatories. Others, on the two top floors, were two or three room flats, with bathrooms. These were for women of high rank.* Corporal Romanova must rise a long way before she would reach the eighth floor.

But she was happy enough with her present position. She had a good salary, a room of her own, cheap food and clothes from the 'closed shops' on the ground floor of the building. And, above all, a steady job, with two full weeks' paid holiday a year.

Of course, you had to pay for being in Security. The uniform kept other people away, and your friends were limited to the other girls and men in the department. When the time came, you would have to marry one of the men in order to stay with the Ministry. And they worked you hard – eight to

七、美麗的誘餌

塔夏娜・羅瑪諾娃——國家安全部的下士——坐在她自己的房間窗邊，向外望著六月天靜謐的黃昏，夕陽在天邊抹上第一筆粉紅彩霞。遠方一間教會的塔樓聳立在莫斯科的屋頂之上，閃耀著燦爛的光輝。羅瑪諾娃下士想她這一生從沒有這麼幸福過。

她的幸福和男女間的愛情沒有關係。她是因爲能夠滿懷自信地展望未來，才有這種平靜、踏實的幸福感覺。另外還有些因素，譬如像丹尼金教授的讚賞，還有電爐上煮著可口晚餐的香味，收音機裏播放著她喜愛的音樂。最重要的是，漫長的冬天和短暫的春天都已過去，夏天終於來到了。

國家安全部門的所有女性都住在這一棟龐大的現代建築裏，而這間屋子是其中一個小籠子。這棟堅固的八層樓建築包含兩千個居住單位。有些就像她的，只是一房式的籠子，每間有一台電話，冷、熱水，一支電燈，洗澡間和廁所則集中在一起共用。其他最頂兩層的房間則是附帶浴室，由兩、三間屋子組成的套房。這些套房是那些高級女性工作人員住的。羅瑪諾娃下士要升上八樓還有一段漫長的距離。

但是她擁有目前這個職位就夠幸福了。她的薪資很不錯，有一間自己的屋子，還可以從這棟建築物的一樓「不開放營業商店」裏買到便宜的食物和衣服。尤其要緊的是，這份工作很穩定，每年整整有兩個禮拜照常付薪的假期。

當然，身在安全部門裏一定得付出代價。那一身制服就叫別人躲得遠遠的了，交往的朋友也只能侷限在同一個部門裏的男女。等時候到了，要想留在部裏就得嫁給其中的男人。並且工作也很辛苦——從早上八點到下午六點，一個禮拜工作五天半，中午

six, five and a half days a week, and only forty minutes off for lunch in the State lunch-room. But it was a good lunch, a real meal, and you could manage on a small supper and save for that new fur* coat . . .

At the thought of her supper, Corporal Romanova left the chair by the window and went to examine the pot of thick soup, with a few small pieces of meat, that was to be her supper. It was nearly done, and smelled delicious. She turned off the electricity and left it while she washed her hands and combed her hair as, years before, she had been taught to do before meals.

While she dried her hands, she examined herself in the big looking-glass* over the wash-basin.

One of her early boyfriends had said she looked like the young Greta Garbo. What nonsense! thought Tatiana. And yet tonight she did look rather nice. Her fine dark brown hair was brushed straight back from a high brow*, and fell heavily down almost to her shoulders. There, it curled slightly up at the ends. (Garbo had once done hers like that and Corporal Romanova admitted to herself that she had copied it). She had good skin, soft and pale. Her eyes were deepest blue, set wide apart under straight natural brows. My nose is straight enough, she thought. What about my mouth? Is it too big? It must look terribly wide when I smile. She smiled at herself in the mirror. At least the lips were full and well-shaped. There was the hint of a smile at the corners. She made a face* at herself in the glass and went to eat her supper.

In fact, Tatiana Romanova was very beautiful indeed. And the tall, firm body moved with natural grace. She had spent a year in Leningrad studying dancing. The school had taught her to hold herself well and to walk gracefully.

Corporal Romanova was admired all over the Ministry. Everyone agreed that it would not be long before one of the senior officers found her and dragged her out of her modest job to make her his mistress* or, if absolutely necessary, his wife.

The girl poured the thick soup into a small bowl and broke

只有四十五分鐘可以去國有的午餐廳吃午餐。不過這頓午餐可眞豐盛，是眞正的大餐，所以在吃晚飯的時候就可以設法少吃一點，省錢去買那一件新毛皮大衣……

羅瑪諾娃下士想到晚飯就從窗邊的椅子走開，去看看那一鍋濃湯，湯裏只有幾小塊肉，這就是她的晚飯了。湯已經煮得差不多，聞起來令人食指大動。她把電源關掉，湯還留在爐子上，這就先去洗洗手、梳梳頭了——這是她好幾年前學到的飯前該做的事。

在她把手擦乾的當兒，她端量了下自己映在盥洗台上方那面大鏡子裏的身影。

她很早以前交過的一個男朋友說過，她看起來就像是年輕時的葛麗泰・嘉寶。眞是胡說八道！塔夏娜想道。不過今天晚上她看來格外動人。她把一頭光滑的棕黑色秀髮向後直梳，露出高高的額頭，然後直直地幾乎一直垂到肩頭。髮梢在肩頭微微向上翹起。（嘉寶曾把頭髮梳成這個樣子，羅瑪諾娃暗自承認是摹倣那個髮型。）她的皮膚很好，又白又嫩。她的眼睛是那種最深湛的藍色，在那對筆直自然的眉毛下分得很寬。我的鼻子夠挺了，她想。我的嘴巴如何？是不是太大了？我微笑的時候看起來一定很可怕。她朝著鏡中的自己微笑起來。最起碼，嘴唇很豐滿，弧線很優美。嘴角洋溢著笑意。她朝著鏡子裏的自己扮了個鬼臉，接著就去吃晚飯了。

事實上，塔夏娜・羅瑪諾娃的確極爲美麗。她那高挑結實的身材活動起來帶著天生的優雅風度。她在列寧格勒學過一年舞蹈。她在學校裏學到怎麼保持挺秀的儀態，走路的優雅風韻。

部裏所有的人都羨慕她。大家都說：不要多久就會有高級官員看上她，把她從那安份的職務中拖出去，當他的情婦，或者必要的話，當他的妻子。

女郎把濃湯倒進一個小碗裏，撕了些黑麵包放進去。然後她

some black bread into it. Then she went to her seat by the window and ate it slowly with a nice bright metal spoon. She had slipped the spoon into her bag not many weeks before at a gay* evening at the Hotel Moskva*.

When she had finished, she washed up and went back to her chair. There she lit her first cigarette of the day. No respectable girl in Russia smokes in public, except in a restaurant, and certainly not at work. She listened to the radio.

The telephone rang. She walked over, turned down the radio and picked up the receiver.

'Corporal Romanova?'

It was the voice of her dear Professor Denikin. But outside office hours he always called her 'Tatiana' or even 'Tania'. What did this mean?

The girl was wide-eyed and nervous. 'Yes, Professor?'

The voice at the other end sounded strange and cold. 'In fifteen minutes, at 8.30, you are wanted by Colonel Klebb of SMERSH. You will call on her in her flat, no. 1875, on the eighth floor of your building. Is that clear?'

'But, Professor, why? What . . . '

'That is all, Corporal.'

The girl held the receiver away from her face. She stared at it as if by doing so she could tear more words out of the circles of little holes in the black ear-piece*. 'Hello! Hello!' The empty holes stared back at her. She bent slowly forward and put the receiver down again.

She stood for a moment, frozen, staring blindly at the telephone. Should she call him back? No, that was out of the question. He had spoken as he had because he knew, and she knew, that every call, in and out of the building, was listened to or recorded. That was why he had not wasted a word. This was a State matter. With a message like that, you got rid of it as quickly as you could. You passed it to someone else, then your hands were clean again.

What do they want *me* for? the girl thought. What have I done? Desperate, she tried to remember. Had she made some terrible mistake in her work, that they had only just dis-

就走回窗邊的座位，用一把閃亮的漂亮金屬湯匙慢慢地舀着喝。沒幾個星期前，她去莫斯科大飯店渡過一個歡愉的晚上，這把湯匙就是當時偸偸放在包裏的。

等她喝完了，她起身清洗後就走回椅子。她坐在椅子上點起當天第一支香煙。在蘇俄，正經的女孩子從不在大庭廣衆前抽煙——除了在餐廳裏，當然，工作時更不會抽。她聆聽收音機。

電話鈴響了起來。她走過去，關掉收音機，拿起電話筒。

「羅瑪諾娃下士嗎？」

這是她那親愛的丹尼金教授的聲音。但是他在下班後一直都是叫她「塔夏娜」，甚或「塔妮亞」。這是怎麼回事？

女郎眼睛睜得大大的，很緊張。「教授，有什麼事嗎？」

電話另一頭的聲音聽起來怪異又冷冰。「十五分鐘內，八點半的時候，『史莫希』的克列布上校要見妳。妳要去她的房間見她，1875號房，就在妳那棟房子的八樓。明白了嗎？」

「可是，教授，爲什麼呢？什麼……」

「妳知道這些就好了，下士。」

女郎把聽筒從耳邊拿開。她瞪著聽筒，好像這樣就可以從那黑黑的罩耳小洞圈裏再多擠出幾句話來。「喂！喂！」空洞洞的洞圈回瞪著她。她慢慢地俯身向前，把聽筒又放了回去。

她站了一會兒，僵住了，胡亂地瞪著電話。她該不該回他一通電話？不行，根本不可能這麼做。他講話的口氣會那個樣子，是因爲他知道——而她也知道——進出這棟建築物的每一通電話都有人偸聽或錄音。這就是他爲什麼一句廢話也沒說的原因。這是一件機密大事。接到像那樣的消息，你最好盡快甩開。你把它轉交給別人，那你就又可以置身事外了。

他們要我去做什麼？女郎想道。我做了什麼事？絕望中她試著去想一想。是不是她在工作上犯了什麼要命的錯誤，而他們才剛剛發現？是不是她說的什麼話冒犯了「國家」，什麼玩笑被打

covered? Had she made some remark against the State, some joke that had been reported? That was always possible. But which remark? When? If it had been a bad one, she would have felt a touch of *guilt, even fear, at the time. Her conscience was clear. Or was it? What about the spoon that she had stolen? Was it that? I'll throw it out of the window, she thought, now! But no, it can't be that. That's too small.

She got up and moved towards the clothes cupboard where she kept her best uniform. Her eyes were wet with tears of fear. SMERSH didn't send for people about stolen spoons. It must be something much, much worse.

The girl glanced through her wet eyes at the cheap watch on her wrist. Only seven minutes to go! A new fear seized her. I must not be late, she thought. She tore at the buttons of the white cotton blouse.*

As she dressed and washed her face and brushed her hair, her mind continued to examine the evil mystery, like a curious child who explores a snake's hole with a stick. SMERSH. Even the name was hated and feared. It was an evil word, a whisper of death, a word never mentioned even in secret. And Rosa Klebb was the head of the most feared department of the whole evil organization: its Executions Department. Things were whispered about that woman, things that came to disturb Tatiana's dreams. It was said that Rosa Klebb would not let any execution take place without her . . .

Tatiana looked again at her watch. Four minutes to go. She looked once more at the white face in the glass. She turned and said goodbye to her dear, familiar little room. Perhaps she would never see it again. She walked to the lift.

When it came, she straightened her shoulders and lifted her chin and walked into it as if to her death. Inside her, remembering a word she had not used since her childhood, she repeated over and over, 'My God – My God – My God.'

了小報告？這種事隨時都有可能。可是是什麼話呢？什麼時候說的？如果說的話眞的很糟糕，當時她就該有一點罪惡感，甚或覺得恐懼。她的神智很淸醒。不然，是那檔子事嗎？是不是她偸來的那把湯匙？就是這件事嗎？我要把它扔出窗外，她想，現在就要！可是，不對，不可能是這件事。這太過雞毛蒜皮了。

她立起身來，朝那個收藏著她最好制服的衣櫃走去。她嚇得淚水濕濡了眼睛。「史莫希」不會爲誰偸湯匙把他召去的。一定是比那個糟糕，糟糕得多的事情。

女郎睜著濕濕的眼睛，瞄了一眼自己腕上的廉價手錶。只剩七分鐘了！一股新的恐懼把她攫獲住。我一定不能遲到，她想。她拉扯起白棉上衣的扣子。

在她穿衣、洗臉、梳頭的工夫，她心中繼續在查探那邪惡的神秘事件，就像好奇的小孩子在用棍子探索毒蛇洞。「史莫希」。就算想起這個名字也又恨又怕。這是個邪惡的字眼，死亡的低語，即使私底下也從沒人提起的字眼。而羅莎・克列布正是這整個邪惡組織中最令人驚懼的部門首長——「執行部門」。大家都是竊竊私語地談那個女人的事情，塔夏娜夢中想到那些事情也會害怕。據說，任何行動羅莎・克列布都必定要親自參予……

塔夏娜又望了下手錶。剩四分鐘了。她又望了一眼鏡中蒼白的臉孔。她轉身朝這間可愛的，熟悉的小屋子道別。也許她再永遠也看不到這間屋子了。她朝電梯走去。

等電梯來了，她挺直腰，仰起下巴，就像赴死一樣走進電梯。她想起一句從她長大後就沒用過的話，在內心反複唸了一遍又一遍，「我的天——我的天——我的天。」

8 A Labour of Love*

Outside the door, Tatiana could already smell the inside of the room. A voice told her to come in. She opened the door and she stared into the eyes of the woman at the table.

The Colonel said, 'You are a fine-looking girl, Corporal. Take your jacket* off. Raise your hands above your head. Now bend and touch your toes. Good. Sit down.' The woman spoke like a doctor. Then she bent over a file on the table.

It must be my file, thought Tatiana. How thick it is – nearly two inches. She looked across at the open file with wide eyes. The cover was orange with a black stripe – what did that mean?

The woman looked up. Somehow Tatiana managed to look bravely back. 'Corporal Romanova, I have good reports of your work. Your record is excellent. The State is pleased with you.'

Tatiana could not believe her ears. She went very red, then white. 'I am grateful, Colonel,' she said weakly*.

'Because of your excellent work, you have been chosen for a most important job. This is a great honour for you. Do you understand?'

'Yes indeed, Colonel.'

'This job carries much responsibility and a higher rank. Congratulations, from tonight you are a captain* of State Security!'

This was unheard of for a girl of twenty-four! Tatiana smelt danger, like an animal who sees the trap beneath the bait. 'It is a great honour, Colonel,' she said doubtfully.

Rosa Klebb knew exactly what was going through the girl's mind. This was a beautiful, innocent girl, just what she needed. 'My dear,' she said smoothly, 'how forgetful of me. Your success deserves a glass of wine. Let us drink together.' She got up and went over to the table where a tall bottle stood.

八、喜愛的工作

塔夏娜站在門外，已經聞得出房間裏面的氣息了。裏面傳來一個聲音要她進去。她打開房門，一個女人坐在桌邊直直地望著她。

上校說話了，「妳是個很漂亮的女郎，下士。脫下妳的夾克吧。雙手高舉過頭。現在彎腰，兩手觸脚趾。很好。坐吧。」這個女人說話的口氣就像是個醫生。然後她俯身向桌上一份檔案夾望去。

那一定是我的檔案了，塔夏娜想道。眞是多厚啊——差不多有二吋呢。她瞪大眼睛望向那打開著的檔案夾。封面是橘黃色還有一條黑帶——這表示什麼？

那個女人抬起了頭。塔夏娜好歹總算設法勇敢地回望過去。「羅瑪諾娃下士，我手上的報告說妳工作非常出色。妳的檔案極爲優秀。『國家』爲妳的表現感到很高興。」

塔夏娜沒法相信自己的耳朵。她的臉色先是一陣通紅，接著又蒼白下來。「謝謝您，上校。」她微弱地說道

「正因爲妳工作表現優秀，所以指派妳一件極爲重要的任務。這是妳很大的榮幸。妳明白嗎？」

「是的，很明白，上校。」

「這件任務賦予妳更多的職權和更高的官階。恭喜妳，從今晚起妳就是國家安全部裏的上尉了！」

從沒人聽說過一個二十四歲的女孩子會享有這種際遇！塔夏娜覺察到危險的氣息，就像一頭動物看到誘餌下的陷阱。「這是我極大的榮幸，上校。」她含糊地說道。

這個女郎心中想些什麼，羅莎・克列布一淸二楚。這是個漂亮又天眞的女孩子，正是她所需要的。「親愛的，」她沉著地說道，「妳看我多健忘。爲妳的成功該喝一杯才是。咱們一起喝吧



'Try one of these chocolates while I struggle with the cork.* We girls need a man to help us, don't we?'

The horrible small-talk* went on as she put a splendid box of chocolates in front of Tatiana. 'Swiss,* dear. The very best. The round ones have the soft centres. The hard ones are square.'

Tatiana reached out and took a round one. It would be easier to swallow.* Her mouth was dry with fear, fear of the moment when she would feel the jaws of the trap around her neck.

Rosa Klebb stood over her, handing her a glass of wine. 'Your very good health, Tatiana,' she said merrily. 'And my warmest congratulations!'

Tatiana managed to smile. She picked up her glass and gave a little bow. 'Your health, Colonel.' She emptied the glass, as is the custom in Russian drinking, and put it down. At once Rosa Klebb filled it again. 'And now to the health of your

。」她起身向立放著一個高瓶子的桌子走去。

「嚐一塊巧克力吧，我得先費點力把軟木塞拔開。咱們女人可不該有男人來幫幫忙？」

她拿了盒上好的巧克力放在塔夏娜面前，一面繼續著這種可怕的閒聊。「瑞士的，親愛的。上品。圓的中間是軟的。方的都是硬的。」

塔夏娜伸手拿了個圓的。這個比較容易吞下去。她怕得嘴巴都乾了，怕自己會有感覺到陷阱的利齒咬上脖子的一刻。

羅莎•克列布站到她身邊，遞給她一杯酒。

「祝妳身體健康，塔夏娜，」她快活地說道，「附上我最誠摯的祝賀。」

塔夏娜設法擠出一個微笑。她拿起酒杯，微微鞠了一躬。「祝您身體健康，上校。」照俄國人喝酒的習慣，她一口氣乾完，把杯子放下。羅莎•克列布馬上又幫她填滿了酒。「現在，祝妳

new department, Captain. To SMERSH!'

Somehow Tatiana got to her feet. She picked up the full glass. 'To SMERSH.' The word nearly choked* her. But Rosa Klebb gave her no time for thought. She sat down opposite and laid both hands flat on the table.

'And now to business. There is work to do.' She leaned forward. 'Have you ever wished to live abroad?'

'No, Colonel. I am happy in Moscow.'

'You have never thought about the West – all those beautiful clothes, the modern things?'

'No, Colonel.' She was truthful. She had never thought about it.

'And if the State demanded it?'

'I would obey.'

The woman paused. 'Have you ever been in love?'

Oh, my God, thought Tatiana. 'Yes, Colonel.'

'Names, please.' Rosa Klebb picked up pencil and paper.

'No,' burst out Tatiana, covering her face with her hands. 'Never. You have no right!'

Rosa Klebb got up and came round the table to Tatiana. The voice became smooth. 'Come, come*, my dear. You must trust me. Your little secrets are safe with me. Here, drink some more wine. We must be friends.'

Tatiana wiped her eyes with her handkerchief. She reached out a trembling hand for the glass.

'Drink it, dear.'

Rosa Klebb stood over her like some dreadful mother duck. Obedient, Tatiana emptied the glass.

'And now, my dear, just one more question. Do you think you could love *this* man?' She took a photograph from a drawer and passed it to Tatiana. Tatiana looked down at the handsome face. 'I cannot tell, Colonel. He is good-looking . . . '

'Keep the photograph, my dear. Put it beside the bed and think of this man. You will learn more about him later in your new work. And now,' the eyes glittered behind the square glasses, 'would you like to know more about this job?'

'Yes indeed, Colonel.'

新進的部門日益壯大，上尉。爲『史莫希』乾一杯！」

塔夏娜好歹站了起來。她拿起盛滿的酒杯。「爲『史莫希』乾一杯。」這句話差點把她嗆住。可是羅莎・克列布並沒給她思考的時間。她在對面坐下，兩手平放在桌上。

「現在談談公事吧。有工作要做。」她俯身向前。「妳有沒有想去外國住過？」

「沒有，上校。我住在莫斯科很幸福。」

「妳從沒想過西方國家的事——那一切漂亮的衣裳，時髦的東西？」

「沒有，上校。」她說的是眞心話。她從沒想過西方國家。

「那如果是『國家』要妳去呢？」

「我願意遵命。」

那女人暫停了一下。「妳戀過愛嗎？」

噢，我的天，塔夏娜想道。「是的，上校。」

「請說出姓名。」羅莎・克列布拿起鉛筆和紙張。

「不行，」塔夏娜猛然叫了出來，雙手捂住臉孔。「絕對不行。您沒權利這樣做！」

羅莎・克列布站起身來，繞過桌子走向塔夏娜。她的聲音變得很溫和。「好了，好了，我親愛的。妳一定得信任我。妳那點小秘密告訴我也沒關係的。來，再多喝點酒吧。咱們一定要交個朋友。」

塔夏娜拿手帕擦乾了淚水。她哆嗦著手去拿杯子。

「喝吧，親愛的。」

羅莎・克列布站在她身旁，就像是頭可怕的母鴨子。塔夏娜順從地乾完了酒杯。

「親愛的，我現在再問妳一個問題就好了。妳覺得自己會不會愛上這個男人？」她從一個抽屜裏拿出一張像片，交給了塔夏娜。塔夏娜低頭望向那張英俊的面孔。「我不知道，上校。他長得很好看……」

「這張像片妳留著吧，我親愛的。妳把像片放在床邊，去想

'It is a simple, delightful task, Captain – a real labour of love. It is a matter of falling in love with this man.'

'But who is he? I don't even know him.'

'He is an English spy.'

'*OH!*' She stared at Rosa Klebb through wide, slightly drunk eyes.

'Yes,' said Rosa Klebb, pleased with the effect of her words. 'He is an English spy, and you must fall in love with him. And no nonsense, Captain. We must be serious. This is an important State matter for which you have been chosen. So stop looking like a frightened cow and pay attention.'

'Yes, Colonel.' Tatiana sat to attention as if she were back at the Security Officers' School. Her mind was spinning* but this was no time for personal things. As an officer she must do her duty.

Rosa Klebb put on her official voice. 'For the next few weeks you will receive most careful training. You will learn certain foreign customs and receive beautiful clothes. Then you will be sent abroad, somewhere in Europe. There you will meet this man. You will win his heart.'

'Yes, Colonel.'

'You will accompany this man to England. There you will be questioned. The English do not use cruel methods, have no fear. We will supply you with false information, which you will then give to the English. You will be rescued and brought back to Moscow.' Rosa Klebb looked closely at the girl. She seemed to be accepting all this without question. 'Any questions?'

'What will happen to the man, Colonel?'

'That is of no importance to us. We shall simply use him as a way of getting you to England. The object of the exercise is to give false information.'

Tatiana felt important. Suddenly it all sounded so exciting. I'll do my very best, she thought. But what if I can't make this English spy love me?

'Now, my dear,' said Rosa Klebb, 'work is over for tonight. Go to your room and dream of your English lover!'

這個男的。以後，妳在新的工作上會知道他更多的事情。現在，」方框眼鏡後面的眼睛一閃一閃的，「妳可願意再多知道些這件任務的性質？」

「非常願意，上校。」

「這是件很簡單，很愉快的工作，上尉——不折不扣的一件喜愛的工作。這件事就是要去愛上這個男人。」

「可是他是什麼人呢？我根本連認識也不認識他。」

「他是個英國間諜。」

「噢！」她睜著那雙微微帶著醉意的大眼睛，瞪向羅莎・克列布。

「是的，」羅莎・克列布說，她很得意自己講的話所造成的效果。「他是個英國間諜，而妳一定得愛上他。這絕不是胡說八道，上尉。我們一定要愼重其事。這是件要緊的國家大事，而妳是被挑中的人選。所以，妳別再像頭嚇壞了的母牛瞪著眼睛，留心聽著。」

「是的，上校。」塔夏娜坐正身子，就像又回到了「安全部門官員訓練學校」。她心中思潮起伏，可是這不是顧慮個人小事的時候。身爲一名官員，她一定要盡到職責。

羅莎・克列布又打起了官腔。「接下來幾個禮拜裏，妳將會接受最週密的訓練。妳會學到一些外國的風俗習慣，並領取漂亮的衣裳。然後妳就會被派去國外——歐洲某個地方。妳在那裏會見到這個男人。妳要贏得他對妳的熱愛。」

「是的，上校。」

「妳會和這個男人一起回英國。到了那裏，妳會接受查問。英國人不用殘忍的手段，不必怕。我們會提供妳一些假情報，妳再轉告那個英國人。我們會救妳出來，把妳送回莫斯科的。」羅莎・克列布專注地望著那個女郎。她好像就要毫無疑問地接受這一切了。「有什麼問題嗎？」

「那個男人會怎麼樣呢，上校？」

「那和我們就沒關係了。我們只是利用他作爲帶妳去英國的

The next morning Colonel Klebb was sitting at her desk in the office which was more an operations room* than an ordinary office, deep under ground. A huge map of the world covered one wall, every agent of SMERSH was controlled from this room.

One of the three telephones on the desk rang. She picked up the receiver. 'Send him in.'

She turned to Kronsteen who sat in a chair against the wall, under the toe of Africa.

'Granitsky.'

Kronsteen looked towards the door. Red Grant came in and closed the door softly behind him. He walked up to the desk and stood looking down obediently, almost hungrily, into his chief's eyes.

'Are you fit and ready for work?' she asked coldly.

'Yes, Colonel.'

'Take off your clothes.'

Red Grant showed no surprise. Calmly he took off his clothes and kicked off his shoes. The great red-brown body with its golden hair lit up the dull room.

Rosa Klebb got to her feet and came round the desk. She studied the body, like someone buying a horse. Then suddenly, with terrible strength and speed, she hit the man full in the stomach.

Grant's knees bent slightly, then straightened. For a moment the eyes closed with pain. Then they opened again and stared down into the cold eyes behind the square glasses. Grant showed no ill effects from a blow that would have sent any ordinary man crashing to the ground.

Rosa Klebb sat down again and looked across at Kronsteen. 'At least he is fit enough,' she said. The naked man looked pleased. Rosa Klebb sat back in her chair and watched him thoughtfully. Finally she said, 'Granitsky, there is an important job for you, your most important job ever. It is a job that will bring honour, for the target is a difficult and dangerous one. You will be in a foreign country, and alone. Is that clear?'

工具。這次行動的目的是要發出錯誤的情報。」

塔夏娜覺得自己舉足輕重起來。突然間，這一切聽起來叫人極爲興奮。我會盡力而爲的，她想。可是，如果我沒法使這個英國間諜愛上我的話怎麼辦？

「好了，我親愛的，」羅莎•克列布說道，「今晚的工作告一段落了。回房去做妳那個英國情人的夢吧！」

第二天早上，克列布上校坐在她辦公室的桌邊，這間屋子深入地下，與其說是一般辦公室，不如說是參謀指揮室更恰當。一張巨大的世界地圖蓋住了一面牆，「史莫希」的所有工作人員都由這個屋子來指揮控制。

桌上三具電話中有一具響了起來。她拿起聽筒。「叫他進來吧。」

她轉頭望向克隆斯丁，他坐在一張倚在牆邊的椅子裏，頭頂是非洲的最南端。

「格拉尼茨基。」

克隆斯丁朝門口望去。紅格蘭走了進來，隨手輕輕把門帶上。他走到桌邊，站在那兒順從地——幾乎是饑渴地——低頭迎向他主管的目光。

「你身體可結實？可以工作了嗎？」她冷冷地問道。

「是的，上校。」

「脫掉你的衣服。」

紅格蘭絲毫沒流露出訝異的神色。他平靜地脫掉衣服，踢開鞋子。那副魁偉的紅褐色身材帶著金色毛髮，使陰暗的房間亮了起來。

羅莎•克列布站起身來，繞過桌子。她仔細地端量那副軀體，就像是在買馬的人。接著，突然間，她以迅雷般的氣力和速度結結實實地擊中男人的腹部。

格蘭雙腿微屈了一下，接著又站直身體。刹那間，他疼得閉了下眼睛。然後他又睜開眼睛，低頭向那方框眼鏡後面的冷酷眼睛直望過去。不論哪個普通人挨上這一擊都會癱倒在地上，格蘭

'Yes, Colonel.'

'The target is an English spy. Would you like to kill an English spy?'

'It will be a labour of love, Colonel.'

'You will need many weeks of training. You will be disguised as an English agent. You will have to learn some of the manners and tricks of an English gentleman. You will be placed in the hands of a certain Englishman we have here. It will be his task to make you pass as an English agent. And you will have to learn many other things. The operation will be at the end of August, but you will start your training at once. Put on your clothes and report to my assistant.'

'Yes, Colonel . . . And thank you.'

Rosa Klebb was writing notes. She did not look up. Grant went out and closed the door softly behind him.

'And now, Kronsteen,' said Rosa Klebb, 'are there any other points to discuss before we set the machinery* going? I have reported the broad lines of your plan to General G., who agreed. The planning and operations staff is ready to begin work. Do you have any last minute thoughts?'

'This man Granitsky, is he trustworthy? Can you trust him in a foreign country?'

'He has been tested for nearly ten years. There has never been any suspicion about him. He is my top executioner.'

'And the girl, Romanova, was she satisfactory?'

'She will serve our purpose. Her English is excellent. She will receive instruction. I have told her part of the truth and several lies. She will give no trouble.'

'And this man Bond? Where is he?'

'He is in London. During the day, he goes to his office. At night he sleeps in his flat in Chelsea*.'

'Good. Let us hope he will stay there for the next few weeks. Meanwhile,' Kronsteen's dark, thoughtful eyes stared at the ceiling, 'I have decided on Istanbul* for the first meeting. We have a good organization there. The British Secret Service has only a small station. Its head is reported to be a good man. He will be executed. The centre is well-placed

却沒露出不對勁的地方。

羅莎・克列布又坐了下來，朝克隆斯丁望去。

「起碼他夠結實了，」她說。那個赤裸著的男人看來很高興。羅莎・克列布往後靠上椅背，若有深思地看著他。最後，她說了，「格拉尼茨基，有一件重要的任務要交給你，比你以前接過的任何任務都重要。這件任務將帶給你榮譽，因爲靶子很棘手，並且很危險。你要單身到外國去。你明白嗎？」

「是的，上校。」

「靶子是個英國間諜。你可願意殺英國間諜？」

「這是我喜愛的工作，上校。」

「你要接受好幾個禮拜的訓練。你要僞裝成一名英國情報人員。你一定得學些英國紳士的儀態和癖好。我們將把你交給此地一個英國人。他的工作就是把你訓練成一名合格的英國情報人員。你還得學習許多其他事情才行。這次行動在八月底才開始，但你要馬上就接受訓練。穿上衣服，去向我的助理人員報到吧。」

「是的，上校……謝謝您。」

羅莎・克列布在記什麼東西。她沒有抬頭。格蘭走了出去，隨手輕輕把門關上。

「現在，克隆斯丁，」羅莎・克列布說道，「在咱們還沒把這齣戲安排上演前，有沒有其他什麼要討論的地方？我已經把你的計劃大綱呈報給G將軍，他同意了。計劃和行動的參謀人員都已經準備開始工作了。你還有什麼最後的意見沒有？」

「格拉尼茨基這個人可靠嗎？妳能放心地派他去外國嗎？」

「我們考驗他近乎十年了。他身上一點可疑的地方也沒有。他是我手下頂尖的死刑執行者。」

「還有那個女孩子，羅瑪諾娃，她還叫人滿意嗎？」

「她會符合我們要求的。她的英文程度非常優秀。她還會再接受指導。我告訴她了一部份實話，也撒了一些謊。她不會帶給我們麻煩的。」

「那龐德這個人呢？他在哪裏？」

for us, with short lines of communication with Bulgaria and the Black Sea.

'I am working out details of exactly where to kill Bond and how to get him there, after he has met the girl. It will be either in France or very near it. We have excellent influence on the French papers. They will make the most of the scandal.

'The Code Department has agreed to hand over a Spektor code machine. The Special Effects Department will prepare it for its task . . . I think the operation can safely begin.'

'I agree. The matter can now go forward. I will give the necessary orders. I am grateful for your help.'

Kronsteen bowed slightly and left the room.

Rosa Klebb reached for a telephone. 'Operations Room,' said a man's voice.

Rosa Klebb's eyes stared at the pink shape on the wall map that was Britain. 'Colonel Klebb speaking. The operation against the English spy Bond will begin at once.'

「他現在在倫敦。白天他都去辦公室。晚上他就睡在查爾西區的公寓裏。」

「很好。但願接下去幾個禮拜裏他也留在那兒。同時，」克隆斯丁瞪著深思細慮的黑眼睛望向天花板，「我已經選好以伊斯坦堡作開始接觸的地方。我們在那裏的組織很不錯。英國情報機構則只設了一個小情報站。根據報告，主持那個情報站的首腦很能幹。我們會把他幹掉。那個中心都市對我們來說很方便，與保加利亞和黑海地區聯絡起來都極為便利。

「我現在在研究等龐德遇見那個女孩子後，到底該在哪裏幹掉他，又該怎麼把他引去的細節問題。那個地方該挑在法國或是其隣近地區才對。我們在法國報紙上的影響力非常大。那些報紙會盡力渲染這件醜聞的。

「密碼部門已經答應交給我們一具史派特密碼機。特工部門會把它準備好派上用場的……我想這次行動確實可以開始了。」

「我同意。現在可以進行這件事情了。我會發佈必要的指令。多謝你的協助。」

克隆斯丁微微鞠了一躬，出了房間。

羅莎·克列布伸手拿起一架電話。「參謀指揮室。」一個男人的聲音說道。

羅莎·克列布的眼睛望向牆上的地圖，英國的圖形塗著粉紅色。「我是克列布上校。立刻展開對付英國間諜龐德的行動。」

9 In Love with a Photograph

The soft life was doing James Bond no good. He was a man of war and when there was no war he felt lost. In his particular line of business, there had been peace for nearly a year. And peace was killing him.

At 7.30 on the morning of Thursday, 12 August, Bond woke in his comfortable flat and was disgusted to find that he was bored with the thought of the day ahead. He reached out and gave the two rings on the bell that showed May, his faithful Scottish housekeeper, that he was ready for breakfast. Then he threw the single sheet off the bed and swung his feet to the floor. There was only one way to deal with this feeling – kick himself out of it. Bond got to his feet. After touching his toes twenty times, he did his arm and chest exercises and deep breathing. Then he went into the big white bathroom and stood under the shower, with first hot, then cold water, for five minutes.

At last, after shaving and putting on a dark blue cotton shirt and navy blue trousers, he went through the bedroom to the sitting-room. He had the satisfaction of having sweated the bored feeling out of his body, at least for the time being.

May came in with the tray. She put it on the table by the window together with *The Times*.* Bond wished her good morning and sat down to breakfast. She stood by the table while Bond opened his newspaper.

'That salesman was here again about the television.'

'What salesman was that?'

'The one that's always coming. Six times he's been here since June. After what I said to him the first time about the nasty thing, you'd think he'd stop trying to sell us one.'

Bond reached for the coffee pot.

'I told him what I thought of him last night. Asked him if he'd got any papers – anything to show who he was.'

九、與一張照片的熱戀

恬適的生活對詹姆斯・龐德並沒好處。他是個生存在戰鬬中的人，沒有了戰鬬，他覺得不知所措。在他投身的這一個特殊行業裏，太平日子過得已經快到一年了。而太平日子就要把他折磨死了。

八月十二號，星期四，早上七點半的時候，龐德在他那一層舒適的公寓樓房裏醒了過來，憎厭地發現自己想到要過的這一天就煩了。他伸手按了兩下鈴，告訴梅伊——他忠心耿耿的蘇格蘭管家——他準備吃早餐了。接着，他把床單扔到床下，踢動了下雙脚踩到地上。對付這種感受只有一個方法——把這一切踢開。龐德站了起來。他先站着做了二十次彎腰雙手觸地的工作，接着就活動胳臂和胸部，做深呼吸。然後他走進那間白色的大浴室，站在蓮蓬頭下，先冲了下熱水，再冷水，這樣子五分鐘。

最後，等他刮過臉，穿上一件深藍色棉布襯衫和一件淺藍色褲子後，他走過臥房，進了起居室。他滿意地覺得自己已經把體內那種煩亂的感受排除掉了——至少目前如此。

梅伊端着盤子走了進來。她把盤子和泰晤士報一起放在窗邊的桌子上。龐德和她道過早安就坐下來吃早餐了。她站在桌邊，龐德把報紙打了開來。

「那個推銷員又爲電視機的事來了。」

「哪個推銷員？」

「就是那個常來的。從六月起他已經來了六次了。我第一次和他提過那個該死的東西後，你還以爲他會打消賣咱們一個的念頭。」

龐德伸手去拿咖啡壺。

「昨天晚上我告訴他我認爲他是幹什麼的了。我問他有沒有什麼文件——能證明他身份的文件。」

'I expect that fixed* him.' Bond filled his large cup with black coffee*.

'Not at all. Showed me his union card! Said he had every right to earn his living.'

Bond wondered. Was it possible *they* could be watching him? He took a drink of coffee and put the cup down. 'Exactly what did this man say, May?' he asked, keeping his voice calm.

'He said he was selling television sets in his spare time*. He says we're the only people in the street that haven't got one. He's always asking if you're at home so that he can have a word with you about it. He's always asking if I'm expecting you home. Naturally, I don't tell him anything.'

Maybe, thought Bond. There are ways of checking whether the owner is at home or away. The way a servant looks or behaves, for example. Should he tell Security? Well, there was probably nothing in it. Why would *they* be interested in him? And, if there was something in it, Security was quite likely to make him change his flat. Bond was very comfortable where he was.

'I expect you've frightened him away this time.' Bond smiled up at May. 'I expect you've heard the last of him.'

'Yes, sir,' said May doubtfully. At any rate she had carried out her orders to tell him if she saw anyone 'hanging about'*. Bond went back to his breakfast. Normally little things like that started him wondering. Now the idle months had made him lazy and he put the television salesman out of his mind.

Breakfast was James Bond's favourite meal of the day. When he was in London it was always the same. It consisted of very strong coffee, of which he drank two large cups, without milk or sugar. The egg, in a dark blue egg-cup with a gold ring round the top, was boiled for three and a third minutes. It was a very fresh brown egg from the country. Then there were two thick slices* of brown bread, with butter and honey.

At nine o'clock, he walked out of his flat and down the steps to his car. He felt bored, and restless. Behind it all there

「我想他這下子可沒辦法了。」龐德倒了一大杯不加糖的咖啡。

「才沒有呢。他把他的工會證明拿給我看了！還說他有權為自己賺口飯吃。」

龐德狐疑起來。可能是他們在監視他嗎？他喝了口咖啡，放下杯子。「這個人到底是怎麼說的，梅伊？」他問道，讓自己的聲音保持平靜。

「他說他是利用閒暇時間推銷電視機。他說這條街上只有咱們還沒有電視機。他一直問我你在不在家，以便能和你談談這件事。他一直問我是不是在等你來家。當然啦，我什麼也沒和他說。」

也許吧，龐德想道。查探屋主在不在家有很多方法。舉例來說，探看僕人的表情或行動就是一條路子。他要不要告訴情報局一聲？嗯，很可能只是大驚小怪罷。他們為什麼會對他有興趣？再說，如果其中有什麼古怪，情報局一定會安排他搬家的。龐德覺得他現在住的地方很舒服。

「我想妳這次可把他嚇走了，」龐德抬頭朝着梅伊微笑。「我想妳再不會聽他嚕囌了。」

「是的，先生，」梅伊沒有多少把握地說道。不管怎麼說，她總算都照着吩咐做了——看到有人在「晃蕩」就來告訴他了。龐德回頭又吃起早餐。通常，像這種芝蔴小事會使他懷疑起來的。但是現在散漫了好幾個月，他已經懶了，這就把那個電視機推銷員的事擱在腦後了。

早餐是龐德在一天中偏好的一餐。他在倫敦的時候，早餐總是同樣的菜樣。其中包括不加牛奶也不加糖的濃咖啡，他一喝就是兩大杯。一個煮了三又三分之一分鐘的鷄蛋，盛在一個頂邊是金圈的深藍色裝蛋的杯子裏。這種褐色鷄蛋都是從鄉下運來的，非常新鮮。再就是兩塊厚厚的褐色麵包，塗着奶油和蜂蜜。

九點鐘的時候，他出了家門，下樓去他停車的地方。他覺得很煩，心頭很不踏實。尤其在他心底有一種他也說不出所以然的

was a strange anxiety that he couldn't quite put his finger on. As he pressed the starter* and the great Bentley* growled in answer, a curious, half-remembered sentence came into Bond's mind. 'Those whom the gods wish to destroy, they first make . . . bored.'

At his office, he was halfway through the file of signals* that had come in during the night, when the red telephone rang. It could only mean M. or his Chief of Staff. Bond picked up the receiver.

'007.'

'Can you come up?' It was the Chief of Staff.

'M.?'

'Yes. And it looks like a long meeting.'

'Any idea what it's about?'

The Chief of Staff laughed. 'Well, as a matter of fact I have, but you'd better hear it from him.'

As Bond put on his jacket and went out into the passage, he felt sure that the soft life had come to an end. The bell of the red telephone was always the signal that fired him, like a bullet,* at some distant target. And the eyes of Miss Moneypenny, M.'s private secretary, had that old look of excitement and secret knowledge as she smiled up at him.

'007's here, sir,' she said into the telephone.

'Send him in.'

Bond went through the door and closed it slowly behind him. M. pointed to the chair opposite him across the red leather desk. Bond sat down and looked across into the calm, lined face that he loved, honoured and obeyed.

'Do you mind if I ask you a personal question, James?' M. never asked his staff personal questions. Bond couldn't imagine what was coming.

'No, sir.'

M. picked his pipe out of the big ashtray and began to fill it. He said, 'Have you a serious girlfriend at the moment?'

'No, sir. Why?'

'Something's come up.* I couldn't get you mixed up in it if you were thinking of marrying anybody.'

怪異的焦慮。他踩動引擎，這輛上好的班特里咆哮着回應他了，龐德的心中閃過一個隱約中記得的奇異的句子。「神要毀滅人，首先會使之……煩悶。」

在他的辦公室裏，他把夜裏收到的一堆電報情報看了一半，那臺紅電話響了。這一定不是M就是他的參謀長。龐德拿起了聽筒。

「007。」

「你能不能上來一趟？」是參謀長。

「M？」

「是的。看來好像要開一場長會。」

「多少知道是爲什麼嗎？」

參謀長哈哈笑了起來。「嗯，說實話我知道，可是你最好還是聽他親口說吧。」

龐德穿上上衣，走出走廊，他有把握這段恬適的生活就要結束了。只要那具紅色電話的鈴聲一響，就表示他即將像一枚子彈一樣，朝遠方某個靶子射去。當瑪尼潘妮小姐——M的私人秘書——抬頭朝他微笑時，她的眼中閃動着興奮又表示深知內情的光采。

「007到了，先生，」她朝着電話說道。

「叫他進來吧。」

龐德走進門裏，隨手輕輕把門帶上。M隔着紅皮書桌指了指他對面的椅子。龐德坐了下來，向那張滿佈皺紋的沉着的臉孔望去，那是個他所深愛、尊敬又服從的人。

「如果我問你一個私人的問題，詹姆斯，不知你介不介意？」M從不問他手下人員私人問題的。龐德猜不出他會問些什麼。

「不會的，長官。」

M從大煙灰缸裏拿起他的煙斗，開始填起煙草。他說道，「目前你可有很要好的女朋友？」

「沒有，長官。怎麼了？」

「出了件事情。如果你已經有結婚的對象，我就不要叫你插手這件事。」

Bond shook his head, waiting for the story.

'All right, then,' said M. There was a note of relief in his voice. 'This is what happened. Yesterday there was a long signal from Istanbul. On Tuesday the Head of Station T got a typewritten message to take a round ticket* on the 8 pm ferry* from the Galata* Bridge to the Bosporus* and back. Nothing else. Head of T enjoys an adventure, and of course he took the ferry and waited. After about a quarter of an hour a girl came and stood beside him. A Russian girl, very good-looking, he says. After they'd talked a bit about the view and so on, she suddenly told him an amazing story.'

M. paused to put another match to his pipe. Bond cut in, 'Who is Head of T, sir? I've never worked in Turkey.'

'A man called Kerim. Darko Kerim. Turkish father and English mother. He's one of our best men – very intelligent, and knows that part of the world like the back of his hand.' M. sucked at his pipe. 'Anyway, the girl's story was that she was a corporal in the Russian Security service. She had been moved to Istanbul to work with codes. She had arranged the move herself because she wanted to get out of Russia and come over to the West.'

'That's good,' said Bond. 'It might be useful to have one of their code girls. But why does she want to come over?'

M. looked across at Bond. 'Because she's in love.' He paused and added mildly, 'She says she's in love with you.'

'In love with *me?*'

'Yes, with you. That's what she says. Her name's Tatiana Romanova, by the way. Ever heard of her?'

'Good God! I mean, no, sir.' M. smiled at the expression on Bond's face. 'But whatever does she mean? Has she ever met me? How does she even know that I exist?'

'Well,' said M. 'The whole thing sounds absolutely crazy. But it's so crazy that it might just be true. This girl is twenty-four. Ever since she joined the service, she's been working in their Central Records department. One of the files she had to deal with was yours.'

'I'd like to see that one,' remarked Bond.

龐德搖搖頭，等待下文。

「那就好了，」M說道。他的聲音中有輕鬆了不少的意味。「事情是這樣的。昨天伊斯坦堡打來一長串電報。星期二那一天，T站站長收到一封打字信，要他買來回票，搭下午八點鐘的渡船從加拉塔橋到博斯普魯斯海峽去一趟再回來。其他什麼也沒寫。T站站長很愛冒險之類的事，於是當然就搭船去等了。過了十五分鐘後，來了一個女郎站在他身邊。是個俄國女郎，非常漂亮——是他說的。等他們談過一會兒風景等等，她突然講給他聽了一個非常驚人的故事。」

M停頓了一下，給煙斗又點了根火柴。龐德插口說道，「T站站長是誰，長官？我從沒去土耳其工作過。」

「是個名叫凱林的人。達科・凱林。父親土耳其人，母親英國人。他是咱們最優秀的人員之一——非常聰敏，他對自己那個地區簡直瞭若指掌。」M吸了口煙斗。「總而言之，那個女郎講的故事說她是蘇俄情報局裏一名上尉。她被調到伊斯坦堡去負責密碼的工作。這次調動是她親自安排的，因爲她想離開蘇俄，投靠到西方國家。」

「那很好啊，」龐德說道。「有個他們的密碼女郎可能很有用。可是她爲什麼想投靠過來呢？」

M望向龐德。「因爲她戀愛了。」他停頓了一下，接着溫和地加道，「她說她愛上你了。」

「愛上我了？」

「是的，你。她就是這麼說的。她的名字叫塔夏娜・羅瑪諾娃，順便告訴你。你聽說過她這個人沒有？」

「我的老天！我是說，沒有，長官。」M看着龐德的表情微笑起來。「可是她這麼說到底是什麼意思？她以前見過我了嗎？她怎麼知道有我這麼一個人？」

「好了，」M說道。「這件事情從頭到尾聽起來眞是瘋狂到家。可是就是因爲太過瘋狂，所以可能是眞的。這個女郎今年二十四歲。她從進了情報局之後，一直都在檔案中心部門工作。她

'Her story is that she was first attracted to the photographs they've got of you. Admired your looks, and so on.' M.'s mouth turned down at the corners. 'She read about all your cases.'

Bond looked down his nose.*

'Anyway, she thought and thought about you until she could think of nothing else. The idea came to her that, if only she could arrange a move to one of their foreign centres, she could get in touch with you. Then you would come and rescue her.'

'I've never heard such a crazy story, sir. Surely Head of T didn't believe it.'

'Now wait a moment,' said M. sharply. 'Suppose you happened to be a film star instead of an agent. You'd get letters from girls all over the world, saying they couldn't live without you. Here's a silly girl doing a dull job in Moscow. Probably all women in her department. No men in the room to look at. Here she is, then, faced with your -er- handsome face in a file. And she becomes very interested in these pictures, just as girls all over the world fall in love with those dreadful faces in the magazines. I don't know much about these things, but you must admit they happen.'

Bond smiled. 'Well, as a matter of fact, sir, I'm beginning to see there is some sense in it. There's no reason why a Russian girl shouldn't be just as silly as an English one. But she must have courage, to do what she did. Does Head of T say whether she realized what would happen if she was found out?'

'He says she was extremely frightened,' said M. 'She spent the whole time looking round to see if anybody was watching her. But wait a minute. You've only heard half the story.' M. took a long pull* at his pipe and blew a cloud of smoke up towards the ceiling. 'She told Kerim that her love for you made her hate the sight of Russian men. In time this turned into a dislike for the whole Russian way of life, and of the work she was doing, so to speak, for them and against you. So she applied for a move abroad. Since her languages –

得處理的檔案裏有一份就是你的。」

「我眞想瞧瞧那份檔案。」龐德說了一句。

「照她的故事說來，她起初看到他們拍下的你的照片就迷住了。她仰慕你的丰采，還有種種。」M先生的嘴角向下撇了撇。「你所有的案件她都看過了。」

龐德的表情很不屑。

「總而言之，她把你想了又想，最後，別的事什麼也不想了。於是她想到一個主意，只要她能安排自己調到他們在國外哪一個活動據點，她就能和你聯絡上。那時你就會去救她。」

「我從沒聽說過這麼瘋狂的故事，長官，我想T站站長一定不會相信。」

「你先等一會兒，」M冷厲地說道。「假設你不是個情報員，而是個電影明星。你會收到全世界各地少女寄來的情書，說她們沒有你就活不下去了。現在這裏有個痴姑娘，她在莫斯科做些死氣沉沉工作。她那個部門裏很可能全都是女人。房間裏看不到男人。而她面對的是檔案夾裏你——呃——英俊的面孔。並且她對這些照片非常入迷——正像是全世界各地少女愛上雜誌上那些可怕的面孔一樣。我對這些事情所知不多，但你一定得承認的確有這種事。」

龐德微笑起來。「嗯，說實在，長官，我開始覺得這其中有些道理了。俄國女孩子沒理由不會像英國女孩子那麼痴傻。但是她要做出那種行動必得有勇氣才行。T站站長有沒有說她是否知道一旦被發覺的後果？」

「他說她害怕得不得了，」M說道。「她一直東張西望地看有沒有人跟踪她。可是你先等一會兒。你才不過聽了半截故事而已。」M深深地吸了一口煙斗，仰頭朝着天花板噴出一口濃煙。「她告訴凱林，說因爲她愛上了你，所以一看到俄國男人就嫌惡。到了最後，這就演變成對整個蘇俄生活方式的憎厭，換句話說，她厭恨自己爲他們工作來對付你。於是她申請調到國外去。因爲她的語言能力——英文和法文——非常優秀，所以她在大約三

English and French – were very good, she got to Istanbul about three weeks ago. She soon found out the name of our man, Kerim. He's been there so long that everybody in Turkey knows what he does by now. He doesn't mind, and it keeps people's minds off the special men that we send in from time to time.'

Bond remarked, 'The public agent often does better than the man who has to spend a lot of time and energy keeping under cover.'

'So she sent Kerim the note. Now she wants to know if we can help her.' M. paused and sucked thoughtfully at his pipe. 'Of course Kerim is looking for a trap. But he simply can't see what the Russians can gain from sending this girl over to us.

'All this time the ferry was getting further and further up the Bosporus and nearer and nearer the end of the trip. And the girl got more and more desperate as Kerim went on trying to break down* her story. Then,' M.'s eyes glittered softly, 'came her final offer.'

That glitter in M.'s eyes, thought Bond. How well he knew it!

'She had a last card to play. This is it. If she can come over to us, she will bring her code machine with her, the new Spektor. The thing we want more than anything else.'

'Good,' said Bond softly. The Spektor! The machine that would allow them to read Top Secret messages from all over the world! What a prize! Bond did not know much about codes. For security reasons, in case he was ever captured, he wished to know as little as possible about his country's secrets. But at least he knew that in the Russian secret service, loss of the Spektor would be considered a terrible blow.

Bond believed the story. No Russian would bring this gift unless he or she was desperate.

'You see, 007?' said M. softly.

'But did she say how she could do it?'

'Not exactly. But Kerim says she was absolutely definite. Something about night duty. It seems she's on duty alone

個禮拜以前調到伊斯坦堡了。她很快就查出我們的人——凱林的名字。 他在那裏太久了。 現在土耳其所有的人都知道他是做什麼的。他不在乎，這也使大家忽略了咱們不時派過去的特別人員。」

龐德評道，「比起得花一大堆時間和精力去掩護身份的人員來說，公開的情報員往往表現更好。」

「於是她寄了張便條給凱林。現在她想知道我們能不能助她一臂之力。」M停了一下，深思着吸他的煙斗。「當然，凱林也在查探是不是有陷阱。不過他怎麼想也想不通俄國人把這個女郎送給我們會有什麼好處。

「這一段工夫，渡船越來越近博斯普魯斯，這趟行程也越來越接近終點。就在凱林一直想找出她故事中的破綻的當兒，那個女郎也越來越沮喪。接着，」M的眼光柔和地閃動着，「她提出了最後一個建議。」

M的眼光在閃動，龐德暗忖。他對這一點是太淸楚了！

「她有一張最後的王牌。是這個樣子的。如果她能投靠我們，那她會帶着她的密碼機一起過來——新型的『史派托』。咱們對那個東西的需要是比什麼都迫切的。」

「很好，」龐德輕輕地說道。「史派托」！這架機器可以使他們譯出全世界各地拍發的『最高機密』消息！眞是中了頭彩！龐德對密碼所知不多。基於安全理由，龐德防範自己萬一被捕的情況，所以希望知道國家的機密越少越好。但是起碼他知道一點，那就是對蘇俄的情報組織來說，失去「史派托」，在他們看來是一個非常嚴重的打擊。

龐德相信了這個故事。不論是哪個蘇俄男、女，除非萬不得已，不然是不會帶這個禮物來的。

「你明白嗎，007？」M輕柔地說道。

「不過，她有沒有說怎麼樣才辦得到這一點？」

「沒有很明確。可是凱林說她一副胸有成竹的樣子。總之她是想趁值夜班的時候下手。一個禮拜裏她好像有幾個晚上是單獨

certain nights of the week, and sleeps on a camp bed*in the office. She seemed sure she could get away, although she realized that she would be shot if anyone even dreamed of her plan. She even made Kerim promise he would put the signal to me into code himself, and keep no copy, in case anyone found out. Naturally he did as she asked. As soon as she mentioned the Spektor, Kerim knew that he was on to the most important thing that's come our way since the war.'

'What happened then, sir?'

'The ferry was coming to a place called Ortakoy. She said she was going to get off there. She refused to make any arrangements for staying in touch with Kerim. She just said she would keep her end*of the bargain if we would keep ours. She said goodnight and got off the boat. That was the last Kerim saw of her.'

M. suddenly leaned forward in his chair and looked hard at Bond. 'But of course he couldn't *promise* that we would make the bargain with her.'

Bond said nothing. He thought he could guess what was coming.

'This girl will do these things on one condition.' M.'s eyes became narrow. 'That you go to Istanbul and bring her and the machine back to England.'

'Should be easy, sir. As far as I can see, there's only one problem. She's only seen photographs of me and read a lot of exciting stories. Suppose that, when she sees me in the flesh,* I don't come up to her expectations.'

'That's where the work comes in,' said M. 'That's why I asked you about your love life. It's up to you to see that you *do* come up to her expectations.'

值班的，睡就睡在辦公室裏的行軍床上。她好像很肯定可以溜掉，雖然說萬一有誰曉得她的計劃，她就要被槍斃。她甚至要凱林答應親自用密碼拍電報給我，並且不留副本，以防有人查出。他當然照她的要求做了。她一提到『史派托』，凱林就知道自己接上一件戰後咱們碰上的最重要事情了。」

「然後呢，長官？」

「渡船要在一處叫作『奧塔澗』的地方靠岸。她說她要在那裏下船。凱林要她安排怎麼保持聯繫，她却一口回絕。她只說這場交易只要我們把份內的事做好，她那一邊也自然會安排妥當。她道過別就下船了。凱林到現在還沒再見到她。」

突然間，M坐在椅子裏向前俯過身子，嚴肅地望着龐德。「不過，他當然沒法保證我們可以和她做得成這筆交易。」

龐德什麼話也沒說。他想他猜得出就會有些什麼事情了。

「這個女郎只肯在一個條件下做這些事情。」M的眼睛瞇了起來。「那就是你要到伊斯坦堡去，把她和那架機器帶回英國來。」

「這很容易，長官。就我的看法而言，只有一個問題。她只不過看了我的照片，看了些興奮刺激的故事而已。等她親眼看到我這個人，萬一我沒法符合她的期望怎麼辦？」

「這就是你的工作了，」M說道。「這就是我爲什麼要問你的愛情生活的原因了。你能不能滿足她的期望，就全看你了。」

10 Friday the Thirteenth

The aircraft's engines roared into life. The 10.30 BA* flight to Rome,* Athens* and Istanbul gathered speed. It shot down the runway and up into a quick, easy climb.

In ten minutes they had reached 20,000 feet. The scream of the engines died to a low, sleepy whistle. Bond unfastened his seat belt and lit a cigarette. He reached for the thin, expensive-looking little case on the floor beside him. He took out a book. Then he put the case, which was very heavy in spite of its size, on the seat beside him. He thought how surprised the ticket clerk at London Airport would have been if she had weighed the case instead of letting it go as an 'overnight bag'.* And how interested the Customs would have been if they had inspected it.

Equipment Branch had put together this smart little bag, with fifty bullets between the leather and the lining.* In each side there was a flat throwing knife. The tops of the handles were cleverly hidden by the leather pieces over the corners. The whole top of the tube of shaving cream in the washing-bag came off to show the silencer* for Bond's gun. In case he needed hard cash, the lid of the case contained fifty golden coins.

The clever bag of tricks amused Bond. But he also had to admit that, in spite of its weight, the bag was a useful way of carrying the tools of his trade, which would otherwise have to be hidden about his body.

There were only a dozen other passengers on the plane. Bond smiled at the thought of his secretary's horror if she knew that he was the thirteenth. The day before, when he had left M. and gone back to his office to arrange his flight, Miss Ponsonby had been most upset at the idea of his travelling on Friday the thirteenth.

'But it's always best to travel on the thirteenth,' Bond had

十、十三號星期五

飛機的引擎轟隆隆地響了起來。英航十點半飛羅馬、雅典到伊斯坦堡的班機逐漸加快。飛機沿着跑道衝下去，迅速、輕鬆地升入空中。

不到十分鐘，飛機就進了兩萬呎的高空。引擎的怒吼聲減弱下來，低低地成了令人昏昏欲睡的嗡嗡聲。龐德解開安全帶，點了一根香煙。他身邊地上擺着一個看來很昂貴的薄薄的小箱子。他掏出一本書。然後他把箱子放在身邊的座位上，箱子儘管很小，却非常重。他想，如果倫敦機場那名劃票小姐不是把這個箱子當作「手提行李」放行，而過磅稱重的話，那她一定會大吃一驚。還有，如果海關人員檢查了裏面的話，那會多麼有趣。

裝備部門拼湊了這個精緻的小箱子，皮面和內層中間有五十枚鎗彈。每邊有一把薄薄的飛刀。刀把頂端由覆在箱角的皮塊巧妙地掩飾住。把盥洗袋裏那管刮鬍膏的上半部份全擠出來，就能看見龐德手鎗上的滅音器了。為了防範他有需要硬幣的時候，箱蓋裏有五十枚金幣。

龐德覺得這個巧妙地裝滿了小把戲的手提箱很有趣。儘管重量驚人，但他也得承認用這個手提箱來裝他這一行的傢伙非常便利，不然的話，那些東西就得藏放在他身上了。

除了他，飛機上只有十二名乘客。龐德想到如果他那個女秘書曉得他是第十三名的話不知會嚇成什麼樣子，不由得微笑起來。前一天，等他離開M那裏，回到自己的辦公室訂這個班機的位子時，彭蓀貝小姐得知他要在十三號又是星期五的日子出門，慌得手足無措。

「不過挑十三號出門旅行是再好不過的，」當時龐德耐心地

explained patiently. 'There are fewer passengers and you get better service. I always choose the thirteenth when I can.'

'Well,' she said, 'it's your business. But don't push your luck* too far.' Later she had kissed him goodbye with a sudden warmth. For the hundredth time Bond had wondered why he bothered with other women when the loveliest of all was his own secretary.

The plane flew steadily on above the endless sea of clouds that looked solid enough to land on. Lunch came. Bond put aside his book and the thoughts that kept coming between him and the printed page. While he ate, he stared down at the cool mirror of the lake of Geneva.* As they flew over the Alps,* Bond remembered early skiing holidays. The plane passed the great mass of Mont Blanc.* Bond looked down at it and in his imagination saw himself again, a young man of eighteen with a climbing rope around his waist.

And now? If that young James Bond came up to him in the street, would he recognize that clean, eager boy? And what would the boy think of him, the older James Bond, the secret agent with the cold, fierce eyes and the scar down one cheek? Would he recognize himself? And if he did, what would he think of his present job?

Bond put the thought of his dead youth out of his mind. Life was for today, not for what might have been. Looking down on Genoa* and the gentle blue waters of the Mediterranean,* Bond closed his mind to the past and turned it towards the future – to his job. He must win the love of a girl he had never seen before, whose name he had heard only yesterday for the first time. And all the time, however attractive she was, Bond's whole mind would have to be, not on what she was, but on what she *had* – the prize that she brought with her. It was like trying to marry a rich woman for her money. Will I be able to act the part?* he thought – to win, not money, but a code machine?

Elba* passed below them and the plane slid down towards Rome. Half an hour at the airport there and they were on their way again, flying steadily towards the South of Italy.

解釋道。「乘客比較少，服務也比較週到。只要有辦法，我總是挑十三號的。」

「好吧，」她說，「那是你自己的事。不過可不要太相信你的運氣了。」後來，她突然熱絡起來，道別時吻了他一下。也不知是多少次了，龐德又在奇怪天下最可人的女人明明就是他的秘書，自己却幹嘛要去和別的女人糾纏不清。

飛機在一望無際的雲海上空穩定地飛行着，雲層看起來非常結實，足可在上面降落。用餐的時候到了。龐德把書本放在一邊，並且也擱下了時而想到自己，時而專注到書上的思緒。在他吃飯的工天，他俯視下面冷冷的像一面鏡子的日內瓦湖。飛機越過阿爾卑斯山脈的時候，龐德想起早年划雪渡假的日子。飛機飛過白朗峯那個龐然大物。龐德往下望着，他在幻覺中又看見自己了——一個腰間圍着登山繩的十八歲小伙子。

而現在呢？如果他在街上碰見那個年輕的詹姆斯•龐德，他能不能認出那個純潔又熱誠的男孩？而那個男孩對他——這個比較老的詹姆斯•龐德，一邊臉頰上有疤，眼神兇惡又冷酷的秘密情報員——又會有什麼看法？他會認得出自己嗎？如果認得出來，他對他目前這個工作會有什麼想法？

龐德放過他那逝去的少年歲月，不去想了。人是爲今天活的，不是爲過去所可能發生的事情而活的。龐德俯視着熱那亞和地中海蔚藍的輕柔水面，截斷了他回憶的思路，轉而展望未來——展望他的工作。他一定得贏取一個女孩子的芳心，這個女孩子他從未見過，昨天才第一次聽說她的名字。在這段時間中，不論她多麼動人，龐德的心意可不能全用去注意她這個女人怎麼樣，他必得注意她這個女人有什麼東西才行——她所帶來的獎品。這就好像在爲了錢財想法子娶一個富婆一樣。我扮演這個角色勝任嗎？他想道——要贏得的不是金錢，而是一架密碼機？

厄爾巴島在他們下面掠過，飛機朝着羅馬滑落下去。他們在那兒的機場呆了半個小時，接着就又上路了，朝着南義大利穩穩地飛去。龐德的思緒回到那場會面的細節上，在每小時三百哩的

Bond's mind went back to the details of the meeting that was drawing closer at three hundred miles an hour.

Was it all a Russian trick? Was he walking into some trap that not even M.'s cunning mind could understand? He knew M. was worried about the possibility of such a trap. Every possible piece of the evidence, for and against, had been examined. But still no one had been able to suggest what the Russians might get out of it. They might want to capture Bond and question him. But why Bond? He was only an agent, carrying nothing in his head which could help the Russians. Or they might want to kill Bond, as an act of revenge. But if they wanted to kill him, they had only to shoot him in the streets of London, or in his flat, or put a bomb in his car.

Bond's thoughts were interrupted by the air-hostess*. 'Fasten your seat-belts, please.' As she spoke the plane dropped as if in a lift, with an ugly note of pain in the scream of the engines. The sky outside was suddenly black. Rain hammered on the windows. There came a blinding flash of blue and white light, and a crash, and the plane shook in the electric storm* that had swept out of the mouth of the Adriatic*.

Bond smelt danger. Again the lightning flashed across the windows. Suddenly, to Bond, the plane seemed very small and weak. Thirteen passengers! Friday the thirteenth! Bond thought of his secretary's words and his hands on the arms of his seat felt wet. How old is this plane? he wondered. How many flying hours has it done? Perhaps I won't get to Istanbul after all . . . Perhaps a crash into the sea is the only future ahead. With an effort, he closed his mind to the noise and the violent movement, and sat waiting for whatever was going to happen to BEA Flight No. 130.

Almost at once it got lighter in the cabin. The rain stopped crashing on the window and the noise of the engines settled back into their gentle whistle. Bond slowly turned his head and looked out of the window at the tiny shadow of the plane far below on the quiet water.

速度下，這場會面越來越近了。

從頭到尾，這會不會是俄國人玩弄的詭計？他是不是踏進一個連精明老練的M都沒覺察出的陷阱？他知道M很擔心這可能會是一個陷阱。一切有可能的證據——不論正反兩面——都被檢查過。不過仍然沒有人猜得出俄國人能在這件事裏拿到什麼好處。他們可能是想逮住龐德，質問他。但是爲什麼要挑龐德呢？他只是一名間諜，腦袋裏沒什麼幫得上俄國人忙的東西。或者，他們想幹掉龐德，權充報復行動。不過，如果他們想殺他，只要在倫敦街道上，或是去他家裏轟他一鎗，或是在他車裏放一枚炸彈也就得了。

龐德的思緒被空中小姐打斷了。「請各位繫好安全帶。」在她說話的當兒，飛機就像在一個昇降梯裏墜了下去，引擎痛苦地發出一聲難聽的嘶吼。窗外的天空突然黑了。雨水潑灑在窗上。一道耀目欲盲的青白色閃光亮起，接着霹靂一聲，飛機在亞得里亞海口刮來的雷雨中顛簸搖晃起來。

龐德感覺到危險了。閃電又在窗外閃動了一下。突然間，龐德覺得這架飛機似乎非常渺小又脆弱。十三名乘客！十三號星期五！龐德想起他的秘書說的話，覺得放在座位扶手上的雙手濕濕的。這架飛機的機齡有多老了？他在狐疑。它飛行了多少小時啦？也許，我是怎麼也到不了伊斯坦堡了……也許，到頭來只有轟隆一聲墜進海裏了。他費了好大力氣，對那刺耳的噪音和猛烈的晃動不聞不問，不論英航 130 班機碰上什麼事情，他都只坐在那兒靜觀其變了。

機艙幾乎緊跟着就變輕了。雨水不再潑灑在窗口上，刺耳的引擎聲音也恢復柔和的嗡嗡聲。龐德緩緩轉過頭，望向窗外，飛機高高地飛越一片平靜的海水，在水面上留下一個小小的影子。

He reached in his pocket for his cigarette case. He was pleased to see that his hands were steady as he took out his lighter and lit one of the cigarettes. Should he tell Miss Ponsonby that she had been right? He decided that, if he could find a funny postcard in Istanbul, he would.

Next stop Athens. Bond climbed out of the plane with the other pale, silent passengers and walked up to the bar. He ordered a glass of ouzo, the local drink, and felt it go like a quick, small fire down his throat and into his stomach.

By the time the loud-speakers called him out again it was almost dark and the half moon rode clear and high above the lights of the town. The air was soft with evening and the smell of flowers. Near the airport a dog barked. Bond suddenly realized that he had come to the East, where the guard-dog howls all night. For some reason this gave him a feeling of pleasure and excitement.

They had only a ninety-minute flight to Istanbul, across the dark Aegean* and the Sea of Marmara*. An excellent dinner put Bond's worries out of his mind. Then they were there. The plane came to a stop outside the airport, an hour's drive from Istanbul. Bond said goodbye to the hostess and carried the heavy little case through passport and customs. Then he waited for his suitcase to come off the plane.

Outside the customs, a tall man stepped out of the shadows. He wore a smart coat and a cap. Without asking Bond his name, he took his suitcase and led the way to a gleaming old black Rolls*. The man turned and said politely, in excellent English, 'Kerim Bey* thought you would prefer to rest tonight, sir. I am to call for you at nine tomorrow morning. What hotel are you staying at, sir?'

'The Kristal Palais*.'

'Very good, sir.' The car moved silently down the wide modern road.

Behind them, in the black and white shadows of the airport parking place, Bond thought he heard a motor cycle starting up. The sound meant nothing to him and he settled back to enjoy the drive.

他伸手進口袋裏去拿裝香煙的匣子。當他掏出打火機，點上一支香煙的時候，他很高興發現自己的雙手穩穩的。他要不要告訴彭蓀貝小姐她說的沒錯？他決定還是要——如果在伊斯坦堡找得到有趣的明信片的話。

接着在雅典停了一站。龐德和另外一些臉色蒼白，悶不吭聲的乘客出了飛機，一路走到酒廊。他叫了杯「奧足」——一種土產酒——覺得就像是團小小的火焰迅速地溜下喉頭，進了胃裏。

等擴音器又招呼他出去時，天差不多黑了，一彎半月高掛在市區的燈火上空。夜晚的空氣中摻合着花香，輕輕柔柔的。離機場不遠處有隻狗在吠叫。突然，龐德體認到自己已經來到東方了，這兒的警犬澈夜吼個不停。不知怎地，這給了他一種歡喜又興奮的感覺。

他們只要再飛九十分鐘，越過黝黑的愛琴海和瑪摩拉海就會到伊斯坦堡。一餐豐盛的晚飯使龐德把心中的憂慮擱到一邊。接着他們就到了。飛機在機場外面停了下來，機場到伊斯坦堡有一個小時的車程。龐德和空中小姐道過再會，提着那件沉重的小箱子通過入境的驗關關卡。然後他就等旅行箱從飛機裏運出來。

海關外頭，陰影裏走出一個高個子男人。他穿着別緻的大衣，戴著帽子。他沒問龐德的名字，拿過他的皮箱就帶路走向一輛閃亮的老式黑色勞斯萊士車。那個男人轉身以流暢的英語說道，「先生，凱林大人說您今晚一定想休息休息。明早九點我會來見您的。您打算投宿哪一家飯店，先生？」

「克里斯托王宮。」

「好的 ， 先生 。 」車子沿着寬敞的現代化馬路悄悄地駛下去。

他們後面，在機場停車場的黑白分明的陰影中，龐德覺得自己好像聽見了一輛摩托車發動的聲音。他根本沒把這聲音放在心上，於是就倚後開始享受這趟兜風了。

11 Darko Kerim

James Bond awoke early in his dark little room at the Kristal Palais. Something had bitten him during the night. He scratched the spot.

He had arrived the night before, to be greeted by a night porter* who needed a shave. He had inspected the entrance hall with its tired plants in copper pots, and at once he had known what the place was like. He had half thought of going to another hotel. Tiredness had made him decide to stay, and he had followed the porter up to the third floor in the trembling old lift.

His room, with its few pieces of ancient furniture, was what he had expected. When he went into the bathroom and turned on the hot tap*, it gave a deep sigh, then a cough, and gave out a small insect, but no water. Bond washed the insect away with the thin stream of brown water from the cold tap. My fault, he thought, for choosing a hotel for its name.

But he had slept well, and now, apart from deciding that he must buy some insect powder, he decided to forget his comforts and get on with the day. He got out of bed, drew back the heavy red curtains, and looked out over one of the most famous views in the world. On his right were the still waters of the Golden Horn*, on his left the dancing waves of the Bosporus. In between were the roofs and towers of a thousand houses and churches. The view made up for a lot of things, he thought.

For ten minutes Bond stood and looked out across the sparkling water, the border between Europe and Asia. Then he turned back into his room, now bright with sunshine, and telephoned for his breakfast. They did not understand his English, but his French at last got through. He turned on a cold bath and shaved patiently with cold water. He hoped that the breakfast he had ordered would be better than the

十一、達科‧凱林

詹姆斯‧龐德在克里斯托王宮那間黑漆漆的小屋子裏很早就醒了。夜裏有什麼東西咬了他。他搔了搔被咬的地方。

他是前一天晚上到的，迎接他的是一個鬍鬚該刮刮的守夜司閽。大廳裏擺着銅盆裝的無精打采植物，他查看過後馬上就知道這是個什麼樣的地方了。他也動過另找一間旅社的念頭。他累得還是決定留下來，於是就跟司閽進了老舊、晃動的電梯上三樓。

他房間裏擺着寥寥幾件古舊的家具，正是他料想中的樣子。等他進了浴室，扭開熱水龍頭，水龍頭發出一聲低沉的嘆息，接着咕嚕一聲，放出一條小蟲子，可是沒有水。龐德用冷水龍頭的小股褐色水流把那隻蟲子冲走。憑店名挑上這一間旅社是我的錯，他想道。

不過他睡得很甜，而現在，他一面決定得去買些殺蟲劑，一面決定甩開被窩，開始過這一天。他下了床，拉開厚重的紅窗帘，往外俯瞰這世界上最著名的景色之一。在他右手邊是平靜的金角水面，左手邊則是博斯普魯斯躍動的波浪。在這中間是成百上千的房屋和教會屋頂。這幅景像眞令人感觸萬千，他想。

龐德站了有十分鐘，向外望過那片波光粼粼的水面——也就是劃分歐亞兩洲的境界。然後他轉身走回這時已經滿室燦爛陽光的房間，打電話吩咐早餐了。他們不懂他講的英文，不過最後他的法文行通了。他扭開冷水龍頭，洗了個冷水澡，接着耐心地用冷水修面。他希望剛才吩咐的早餐會比這兒的熱水供應好一些。

hot water supply.

He was not disappointed. The yoghurt*, in a pretty blue bowl, was deep yellow and as thick as cream. The fresh fruit was sweet and ripe*, and the Turkish coffee was black and hot and strong. Bond ate the delicious meal on a table beside the open window. He watched the boats on the two seas, and wondered about Kerim and whether there was any fresh news.

At nine o'clock exactly, the beautiful old Rolls came for him and took him across the Galata Bridge. Across it, the car turned right down a narrow street and stopped outside a tall wooden building. A tough-looking porter with a broad, smiling face came out. He opened the car door and signalled to Bond to follow him. He led the way through a door and into a small courtyard with a tree in the centre. The noise of the town was a distant mutter and it was quiet and peaceful. They walked across the courtyard and through another small door. Bond found himself at one end of a great warehouse with high windows through which dusty bars of sunshine shone across boxes and bags and barrels*. There was a cool scent of spices* and coffee.

At the end of the long warehouse was a raised platform with a railing* around it. On it half a dozen young men and girls sat on high stools* and wrote busily in fat, old-fashioned books. Not one of the clerks looked up as Bond walked between them. But a tall, dark-faced man with blue eyes came forward to meet them. He smiled warmly at Bond, showing a set of extremely white teeth, and led him to the back of the platform. He knocked on a fine wood door and, without waiting for an answer, opened it, let Bond in and closed the door behind him.

'Ah, my friend. Come in, come in.' A very large man in a beautifully cut cream silk suit got up from a desk and came to meet Bond, holding out his hand.

A hint of authority behind the loud, friendly voice reminded Bond that this was the Head of Station T, and that Bond was officially under his command. It was no more than a point of good manners, but one to remember.

他總算沒有失望。用一隻漂亮的藍碗裝着的酸奶酪色澤深黃，濃得像奶油一樣。新鮮的水果又甜又熟，土耳其咖啡黑黑的，又熱又濃。龐德在敞開的窗邊桌子上享用他這可口的一餐。他望着兩邊海上的船隻，一面在想凱林的事，不知再有沒有什麼新消息。

九點正的時候，那輛漂亮的勞斯萊士來接他了，載他過了加拉塔橋。過了橋，車子右轉進一條窄窄的街道，在一棟高高的木頭房子外面停下。一個模樣粗粗壯壯的門房走了出來，他寬寬的臉上笑咪咪的。他打開車門，示意龐德跟他走。他帶路走過一扇門戶，進了一座小院落，院落中央種了一棵樹。他們走過院子，穿進另一扇小門。龐德發現自己置身在一個大倉庫的一端，陽光穿過高高的窗戶形成灰塵飛揚的光柱，灑落在箱子、袋子和桶上。有一股清涼的香料和咖啡香味。

在這個長長的倉庫盡頭，有一塊高起的平臺，四面繞着欄杆。臺上有六名年輕男女坐在高凳上，在厚厚的老式簿子上忙碌書寫着。龐德走進這些書記中間，沒一個人抬頭看他。不過一名臉孔黝黑，長着一雙藍眼睛的高個子男人走向前來迎接他。他朝着龐德親切地微笑，露出兩排雪白的牙齒，帶他走到平臺後面。他在一扇質地上好的木門上敲了敲，沒等回答就把門打開，讓龐德進去後把門在他身後關上。

「啊，我的朋友。進來，進來。」一個大塊頭男人在書桌後頭站起來，他穿着一套剪裁精細的淡黃色西裝，伸出右手朝龐德迎來。

在那響亮又友善的聲音中有一絲權威的成份，提醒龐德這就是T站站長，名義上龐德要歸他指揮。他說的話雖然不過是禮貌上的寒暄，但却給人深刻的印象。

Bond was six feet tall, but this man was at least two inches taller and much broader. Bond looked up into two wide apart, smiling blue eyes in a large smooth brown face with a broken nose. The face was fierce and proud, and there was a small gold ring in one ear. It was an exciting face, full of life and warmth in a human face. It was like being close to the sun. Bond let go of* the strong, dry hand and smiled back at Kerim with a friendliness that he rarely felt for a stranger.

'Thanks for sending the car for me last night.'

'Ha!' Kerim was delighted. 'You must thank our friends too. They always follow my car when it goes to the airport.'

'A motor-cycle?'

'You noticed? Yes. They have a whole fleet* of them for their little* men. I call them the Faceless Ones. They look so alike, I can never tell them apart. But I expect this one kept well back. They don't get up close to the Rolls any more – not since the day my driver stopped suddenly and then drove back as hard as he could. The blood made a mess of* the paint,

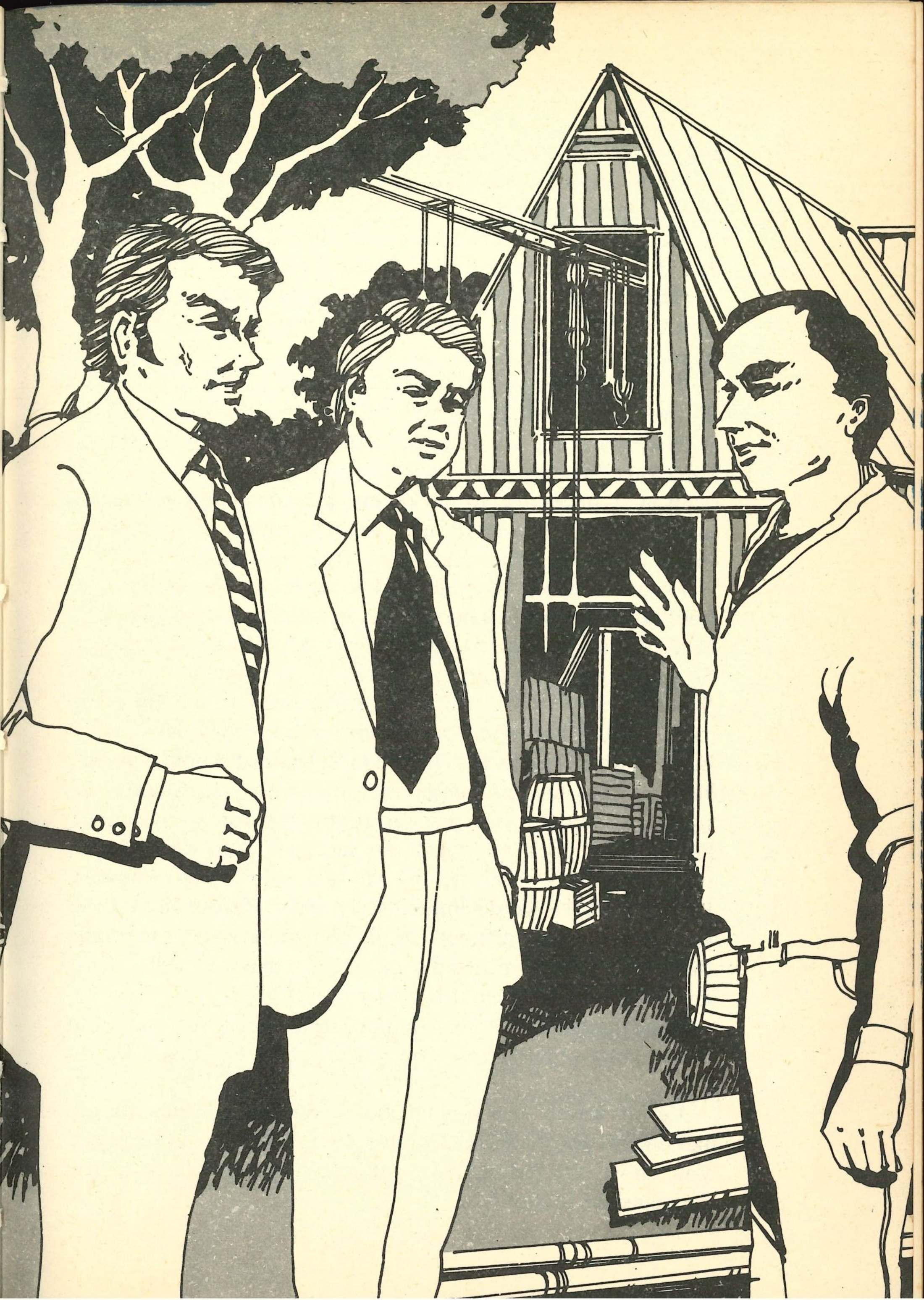
龐德身高六呎，但這個人比他起碼高出兩吋，並且也粗壯得多。龐德仰頭望向他那張光滑的大褐臉，他一雙藍眼睛間隔很大，鼻樑斷掉。這張臉孔勇猛又驕傲，有隻耳朵戴了個耳環。這是張有趣的臉孔，一張生動、熱情，充滿人性的臉孔。令人就好像感受到他四散的熱力。龐德放開那隻乾燥、有力的手掌，朝凱林報以微笑，他見到陌生人難得會覺得這麼親切。

「謝謝你昨晚派車子來接我。」

「哈！」凱林很高興。「你還得謝謝咱們那些朋友呢。我的車子去機場的時候，他們總是會跟在後頭。」

「是不是一輛摩托車？」

「你注意到了？是的。他們那幫子卑鄙傢伙有一整隊呢。我叫他們『沒臉的東西』。他們長得都太像了，一個個我怎麼分也分不出來。不過我想這一個傢伙離得一定夠遠。他們再也不緊跟在勞斯萊士後面騎了——從有一天我的司機猛然刹車，接着全力倒車回去後就不了。血流得像打翻了的油漆罐子，可是却殺一儆百。」



but it taught the rest of them manners.'

Kerim went to his chair and waved Bond to another just like it across the desk.

'Our friends paid me a visit yesterday,' he said. He pointed to a large picture on the wall behind the desk.

'That picture covers a hole. They fixed a bomb to the wall outside. Fortunately, I was at the other end of the room when it went off.*

'I can't understand this sudden attempt on my life – we've all lived so peacefully for so long.' Kerim shook his head. 'It is most worrying. I am hoping that it has nothing to do with this case of yours.'

'Was it necessary to make my arrival so public?' Bond asked mildly. 'The last thing I want is to get you mixed up in my operation. Why send the Rolls to the airport?'

Kerim laughed. 'My friend, I must explain something to you. We and the Russians and the Americans have a paid man in all the hotels. And we all have friends in the secret police. So we all receive a copy of the list of all foreigners entering the country every day by air or train or sea. Given a few more days, I could have got you in secretly over the Greek border. But to what purpose? The other side must know you are here, so that the girl can get in touch with you. She has insisted on making her own arrangements for the meeting. Perhaps she does not trust our security. Who knows? But she was definite about it, and she said, as if I didn't know it, that her centre would immediately learn of your arrival. So why make things difficult for her? I merely wish to make things easy and comfortable for you so that you will at least enjoy your stay – even if it is unsuccessful.'

Bond laughed. 'Thanks. I understand now. Anyway, I'm under your orders here. You tell me what to do and I'll do it.'

Kerim waved the subject aside. 'And now, since we are talking of your comfort, how is your hotel? I was surprised you chose the Palais. It is not really respectable. And the Russians use it a lot.'

凱林走回他的椅子，招手要龐德坐桌子對面另一張一模一樣的椅子。

「咱們的朋友昨天向我露了一手，」他說道。他指向書桌後面牆上掛着的一幅巨畫。

「那幅畫蓋住了一個洞。他們在牆外裝了枚炸彈。幸好爆炸的時候我在房間另一頭。

「我搞不懂他們這次爲什麼突然想要我的命——我們已經相安無事地過了好久了。」凱林搖搖頭。「這太叫人擔心了。我希望這和你這次的事情沒有關聯。」

「我來這裏的事有必要搞得人盡皆知嗎？」龐德口氣溫和地問道。「我絕不希望把你牽扯進我的行動中。爲什麼派勞斯萊士車去機場呢？」

凱林哈哈笑了起來。「好朋友，我得向你解釋解釋。我們、俄國人和美國人在每一家旅社裏都買通了人。並且我們在秘密警察局裏也都有朋友。所以，每天進這個國家的所有外國人——不論是由空路、火車還是海路——我們全都會收到一份名單複本。如果時間再多幾天，我可以偷偷把你從希臘邊界那邊接過來的。可是作什麼呢？另外那一方得知道你在這裏，那個女郎才可以和你取得聯繫。她一直堅持親自安排這一次會面。也許她不信任我們的安全措施吧。誰曉得？不過她很堅持這一點，並且她說——就像我不知道一樣——你一到，她那個據點就會知道。所以爲什麼要把事情弄得讓她爲難呢？我只是想幫你把事情搞得輕鬆、舒服，讓你在這兒的當兒起碼很愜意——就算是來這一趟無功而返也好。」

龐德哈哈笑了。「多謝。我現在明白了。不管怎麼說，我在這裏是由你指揮。你告訴我該做什麼，我就做。」

凱林把這個話題撇到一邊。「說起來，咱們既然在談你舒不舒服的問題，你住的旅社怎麼樣？我眞沒想到你挑上那間『王宮』。那裏的確不怎麼體面。俄國人常常進出那邊。」

'It's not too bad. I just didn't want to stay at the Istanbul Hilton or any of the other smart places.'

'Money?' Kerim reached into a drawer and took out a flat packet of green notes.* 'Here's a thousand Turkish pounds. Their real value, and the value on the black market, is about twenty to every English pound. The official value is seven. Tell me when you've finished them and I'll give you as many more as you want. We can do our arithmetic later. What else? Cigarettes? Smoke only these. I will have a few hundred sent to your hotel. Anything else before we get down to business? Don't worry about your meals and your entertainment. I will look after both. I shall enjoy it and, in any case, I wish to stay close to you while you are here.'

'Nothing else,' said Bond, 'except that you must come over to London one day.'

'Never,' said Kerim. 'The weather is much too cold. And I am proud to have you here. Now,' he rang the bell on his desk. 'Do you like your coffee plain or sweet? In Turkey we cannot talk seriously without coffee.'

'Plain.'

The door behind Bond opened. Kerim barked an order. When the door was shut, Kerim unlocked a drawer and took out a file.

'My friend,' he said seriously, 'I do not know what to say about this case.' He leaned back in his chair. 'Has it ever seemed to you that our kind of work is rather like making a film? So often I have got everybody ready, and I think I can start the cameras* rolling. Then it's the weather, then it's the actors, then it's the accidents. And there is something else that also happens in the making of a film. Love appears in some shape or form. To me that is the most confusing part of this case. Does the girl really love her idea of you? Will she love you when she sees you? Will you be able to love her enough to make her come over to our side?'

Bond did not answer. There was a knock on the door and the head clerk put a delicate little cup in front of each of them and went out. Bond tasted his coffee. It was delicious.

「也不算很糟糕。我只是不想投宿伊斯坦堡的希爾頓飯店，或其他哪個摩登地方而已。」

「錢？」凱林伸手探進一個抽屜，拿出薄薄一疊綠色鈔票。「這裏是土耳其幣一千鎊。土耳其幣的眞正價值——也就是黑市上的價值——和英鎊的比是大約二十比一。官價是七。等你用完了告訴我，你再要多少我都給你。咱們可以以後再算帳。還有什麼？香煙？你只可以抽這些。我會送一些到你的旅社。咱們言歸正傳以前還有沒有什麼事？你不必爲吃飯和娛樂節目煩心。我都會想辦法的。我很樂意幫你安排。不管怎麼說，你在這裏的期間我希望能陪在你身邊。」

「再沒有事了，」龐德說道。「只是你一定得找一天到倫敦來一趟。」

「我絕不會去的，」凱林說道。「天氣太冷了。並且，你來這裏使我引以爲榮。好了，」他按了按書桌上的鈴。「你喝咖啡喜歡加糖還是不加？在土耳其，咱們沒咖啡可沒法談正經的。」

「不加糖。」

龐德身後的門開了。凱林吆喝着吩咐了一聲。等門關上了，凱林開鎖打開一個抽屜，抽出一個檔案夾。

「我的朋友，」他一本正經地說道，「這件事我不知該怎麼說才好。」他倚後靠上椅背。「你以前覺不覺得我們這類工作和製作電影有點相似？時常，我把所有的人都安排妥當，以爲可以轉動攝影機了。接着却是天氣，演員，或是意外事故的問題。除此之外，拍電影還會碰上一件事情。會出現某種形態或形式的戀愛事件。對我來說，這件事情最叫人頭痛的一點就在這裏。那個女孩子當眞憑着對你的想像就愛上你嗎？當她看到你的時候會愛你嗎？你也能深深地愛她，足以使她投奔到我們這一邊來嗎？」

龐德沒有答話。門上響起剝啄聲，書記主管在他們面前各放了一只精緻的小杯子。龐德嚐了嚐咖啡。非常可口。

'But there is nothing we can do about this matter of love,' Kerim continued, speaking half to himself. 'We can only wait and see. Meanwhile there are other things.' He leaned forward against the desk and looked across at Bond. His eyes were suddenly very hard and cunning.

'There is something going on in the enemy camp, my friend. It is not only this attempt to get rid of me. I have few facts, but I smell trouble. And if you did not have so much to gain, I would say to you, "Go home, my friend. Go home. There is something here to get away from".'

Kerim sat back. He laughed. 'But we are not old women. And this is our work. So let us forget my nose and go on with the job. First, is there anything I can tell you that you do not know? The girl has shown no sign of life since my signal and I have no other information. But perhaps you wish to ask some other questions about the meeting.'

'There's only one thing I want to know,' said Bond flatly. 'What do you think of this girl? Do you believe her story or not? Nothing else matters. If she hasn't got some sort of silly interest in me, the whole business falls to the ground*and it's some Russian trick. Now, do you believe the girl?' Bond's voice was urgent and his eyes searched the other man's face.

'Ah, my friend,' Kerim shook his head. He spread his arms wide. 'That is what I asked myself then, and it's what I still ask myself. But who can tell if a woman is lying about these things? Her eyes were bright, those beautiful, innocent eyes. Her voice was urgent and frightened at what she was doing and saying. But what was in her heart?' Kerim raised his hands. 'God alone knows.'

「可是我們對這件愛情韻事什麼辦法也沒有，」凱林接道，近乎在自言自語。「我們只能靜觀其變。但在這當兒，還有些別的事情。」他向前倚上書桌，望向龐德。驀然，他的眼神變得十分冷酷、狡猾。

「敵營裏正在搞什麼把戲，我的朋友。他們的企圖不只是想把我幹掉就了事。我沒抓住多少事實，但是我嗅覺到麻煩了。而如果你能賺到的好處沒有多少的話，那我就要和你說：『回家去吧，我的朋友。回家吧。這裏有些東西叫人避之唯恐不及。』」

凱林坐了回去。他放聲笑了。「不過咱們可不是老太婆。而這是我們的工作。所以咱們就不必理會我的嗅覺，着手這件任務吧。首先，有沒有什麼我可以告訴你，而你又不知道的事情呢？從我發報以後，那個女孩子就沒露過面，我也沒有其他消息。不過，也許你對那次會面的情況還有些別的問題吧。」

「我只想知道一件事，」龐德單刀直入地問道。「你對這個女孩子的看法如何？你到底相不相信她的故事？其他都無關緊要。如果她並沒那麼愚蠢地對我大感興趣，這樁買賣就根本沒搞頭，是俄國人玩的把戲。你相信那個女孩子嗎？」龐德的聲音很急迫，眼睛在探索另外那個男人的表情。

「啊，我的朋友，」凱林搖搖頭。他雙臂張得寬寬的。「那就是當時我問自己的問題，現在我仍然在問。可是誰又能看得出女人講這些事情的時候是不是撒謊呢？她的眼睛亮亮的——那一對美麗又純真的眼睛。她想到自己在做的事，在講的話，聲音又急又害怕。可是她心裏在想的是什麼？」凱林舉起雙手。「只有天曉得了。」

12 Background to a Spy

Coffee came again, and then more coffee. The big room grew thick with cigarette smoke as the two men took each tiny piece of evidence, examined it and put it aside. At the end of an hour they were back where they had started. It was up to Bond to solve the problem of the girl and, if he was satisfied with her story, get her and the machine out of the country.

As a first step, Kerim spoke to his travel agent and reserved two seats on every out-going plane for the next week – by BA, Air France, SAS* and Turkair.

'And now you must have a passport,' he said. 'The girl can travel as your wife. One of my men will take a photograph of some girl who looks more or less like her. The passport will be ready by this evening. What name would you like to have?'

'You think of one.'

'Somerset. My mother came from there. David Somerset, company director*. That means nothing. And the girl? Let us say Caroline. She looks like a Caroline. Two fine young English people with a taste for travel. Customs? They never look at anything. They are only too glad if somebody has bought something here. If you have to get out quickly, leave your hotel bill and luggage to me. They know me well enough at the Palais. Anything else?'

Kerim looked at his watch. 'Twelve o'clock. Just time for the car to take you back to your hotel. There may be a message. And have a good look at your things to see if anyone's been curious.'

He rang the bell and fired instructions at the head clerk. He led Bond to the door. Again the warm, powerful handshake. 'The car will bring you to lunch,' Kerim said. 'A little place in the Spice Market.' His eyes looked happily into Bond's. 'And I am glad to be working with you. We will do

十二、一名間諜的背景

咖啡又送上來了，接着還有更多。就在兩個男人拿出一件件細小的證據，研究過再放到一邊的當兒，大房間裏香煙煙霧瀰漫得越來越濃了。過了一個小時後，他們又回到剛開始談論的話題上。要解決那名女郎的問題，全看龐德的了，如果他還滿意她講的故事，那就把她和那臺機器一起帶出這個國家。

凱林首先和旅行社代理人通過話，在下個星期每一班出國的飛機上都預訂了兩個座位——英航、法航、北歐航空及土航。

「現在你得有份護照才行，」他說。「那個女郎可以以你妻子的身份離開。我手下會找一個多少和她相像的女郎拍下照片，護照今天晚上就會好了。你喜歡用個什麼名字？」

「你想一個吧。」

「沙摩西。我母親的家鄉就在那裏。大衞・沙摩西，公司董事。這只是個空洞的稱呼。那個女郎呢？咱們就說是卡洛琳吧。她看起來就像是個叫卡洛琳的。兩個嗜好旅遊的出色的年輕英國人。海關？他們從來是什麼東西都不看的，只要有人在這裏買了東西，他們就高興得不得了。如果你得趕快離開，那就把旅社的帳單和行李留給我吧。『王宮』那邊，他們和我都很熟的。還有什麼事嗎？」

凱林看了看手錶。「十二點。正好是該用車子把你載回旅社的時候了。你可要仔細瞧瞧自己的東西，看看有沒有誰動過好奇心。」

他按了鈴，朝書記主管吆喝一些指令。他帶龐德走向門口。又熱情、有力地握了一次手。「吃午餐的時候車子會去載你，」凱林說道。「在香料市場裏一個小地方吃。」他望向龐德，眼神看來很快活。「能和你一起工作，我很高興。咱們在一起會幹得

well together.' He let go of Bond's hand. 'And now I have a lot of things to do.'

The head clerk, who seemed to be some sort of chief of staff to Kerim, led Bond out again.

A new porter was on duty at the Kristal Palais, a small polite man with guilty eyes. 'Sir,' he said, 'I am so sorry. The night porter showed you to the wrong room. He did not realize that you were a friend of Kerim Bey. Your things have been moved to number 12. It is the best room in the hotel. Every comfort. The other room is not intended for important visitors.'

If there was one thing Bond hated, it was people like that. He looked the porter in the eyes and said, 'Oh.' The eyes slid away. 'Let me see this room. I may not like it. I was quite comfortable where I was.'

'Certainly, sir.' The man bowed. 'But I fear the workmen are in your old room. The water supply . . . '

Well, that story makes sense, thought Bond. And, after all, there's no harm in having the best room in the hotel.

The porter unlocked a high door and stood back. Bond had to approve. The sun streamed in through wide windows. The paintwork was pink and grey. There were fine Bokhara* rugs on the wood floor. The bed was huge. A large mirror in a gold frame covered most of the wall behind it. The bathroom was fitted with everything, including a shower. Bond's shaving things were neatly laid out.

The porter followed Bond back into the bedroom. When Bond said he would take the room, he bowed gratefully out. Why not? thought Bond, walking round the room again to inspect it for wires and microphones. Why *should* there be microphones or secret doors? he asked himself.

His suitcase was on a bench near the bed. He knelt down. No scratches round the lock. The hair that he had trapped in the lock was still there. He unlocked the suitcase and took out the little leather case. Again no signs of interference. Bond locked the case and got to his feet.

He washed and went out of the room and down the stairs.

有聲有色。」他放開龐德的手。「現在我還有一大堆事要做。」

那名書記主管——看來好像是凱林的參謀長之類的人物——又帶龐德出去了。

克里斯托王宮的值班司閽換了個人，是個眼神閃爍不定，很有禮貌的小個子男人。「先生，」他說道，「非常抱歉。夜班司閽給您帶錯了房間。他沒能認出您是凱林大人的朋友。您的東西都搬到十二號房了。那是我們旅社裏最棒的一間房間。原先那間不是用來款待貴賓的。」

如果說龐德有什麼厭恨的事情，那就是像這樣的人了。他深深地盯着那名司閽，說道，「噢。」那對眼睛溜向一邊。「我看看這間房間吧。我可能還不喜歡呢。我住的那一間已經相當舒適了。」

「好的，先生。」那個男人鞠了一躬。「不過我恐怕現在工人在您原先的房間裏。供水……」

嗯，這個故事倒很合情理，龐德想道。還有，不管怎麼說，能住進這家旅社最好的房間總不壞吧。

司閽開鎖打開一扇高門，向後站開。龐德不能不同意他的說法。陽光從寬敞的窗戶湧瀉進來。房間漆的顏色是粉紅色和灰色。木頭地板上舖着上好的布卡拉地毯。床舖很大。床後的牆上幾乎全被一張金框大鏡子遮住。浴室裏設備俱全——包括蓮蓬頭在內。龐德的刮臉用具被人整整齊齊地擺放出來。

司閽跟着龐德又走回臥房。等龐德說他要住這間房間後，他感激地鞠了一躬退出去了。幹嘛不住？龐德想道，一面在房間裏又走了一圈，檢查是不是有電線或是麥克風。這裏爲什麼就該有麥克風或是暗門呢？他問自己。

他的旅行箱放在床邊不遠處一個凳子上。他跪下身來。鎖上沒有刮痕。他特意夾藏在鎖上的頭髮仍然還在。他打開旅行箱，把那個小小的皮箱拿出來。也沒有人動過的痕跡。龐德鎖好箱子，站了起來。

他洗過臉，走出房間，下樓了。沒有，沒有留給他的口信。

No, there had been no messages for him. The porter bowed low as he opened the door of the Rolls. Was there something more behind the permanent guilt in those eyes? Bond decided not to care if there was. The game, whatever it was, had to be played to the end. If the change of rooms was the opening move, well, the game had to begin somewhere.

As the car drove back down the hill, Bond's thoughts returned to Darko Kerim. What a Head for Station T! His size alone, in this country of little men, would give him authority. And his huge love of life would make everyone his friend. Where had he come from? And how had he come to work for the Service? He was the rare type of man that Bond loved. Already Bond thought of him as a friend.

The car went back over the Galata Bridge and drew up outside the arches of the Spice Market. The driver led Bond to a small arch in a thick wall.

'You will find Kerim Bey in the far room on the left, sir. You have only to ask. Everyone knows him.'

Bond climbed the cool stairs to a small room where a waiter took charge and led him to where Kerim was sitting at a corner table over the entrance to the market. Kerim greeted him loudly, waving a glass of white liquid in which ice glittered.

'Here you are, my friend! Now, at once, something to drink, you must be thirsty.' He fired orders at the waiter.

Bond sat down in a comfortable chair and took the small glass the waiter offered him. He lifted it towards Kerim and tasted it. Good! He drank it down. At once the waiter filled the glass again.

'And now to order your lunch. All Turkish food is disgusting. The food here is the least disgusting.'

The smiling waiter made suggestions.

'He says the lamb is very good today. It is very young lamb with rice.' He gave the order. 'Now,' he said, as the waiter left them, 'any news?'

Bond shook his head. He told Kerim about the change of room and the untouched suitcase. Kerim said, 'Well, the game

司閽打開勞斯萊士車門，一面深深地鞠了一躬。在那對一直閃爍不定的眼睛後頭，是不是還有些別的東西？龐德決定不去理會到底有沒有了。這場遊戲——不管是什麼樣子的——總得玩完才行。如果說換房間是開場戲，好，那這場遊戲總得從哪裏起頭才是。

車子沿著小丘駛下去，龐德的思緒又回到達科・凱林身上。T站眞有個好站長！在這個小人國裏，單憑他的塊頭就可以賦給他權威了。而他對生命的滿腔熱愛可以使他和什麼人都交上朋友。他的出身到底如何？他又是怎麼來爲「情報局」工作的呢？他是龐德喜愛的那一型少見的男人。龐德已經把他當朋友看了。

車子開回去，過了加拉塔橋，駛到香料市場的拱門外面。司機帶龐德走到一處厚牆上開出的小拱門。

「先生，您在左邊裏面的房間可以找到凱林大人。您只要打聽一下就可以了。沒有人不認識他。」

龐德攀登一道清涼的階梯，進了一間小屋子，裏面有一名侍者負責招待，把他帶到角落一張俯瞰市場入口的桌邊，凱林就坐在那裏。凱林高聲和他打招呼，手裏舞動一杯閃動着冰塊的白色液體。

「你總算來了，我的朋友，來吧，趕緊喝點東西，你一定渴了。」他朝那名侍者吆喝着吩咐下去。

龐德在一張舒適的椅子裏坐下，拿起那名侍者端來的小杯子。他朝着凱林擧了一下杯，淺嚐一口。棒！他喝下去了。侍者馬上又倒滿了一杯。

「現在叫午餐吧。土耳其所有的東西都難吃得要死。這裏的東西還算是最不難吃的。」

侍者微笑着說了些菜名。

「他說今天的羊肉非常道地。是羊肉飯，肉非常嫩。」他點了飯。「好吧，」等侍者離開他們後，他說道，「有什麼新聞沒有？」

龐德搖搖頭。他把換房間和旅行箱沒人動過的事告訴凱林了

must begin some time. I too have made certain small moves. Now we can only wait and see. We will make a little trip into enemy country after lunch. I think it will interest you . . . Oh, they won't see us. We shall move underground.' Kerim laughed with delight at his cleverness. 'And now let us talk about other things. How do you like Turkey? No, I don't want to know. What else?'

They were interrupted by the arrival of the first course. Kerim had a large plate of what appeared to be strips* of raw fish. He saw Bond's look of interest. 'Raw fish,' he said. 'After this I shall have raw meat and vegetables. And then I shall have a bowl of yoghourt. I once trained to be a professional strong man.* And my trainer insisted that I must eat only raw food. I got the habit. It is good for me, but,' he waved his fork, 'I do not say it is good for everyone. I don't care what other people eat as long as they enjoy it. I can't bear sad eaters and sad drinkers.'

'Why did you decide to be a strong man? And how did you get into this job?'

Kerim picked up a strip of fish with his fork and tore at it with his teeth. He drank down half a glass of raki,* lit a cigarette and sat back in his chair. 'Well,' he said with a smile, 'we might as well talk about me as about anything else. And I am sure you are wondering, "How did this big crazy man get into the Service?" I will tell you, but it is a long story. You will stop me if you get bored. All right?'

'Fine.' Bond lit a cigarette and leaned forward on his elbows.

'I come from Trebzond.*' Kerim watched his cigarette smoke curl upwards. 'We were a large family with many mothers. My father was the sort of man women can't resist. He was a great fisherman, known all over the Black Sea. He went after the sword-fish. They are difficult to catch, and people respected the men who caught them. Women like their men to be heroes, and he was a kind of hero. He was a big, handsome man. Naturally he had many children. We all lived on top of each other in a big old house. My mother was an

。凱林說道，「嗯，這場遊戲總會開始的。我也已經採取了一些小小的行動。現在咱們只有等着瞧了。吃過飯，我們去敵國小遊一番。我想你會很感興趣的……噢，他們看不見咱們的。咱們走地底下。」凱林很得意自己的精明，哈哈大笑起來。「現在咱們談談別的事。你對土耳其觀感如何？不用了，我不想知道了。還有什麼事？」

第一道菜上桌，他們的話頭中斷了。凱林的好像是一大盤生魚片。他看到龐德有趣的表情。「生魚，」他說道。「吃完這個，我還要吃生肉和生蔬菜。然後我喝一杯酸奶酪。我受過當職業大力士的訓練。我的教練硬要我全吃生的東西。我養成了這個習慣。這對我很好，不過，」他擺了擺叉子，「我並不是說對所有的人都好。我可不管別人吃什麼東西，只要他們吃得高興就好了。我受不了吃東西、喝東西的人可憐兮兮的。」

「你爲什麼想當一名大力士？你又是怎麼幹上這個工作呢？」

凱林用叉子叉起一片生魚，咬牙撕了一口。他一口氣喝下半杯葡萄酒，點了支香煙，向後倚上了椅背。「好吧，」他微笑着說道，「與其談別的事，也許咱們談談我的事也好。我相信你一定在奇怪，『這個狂妄的大塊頭傢伙是怎麼進情報局的？』我就講給你聽吧，不過這是個很長的故事。你如果聽煩了就叫我不要講下去。好吧？」

「好。」龐德點了支香煙，支住兩肘靠向前去。

「我家鄉在特拉布松。」凱林望着他裊裊上升的香煙煙絲。「我家是個大家庭， 有好幾個媽媽。 我父親是那種女人所無法抗拒的男人。他是個了不起的漁夫，整個黑海沒人不認識他。他追獵的是劍魚。劍魚很難逮住，所以逮到的人都備受推崇。女人都喜歡自己的男人是英雄，而他正是一種英雄。他是個魁梧英俊的男人。自然，他的孩子很多。我們一個疊着一個，全都住在一棟老舊的房子裏。我母親是個來自伊斯坦堡的英國教師。戰爭剛

English teacher from Istanbul. She died just after the war. She was sixty.

'The child before me was very fair and his Italian mother called him Bianco. I was dark, so they called me Darko. There were fifteen of us children and we had a wonderful childhood. It was like a gipsy camp. You cannot understand such a family?'

'The way you describe it I can.'

'I grew up to be nearly as big a man as my father, but better educated. My mother saw to that. By the time I was twenty I had a boat of my own and was making some money. One day my father called me to him. There was another man with him, a tall, quiet Englishman with a black patch* over one eye. They were talking about the Russians. The Englishman wanted to know what they were doing along their border. He would pay good money for information. I knew English and I knew Russian. I had good eyes and ears, and I had a boat. My father had decided that I should work for the Englishman. And that Englishman, my dear friend, was Major Dansey, the man who was Head of Station before me. And the rest,' Kerim waved his cigarette holder, 'you can imagine.'

'But what about training to be a strong man?'

'Ah,' said Kerim, 'that was only a side-line*. Our travelling circuses* were almost the only Turks allowed over the border. The Russians cannot live without circuses. I was the man who broke chains and lifted weights with my teeth. Afterwards, at the drinking, there was always a lot of talk. I used to look foolish and pretend I did not understand. Every now and then* I asked an innocent question and they laughed at my stupidity and gave me the answer.'

The second course came, and with it a bottle of wine. Kerim ate raw meat, held together with raw eggs. He made Bond try it. It was delicious. Bond said so.

'You ought to eat it every day,' said Kerim seriously. 'It is good for those who wish to lead active lives. I am greedy for life. I do too much of everything all the time. Suddenly my heart will fail. But I am not afraid. At least I shall have died

結束，她就去世了。享年六十歲。

「在我前頭的那個孩子皮膚非常白，他那個義大利媽媽叫他『比安科』。我很黑，所以他們就叫我『達科』。我家共有十五個孩子，所以童年生活精采絕倫。那就像是座吉普賽營地。你可沒法了解這樣的家庭吧？」

「你這麼描述倒還可以。」

「我長大後，塊頭大得幾乎就和我父親一樣，不過受的教育比較好。這是我母親的意思。等我二十歲的時候，我有了一艘自己的船，開始賺錢了。有一天，我父親叫我去見他。他身邊還有個人，是個文質彬彬的高個子英國人，一邊眼上蒙了塊黑眼罩。他們在談些俄國人的事。那個英國人想知道他們沿着國境在幹些什麼事。如果拿得到情報，他會付一大筆錢。我懂英文，我也懂俄文。我的眼力、耳力都很好，並且我有一艘船。我父親決定要我為那個英國人工作。而那個英國人，我的好朋友，就是丹西少校，我前任的站長。以後呢？」凱林擺了擺他的煙嘴，「你可以想像得到。」

「可是受訓當大力士是怎麼回事？」

「啊，」凱林說道，「那只是副業。土耳其人幾乎只有我們的巡廻馬戲團才得准越過國境。俄國人沒有馬戲團就活不了。我扮掙破鍊子，咬牙舉重的人。表演過後，在喝酒的時候，大家總是七嘴八舌講一大堆話。我一直擺出呆頭呆腦的樣子，假裝什麼也不懂。我不時會問一個無知的問題，他們笑我蠢，就告訴我答案。」

第二道菜來了，還有一瓶酒。凱林吃生鷄蛋拌的生肉。他要龐德嚐嚐。很好吃。龐德這麼說了。

「你應該每天都吃，」凱林一本正經地說道。「誰想日子過得精力充沛，吃這些很好。我對生活是貪得無饜。我一直都是什麼事都幹，又沒有節制。將來我的心臟會突然間承受不住的。可

from an honourable disease. Perhaps they will put on my grave, "This man died from living too much".'

Bond laughed. 'Don't go too soon, Darko,' he said. 'M. would be very upset. He thinks a lot of *you.'

'He does?' Kerim searched Bond's face to see if he was telling the truth. He laughed with delight. 'In that case I will not die just yet*.' He looked at his watch. 'Come, James,' he said. 'It is good that you reminded me of my duty. We will have coffee in the office. There is not much time to waste. Every day at 2.30 the Russians have their meeting. Today, you and I will join them.'

是我不怕。最起碼，我是患一種很體面的病死掉的。也許他們會在我的墳墓上寫下，『此人死於太過精采的生活。』」

龐德哈哈笑了。「可不要走得太早，達科，」他說。「M會不知該怎麼辦才好。他很看重你。」

「是嗎？」凱林查看了下龐德的臉色，看他說的是不是實話。他高興地哈哈笑起來了。「那麼，我還不會馬上就死。」他看了看手錶。「哈，詹姆斯，」他說。「幸好你提醒了我的職責。咱們去辦公室喝咖啡吧。沒有多少時間可以浪費了。俄國人每天兩點半都會開會。今天，你和我也去加一份吧。」

13 The Tunnel of Rats

Back in the cool office, while they waited for coffee, Kerim opened a cupboard in the wall and pulled out sets of blue overalls*. He undressed and put on a set of these, and pulled on a pair of rubber boots Bond picked out a suit that more or less fitted him, and put it on.

With the coffee, the head clerk brought two powerful flash-lights which he put on the desk. When the clerk had left the room Kerim said, 'He is my eldest son. The others in there are all my children. The driver and the porter are my uncles. Shared blood* is the best security. And this spice warehouse is good cover for us all. M. helped me to start it. It is now the leading spice business in Turkey. I have long ago paid back the money M. lent me. My children all have shares* in the business. They have a good life. When there is secret work to be done, and I need help, I choose the child who will be most suitable. They all have training in different secret things. They are clever and brave. Some have already killed for me. All would die for me . . . But that is just to tell you that you are in good hands*.'

'I never imagined anything different.'

'Ha!' said Kerim. He picked up the flash-lights* and handed one to Bond. 'And now to work.'

Kerim walked over to the glass-fronted bookcase and put his hand behind it. The bookcase rolled silently and easily along the wall to the left. Behind it was a small door. Kerim pressed one side of the door and it swung inwards to show a dark tunnel with stone steps leading straight down. A damp smell, mixed with a smell of animals, came out into the room.

'You go first,' said Kerim. 'Go down the steps to the bottom and wait. I must fix the door.'

Bond switched on his flash-light. He stepped through the opening and went carefully down the stairs. There was a

十三、老鼠通道

他們回到清涼的辦公室，在等咖啡的當兒，凱林打開牆上一面櫃子，拿出幾套藍色工作服。他脫下衣服，穿上其中一套，接著穿上一雙橡皮靴子。龐德挑出多少合身的一套，穿了上去。

書記主管拿來咖啡，並帶了兩把強力的手電筒，擺在書桌上。等那名書記出了房間，凱林說道，「他是我的大兒子。那邊另外那些也都是我的孩子。司機和那個守門的是我叔叔。親戚一起工作最安全。而這個香料倉庫對我們大家而言是很好的掩護。M幫助我創設的。現在這已經是土耳其香料業的佼佼者了。我好久以前就還淸M借給我的錢了。我的孩子在這個生意裏都有股份。他們過的生活很好。當有機密工作要作，而我又需要幫忙的時候，我就會挑一個最合適的孩子出來。他們都受過各式各類秘密事務的訓練。他們聰明，也很勇敢。有些孩子已經爲我殺過人了。他們全都願爲我一死……不過這只是告訴你我們這兒的人手都很不錯，你不必担心。」

「我從沒想到別的地方去。」

「哈！」凱林說道。他拿起手電筒，遞給龐德一支。「現在去工作吧。」

凱林走到嵌著玻璃門的書架前面，把手伸到書架後面。書架悄無聲息地移動，沿著牆壁輕易地挪向左邊。後面是一扇小門。凱林推了門的一邊，門往裏轉開，露出一個黑漆漆的通道，石階直直向下延伸。一股夾雜著動物味道的潮濕氣味忽地湧進屋裏。

「你先走，」凱林說道。「沿著石階一直走到底等我。我得把門關好才行。」

龐德打開手電筒。他踏過入口，小心翼翼地沿著石階走下去。底下有水波盪動的光影。等龐德走到底，他看出那是一條沿著

glitter* of water at the bottom. When Bond reached the bottom he saw that it was a small stream running down a central gutter* in the floor of an ancient stone-walled tunnel that sloped upwards to the right. To the left the tunnel went on downwards and would, he guessed, come out below the surface of the Golden Horn.

Beyond Bond's light there was the noise of little feet. In the blackness hundreds of tiny red eyes shone. Twenty yards away on either side, a thousand rats were looking at Bond. He wondered what they would do if his light went out.

Kerim was suddenly beside him. 'It is a long climb. A quarter of an hour. I hope you love animals! Unfortunately there is not much choice. Rats and bats – a whole air force and army. And we have to drive them in front of us. Towards the end of the climb it becomes quite uncomfortable. Let's get started. The air is good. It is dry under foot on both sides of the stream. But in winter the floods come, and my men and I have to use diving suits. Keep your light on my feet. If a bat gets in your hair, brush him off.'

They set off up the steep slope. The smell of the rats and the bats was thick. It seemed to Bond that it would be days before he got rid of it. Bats hung like bunches of dry grapes from the roof. Ahead of them as they climbed there was the forest of rats. At last, after a good quarter of an hour's climb, the two men reached the end of their climb. It was a deep arch of new brick in the side wall of the tunnel. There were two benches on each side of a thick object, wrapped in a waterproof* cover, that came down from the ceiling of the arch. They stepped inside.

'One of these days,' said Kerim, as they watched the stream of rats pouring down the slope, 'those rats will start dying. Then there will be disease in Istanbul again. Sometimes I feel guilty for not telling the authorities about this tunnel so that they can clean the place up. But I can't, not while the Russians are here.' He pointed up at the roof. He looked at his watch. 'Five minutes to go. They will be getting ready. There will be the three permanent men. And there will probably be

中央排水溝流動的小水流，地面是一個年代久遠的石壁通道，向右傾斜上去。通道向左一路低斜下去，依他猜，會通到金角的地底下。

在龐德光線照不到的地方，有細碎的脚步聲音。黑暗中，成百上千的小紅眼睛在閃動。兩邊隔著二十碼的距離，有成千的老鼠在瞪著龐德。他很想知道如果他的燈熄掉，牠們會有什麼行動。

凱林突然出現在他身邊。「這是段很長的坡路。要走一刻鐘。我希望你喜歡動物才好！很不幸，咱們沒有什麼選擇的餘地。老鼠和蝙蝠——不折不扣的空軍和陸軍。我們必得把牠們趕在前頭。快走完這段坡路的時候，你會相當不舒服。咱們這就開始吧。空氣不錯。脚踩在水流兩邊的地上都乾乾的。不過冬天有大水，我和我手下都得用潛水裝才行。你把燈光跟著我的脚照。如果有蝙蝠撲到你頭髮上，把牠揮開。」

他們往陡斜的坡道出發了。老鼠和蝙蝠的氣味很濃。龐德覺得要花好幾天才能甩掉這股氣味。蝙蝠就像一串串乾葡萄一樣從通道頂上垂下來。他們往前攀登，前頭的老鼠密密麻麻。最後，這兩個人足足爬了一刻鐘才爬到盡頭。通道牆上有一個用新磚建的幽深的拱洞。拱洞頂上垂下一個用防水套子紮起來的粗粗的東西，兩邊各有兩張凳子。他們踏了進去。

「這幾天裏，」當他們看著老鼠像潮水一樣衝下斜坡時，凱林說道，「那些老鼠就要開始死了。然後伊斯坦堡就會又出現瘟疫。有時候，我覺得沒把這個通道的事告訴政府當局，讓他們把這個地方清理乾淨，實在很罪過。可是我不能這樣做——只要俄國人在這裏就不能。」他指指頭頂。他看看手錶。「還有五分鐘。他們就會準備就緒的。有三個人是逢會必到。並且很可能還有另外三個人。兩個人是在兩星期以前來的——一個打希臘來，一

three other men. Two came in a fortnight ago, one through Greece and the other through Persia.* Another one arrived on Monday from Moscow. God knows who they are, or what they are here for. And sometimes the girl, Tatiana, comes in with a signal and goes out again. Let us hope you will see her today.'

Kerim reached up and untied the waterproof cover and pulled it downwards. Bond understood. Underneath was a shining periscope.* Bond laughed. 'Where did you get that, Darko?'

'Turkish Navy.' Kerim's voice did not invite further questions. 'Now Equipment Branch in London is trying to fix it so we can hear as well. It won't be easy. The lens at the top of this is tiny. When I raise it, it comes up to floor level in their room. In the corner of their room where it comes up, I have cut a small mouse-hole. We did it well. Once when I came to have a look, the first thing I saw was a big mouse-trap with a piece of cheese in it.' Kerim laughed. 'But there's not much room to fit a microphone beside the lens. And there's no hope of getting into the building again. The only way I managed to set this periscope up was to get my friends in the Public Works Ministry to turn the Russians out for a few days. Their story was that the trams* were shaking the foundations of the buildings. It cost me a few hundred pounds in the right pockets.* The Russians were very suspicious, looking for microphones and bombs and so on. We can't use that trick twice, so unless London can be very clever, I shall have to be content with just keeping an eye on them. One of these days they'll give away something useful.'

Beside the periscope in the roof of the arch there was a half-moon of metal, twice the size of a football. 'What's that?' asked Bond.

'Bottom half of a bomb – a big bomb. If anything happens to me, or if war breaks out with Russia, that bomb will be set off by radio control from my office.'

Kerim bent down and took the two handles of the periscope and brought it upwards. He stared into the eye-pieces*

個打波斯來。另外一個是星期一從莫斯科到的。天曉得他們是什麼人，或者來這裏有什麼企圖。有時候，那個女孩子——塔夏娜——會帶著電報進來再又出去。希望你今天能看得到她。」

凱林伸手解開那個防水套子，把它拉了下來。龐德明白了。在套子下面是一具閃亮的潛望鏡。龐德哈哈笑了。「你在哪兒弄來的，達科？」

「土耳其海軍。」凱林的聲音示意不要再問下去了。「現在倫敦的裝配部門正想加以裝配，讓我們也可以聽見聲音。那不是件容易事。這個東西頂上的鏡子很小。當我把它拉高時，它就會升到他們房間地板的高度。在這個東西從他們房間冒出來的角落裏，我鑿了個小小的老鼠洞。我們做得很俐落。有一次我來觀望的時候，我第一眼看見的東西就是一臺裝了片奶酪的大捕鼠器。」凱林哈哈笑了。「不過鏡頭旁邊可沒多少空間裝得上麥克風。並且也沒指望再進這棟房子了。我設法裝上這個潛望鏡的唯一路子就是活動公共建設部的朋友，把俄國人趕出去幾天。他們編的故事是說電車把房子的地基震動了。那一手暗地裏花了我幾百鎊。俄國人狐疑得不得了，到處查看有沒有麥克風、炸彈等等。我們那招把戲沒法用第二次，所以除非倫敦方面非常精明，否則我只能以監視他們將就點了。這幾天裏他們會洩露些很有用的東西。」

拱洞頂上，在潛望鏡旁邊有塊半月形的金屬，有兩個足球那麼大。「那是什麼？」龐德問道。

「一個炸彈的下半截——大炸彈。如果我有什麼三長兩短，或者說如果和蘇俄爆發戰爭，那個炸彈就會由我辦公室裏操縱的無線電引爆。」

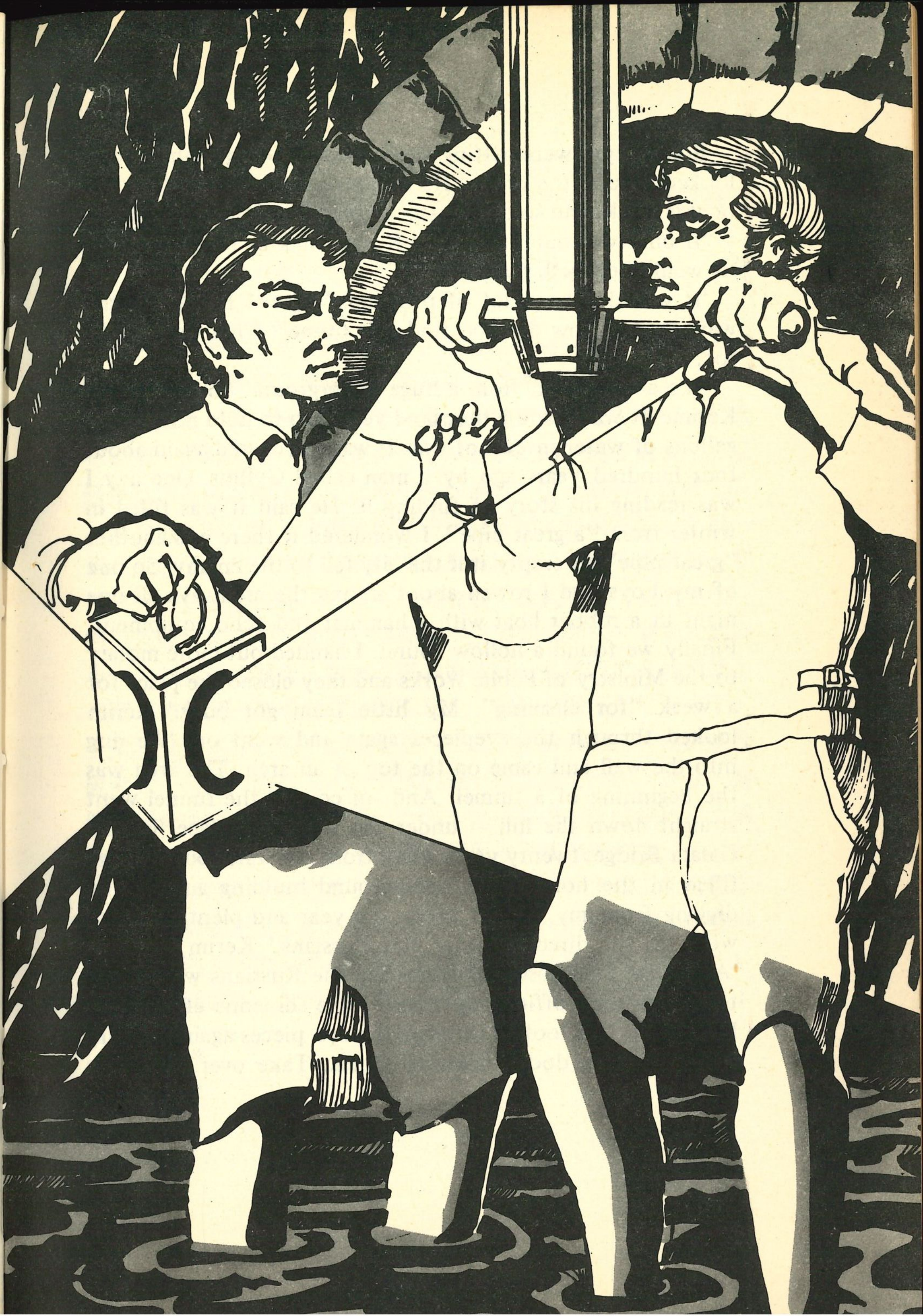
凱林彎下腰，抓住潛望鏡的兩個把手，把它拉高。他望進探

and slowly moved the periscope round. 'Come and have a look,' he said. Bond took the handles.

'Have a good look at them,' said Kerim. 'Fix their faces in your mind.' Bond wanted to tell Kerim not to make so much noise. It was as if he was sitting in the room with the Russians, perhaps taking notes in a corner. The wide, all-round lens gave a clear, mouse's eye view of the forest of legs below the table, and occasionally of the faces belonging to them. The three permanent officers were serious, dull Russians. The three visitors had their backs half towards Bond and only the side view of the nearest showed clearly. This man's skin was dark. The jaw was badly shaved and the eye was dull and stupid under a black brow. Now the senior visitor sat back and started talking. He had a strong face with big bones and a determined chin. Bond could see one cold grey eye and a low forehead under grey-brown hair. Bond guessed that he was the man from Moscow.

視孔，慢慢地轉動潛望鏡。「來瞧瞧吧，」他說道。龐德抓住把手。

「仔細瞧瞧他們，」凱林說道。「牢牢記住他們的長相。」龐德想叫凱林講話的聲音不要這麼大。他覺得自己就好像和那些俄國人一起坐在屋子裏，或者就像坐在一個角落裏做筆記一樣。這個寬濶、四面八方轉動的鏡頭以老鼠眼睛的眼界清晰地呈現出桌底林立的人腿——偶爾還有屬於這些腿的臉孔。三名逢會必到的官員都是嚴肅、陰沉的俄國人。三名客人半背著龐德，只有離他最近的那一人清楚地露出倒影。這個人的皮膚很黑。下巴刮得亂七八糟，黑眉毛下的眼睛陰沉又愚蠢。這時，裏面的主客向後倚坐，開始說起話了。他有一張有力的臉孔，骨塊大大的，下巴看來很堅毅。龐德看得見一隻冷冷的灰眼睛，一頭灰褐色頭髮下的額頭低低的。龐德猜他就是從莫斯科來的人。



Bond's eyes were getting tired. He turned the handles and looked around the office. He saw nothing of interest – cupboards, desks and so on. He stood away from the eye-piece.

'If only we could hear,' said Kerim, shaking his head sadly. 'It would be worth diamonds.'

'It would solve a lot of problems,' agreed Bond. 'By the way, Darko, how did you find this tunnel? What was it built for?'

'It's a lost drain* from a huge underground building,' said Kerim. 'It was made a thousand years ago to hold millions of gallons of water in case of war. It was discovered again about four hundred years ago by a man called Gyllius. One day I was reading his story of finding it. He said it was filled in winter from "a great pipe". I wondered if there was another "great pipe" to empty it if the city fell to the enemy. So one of my boys and I rowed about among the archways all one night in a rubber boat with a hammer and echo equipment. Finally we found a hollow sound. I handed out more money to the Ministry of Public Works and they closed the place for a week "for cleaning". My little team got busy.' Kerim looked through the eyepieces again and went on, 'We dug into the wall and came on the top of an arch. The arch was the beginning of a tunnel. And, of course, the tunnel went straight down the hill – under the Russians' place, by the Galata Bridge, twenty yards away from my warehouse. So we filled in the hole in the underground building and started digging from my end. It took us a year and plenty of hard work to get directly under the Russians.' Kerim laughed. 'And now I suppose that some day the Russians will decide to change their offices. By then I hope someone else will be Head of T.' He looked through the eye pieces again and said urgently, 'The door's opening. Quick. Take over.* Here she comes!'

龐德的眼睛逐漸累了。他轉動把手，四處打量這間辦公室。他看到的全是枯燥無味的東西——櫃子、書桌等等。他從探視孔邊站開。

「如果聽得見就好了，」說著，凱林難過地搖了搖頭。「那可眞價值連城。」

「那會解決一大堆問題的，」龐德附會地說道。「對了，達科，你是怎麼發現這通道的？這個通道蓋來作什麼用？」

「這是一條湮沒的排水管，出自一處巨大的地下建築，」凱林說道。「那個地下建築是在一千年前造成的，爲了備戰，可以儲存好幾百萬加侖的水。它是在四百年前，由一個名叫吉留士的人發現的。有一天，我讀他所寫的發現經過。他說冬天它是由一條『大管子』注滿水的。我懷疑如果城陷敵手，會不會另有一條『大管子』把水放乾。於是，一天夜裏，我就和我一個兒子乘一艘橡皮艇，帶著鎚子和回聲裝備在拱道間划來划去。最後我們發現了一個空洞的聲音。我塞了更多的錢給公共建設部，他們就把那個地方封閉一個禮拜『以便清理』。我的小隊伍則忙起來了。」凱林又望過探視孔，繼續接道，「我們往牆裏面挖，挖出來後置身在一個拱門的頂上。那個拱門是一條通道的起點。並且，當然，那條通道直接穿入山下——到加拉塔橋邊，離我倉庫二十碼遠的俄國人地點下面。於是我們把那個地下建築的洞填住，開始從我那一頭挖起。我們花了一年的時間，還有不少苦工才直接穿到俄國人脚底下。」凱林哈哈笑了。「現在，我想俄國人總有一天決定換辦公室的。到那時候，我希望T站站長也換了別人。」他又望過探視孔，急切地說道，「門開了。快。你來看。她來了！」

14 The Gipsy* Warned Me

It was seven o'clock on the same evening and James Bond was back at his hotel. He had had a hot bath and a cold shower. He thought he had at last washed the smell of the tunnel out of his skin.

He was sitting at a window of his room looking out into the great red sunset over the Golden Horn. He was thinking of the tall beautiful girl who had walked, as gracefully as a dancer, through the door with a piece of paper in her hand. She had stood beside her chief and handed him the paper. All the men had looked up at her. She had looked down, red-cheeked. What had that expression on the men's faces meant? It was more than the way some men look at a beautiful girl. There had been a sort of scorn in their eyes.

It had been a strange scene. This girl was just one of the staff, with a corporal's rank, doing a normal duty. So why had they all looked at her in this way? – almost as if she was a spy, about to be executed? Did they suspect her? Had she given herself away*? But that seemed less likely as the scene played itself out. It ended with a few sentences from the chief to which the girl seemed to say, 'Yes, sir'. Then she turned and walked out of the room. When she had gone, the chief turned to the other men and said something with an amused expression on his face. The men laughed and that scornful* look was back on their faces. Then they went back to their work.

Ever since*, Bond had searched his brain for a possible answer. Now, looking out at the dying sun, he was still puzzled. He put the problem away and turned his mind to the girl, Tatiana Romanova. Well, she certainly looked like a Russian princess with her tall, fine-boned* body that moved so well. But was she the sort of girl to fall in love with a photograph in a file? How could one tell? There were dreams in the

十四、吉普賽人警告了我

當天晚上七點鐘，詹姆斯・龐德已經回到旅社。他泡了個熱水澡，並用冷水淋浴。他覺得總算把身上地道裏的氣味洗掉了。

他坐在房裏一扇窗戶前面，往外望向金角上空紅紅的絢麗黃昏。他在想那個身材高挑的女郎，她拿著一張紙進門的時候，走路姿態優美得一如舞者。她站到她主管身邊，把那張紙交給他。每個人都抬頭望向她。她低垂了眼睛，臉紅了起來。那些男人臉上的表情是什麼意思？那不純粹是男人在看一個漂亮的女郎時所有的神情。他們眼中有一種輕蔑的神氣。

這種光景很古怪。這個女郎只不過是一名下士官階的幕僚，在執行例行職務。他們爲什麼全都那個樣子看她？——幾乎就好像她是名奸細，即將處決一樣？他們在懷疑她嗎？她露出馬脚了嗎？不過，這幕景像繼續下去，却又好像越來越不像是那回事了。最後，那名主管指示了幾句話，那個女郎好像說了句，「是的，長官。」接著她就轉身走出房間。等她走了後，那名主管轉頭望向其他人，臉上帶著一種曖昧的表情說了什麼。男人都哈哈大笑起來，臉上又都出現那種輕蔑的表情。然後他們就又回頭工作了。

從那時起，龐德在腦海裏就一直想找出一個可能的答案。現在，他向外望著殘陽，仍然想不透。他把問題擱到一邊，心思轉向那個女郎——塔夏娜・羅瑪諾娃——身上。嗯，她看起來的確像是個俄國公主，身材高挑、苗條，脚步輕盈美妙。不過，她是那種會愛上檔案夾裏一張照片的女孩子嗎？誰看得出來？她的眼

eyes and in the mouth. It could be true. Bond wanted it to be true.

The telephone rang. It was Kerim. 'Nothing new?'

'Nothing.'

'Then I will pick you up at eight.'

'I'll be ready.' Bond put down the receiver and started dressing.

Kerim had been firm about the evening. Bond had wanted to stay in the hotel and wait for a message. Kerim had said no. It would be wrong for Bond to seem a slave to the girl in this way. 'No girl likes a man who runs when she whistles,' he had said.

'All right, Darko. What do you suggest?'

'Live the life you would normally. Go and have a bath and a drink. If nothing happens, I will pick you up at eight. We will visit a gipsy friend of mine, one of my best men for information. He is finding out who tried to blow my office up*.'

The shining Rolls was waiting. They climbed up the hill above the Golden Horn. Suddenly the driver said something to Kerim. Kerim answered shortly. 'He says a Faceless One is following us,' he told Bond. 'It is not important. They know this gipsy is a friend of mine, but I do not think they understand why. It will do them no harm to think we are having a night's entertainment.'

Bond looked through the back window. For a moment he saw a motor cycle behind them, then it was hidden by a taxi. Bond turned away. He thought how the Russians ran things – with all the money and equipment in the world.* Yet the Secret Service put against them a handful of adventure-loving, under-paid men, like this one, with his second-hand* Rolls and his children to help him. Yet perhaps, after all, the right man was better than the right machine.

At half-past eight they stopped half way up a long hill at an open-air* cafe. Behind it were the tops of trees over a high stone wall. They got out and the car drove off. They waited for the motor-cycle, but it turned and went down the hill. Kerim led the way into the cafe. A man got up and showed

睛和嘴角都洋溢著一抹夢幻。可能是眞的。龐德希望是眞的。

電話響了。是凱林。「沒什麼新鮮事吧？」

「沒有。」

「那我八點鐘來接你。」

「恭候駕臨。」龐德放下聽筒，開始穿衣服了。

剛才凱林很堅持晚上要安排節目。龐德原想留在旅社等消息。凱林說不要。說龐德如果爲了那個女郎像這樣如同奴隸一般就錯了。「沒有女人喜歡呼之卽來，揮之卽去的男人，」他說。

「好吧，達科。你有什麼建議？」

「過你正常的生活。去洗個澡，喝杯酒。如果沒有什麼事，我八點鐘的時候來接你。咱們去拜訪我一個吉普賽朋友——是我打聽情報的最佳人選。他正在探查是誰想炸掉我的辦公室。」

那輛閃亮的勞斯萊士在等著。他們向金角上方的山丘駛上去。突然，司機對凱林說了些什麼。「他說有個『沒臉的東西』在跟蹤我們，」他告訴龐德。「沒有關係。他們知道這個吉普賽人是我的朋友，可是我想他們並不明白內情。他們以爲我們要去逍遙一個晚上，這對他們並沒有什麼不好。」

龐德望過後座窗。有那麼一會兒，他看見他們身後有一輛摩托車，接著就被一輛計程車擋住看不見了。龐德轉過頭來。他在想俄國人辦事的手段——不惜所有的金錢和設備。然而「情報局」用來對付他們的却是一小羣喜愛冒險，錢也拿不足的人員——就像這一個，駕著二手貨勞斯萊士，還要孩子來幫他。不過，再怎麼說，恐怕還是正確的人手要比正確的機器強些。

八點半的時候，他們駛上一座長長的小山半腰，在一家露天咖啡館前面停下。咖啡館後面的樹頂遮掩住一道高石牆。他們下了車，車子開走了。他們等那輛摩托車，可是它回身下山去了。凱林帶路走進咖啡館。一個男人站起來，給他們引路，走過屋後

them out through the back to a door in the high wall. He knocked twice before opening it.

There was a garden with fruit trees and wooden tables under them. In the centre was a circle of dancing-floor with lights round it, now dead. On the far side was a long table at which sat about twenty people of all ages. The three-quarter moon showed everything up brightly and made pools of shadow under the trees. Kerim and Bond walked forward. The man at the head of the table came to meet them. The rest returned to their dinner.

The man greeted Kerim, and made a long explanation to which Kerim listened carefully.

The gipsy wore a white shirt with full sleeves, black, very full trousers and soft leather boots. His hair curled like black snakes and his eyes were fierce and cruel. The moon glittered on the sharp line of his jaw. His right hand, with a gold ring on the thumb, rested on a long, curved knife in a leather case.

The gipsy finished talking. Kerim said a few words about Bond. The gipsy bowed. Bond bowed back. The gipsy clapped his hands and two women came towards him. He spoke to them and they disappeared among the trees. Kerim took Bond's arm and led him to one side.

'I have found out about the bomb, my friend. The leader of the Faceless Ones put it there. The operation was well thought out, he almost got me. His name is Krilencu. God knows why they suddenly want to kill me, but I must take action. I told the driver to come back with the necessary equipment in case Vavra, the gipsy, was able to tell me anything. Now I am glad I did.'

A fiercely attractive young girl with strings of gold coins around her neck and about ten gold bracelets* on each wrist came over and said something to Kerim.

'She says supper is ready,' he told Bond. 'I hope you are good at eating with your fingers.' They walked over to the table. Two places had been cleared on either side of Vavra. Kerim gave what sounded like a polite greeting to the table. They sat down. In front of each of them was a bottle of wine

，來到一扇開在那面高牆上的門口。他先敲了兩下，然後才把門打開。

裏面是一個種著果樹的花園，樹下擺著木桌。花園中央是一圈四周繞著燈泡的舞池——這時燈關著。在另一頭有一張長桌子，桌邊老老少少坐著大約二十個人。四分之三圓的月亮把所有的事物都皎潔地呈現出來，並在樹下映出一團團影子。凱林和龐德向前走去。坐在桌首的男人過來迎向他們。其他的人又回頭吃他們的晚餐了。

那個男人和凱林打起招呼，並且說了一大堆話，凱林仔細地聆聽。

這個吉普賽人穿著一件寬袖白襯衫，寬寬鬆鬆的黑褲子，還有軟皮靴子。他的頭髮鬈得就像一條條黑蛇，眼睛則兇狠又冷酷。月光在他下巴尖削的線條上閃動著。他右手大姆指上戴著一個金戒指，按著一把套著皮套的長彎刀。

吉普賽人講完話了。凱林說了幾句介紹龐德的話。吉普賽人鞠了一躬。龐德鞠躬還禮。吉普賽人拍拍手，兩個女人朝他走來。他和她們說了些話，她們隱沒在樹林間。凱林握住龐德的胳臂，帶他走到一邊。

「我已經查出那個炸彈的事了，我的朋友。是『沒臉的東西』頭子放在那裏的。那次行動設計得很週密，他差點就要了我的命。他名叫克里倫庫。天曉得他們爲什麼突然想殺我，不過我一定要採取行動。我剛才叫司機回去把必要的裝備帶來，就是想到法夫拉——那個吉普賽人——或許有辦法把事情的來龍去脈都講給我聽。現在我眞高興那樣做了。」

一個美得令人嘆服的年輕女郎走過來，和凱林說了些什麼，她脖子上戴著一串金幣，兩隻手腕各戴了十來支金鐲子。

「她說晚餐準備好了，」他告訴龐德。「我希望你用手抓東西吃還有兩下子。」他們走到桌邊。法夫拉左右兩邊空出了兩個位子。凱林發出一個聲音，聽來就像是對桌子的禮貌問候。他們坐了下來。他們面前各自有一瓶酒，還有一碗味道濃烈的肉。凱

and a large bowl of strong-smelling meat. Kerim raised his glass and made a short speech. All raised their glasses and drank. A loaf of bread was passed round the table. Kerim took the loaf with one hand and, with the other, put a large piece of meat in his mouth and began to eat. He whispered to Bond, 'Right hand, James.' Bond started eating with his right hand. The meat was delicious but very hot.

When they had finished, a silver bowl of water, in which rose-leaves floated, and a clean white cloth, were put between Bond and Kerim. Bond washed his fingers and chin and made a short speech of thanks to the head gipsy. Vavra bowed to Bond and said, according to Kerim, that he hated all foreigners except Bond, whom he was proud to call his friend. Bond was enjoying the evening.

Vavra clapped his hands and a girl came onto the dance-floor and began to dance.

'BANG!'

A flash of flame lit the darkness and a piece of broken stone sang* past Bond's ear. Suddenly the garden was full of running men and Vavra was moving forward with his curved knife in his hand. Kerim was following him, with a gun. The women and children had already disappeared among the shadows.

Bond, his gun in his hand, followed Kerim towards a wide hole that had been blown in the wall. He wondered what was going on. The area of grass between the hole in the wall and the dance-floor was full of fighting, running figures – Faceless Ones and gipsies. There seemed more Faceless Ones than gipsies. As Bond looked into the mass of struggling bodies, a young gipsy came towards him, holding his stomach. Two small dark men came after him, their knives held low. At once Bond aimed at their legs above the knees. His gun spoke twice and the two men fell face downwards on the grass.

Two bullets gone. Only six left. A knife whistled past Bond's head. It had been aimed at Kerim, who came running out of the shadows with two men after him. The second man stopped and raised his knife to throw. Bond shot him and

林擧起杯子，簡短地說了一段話。大家都擧杯喝了。一條麵包在桌子上傳來傳去。凱林一手拿起麵包，另一隻手往嘴裏塞了塊肉，開始吃了起來。他對龐德悄悄說道，「右手，詹姆斯。」龐德開始用右手吃了。肉很鮮美，只是非常燙。

等他們吃完了，一個盛水的銀碗——碗裏漂著玫瑰葉——和一條乾淨的白布擺在龐德和凱林中間。龐德洗了洗手指和嘴巴，朝那個吉普賽人首領簡短地致謝。法夫拉朝龐德鞠了一躬，說——照凱林的說法——他憎厭所有的外國人，龐德例外，他以能稱他是朋友爲榮。龐德覺得這個夜晚過得很愜意。

法夫拉拍拍手，一名女郎走上舞池，開始跳起舞來。

「碰！」

一道火光燃亮了夜空，龐德耳邊咻地一聲飛過一塊碎石。花園裏突然間到處都有人在跑，法夫拉手握著彎刀衝向前去。凱林握鎗跟在他身邊。女人和小孩子早已經消失在陰影間了。

龐德手握著鎗，跟著凱林朝牆上炸開的一個大洞趕去。他搞不懂是怎麼一回事。牆上的洞和舞池之間的草地上到處都是拼鬪、奔躍的人影——「沒臉的東西」和吉普賽人。「沒臉的東西」看來好像比吉普賽人要多。當龐德望向那些拼鬪的人堆時，一個年輕的吉普賽人捂著肚子朝他過來。兩個黑黑、小小的人刀子握得低低地追在後頭。龐德馬上瞄準他們膝蓋以上的大腿。他的鎗響了兩聲，那兩個人撲地摔倒在草地上。

放了兩發子彈了。只剩下六發。一把刀子颼地一聲飛過龐德頭邊。刀子原是瞄向凱林的，他正從陰暗的地方跑了出來，身後追著兩個男人。第二個男人站住脚步，揚刀要擲。龐德朝他開了

saw him fall. The other man turned and ran. Kerim was struggling with his gun. 'It's stuck,' he shouted to Bond.

A hand caught Bond round the mouth and pulled him backwards. Bond expected to feel a knife in his back. But the men – there were three of them – were after Kerim, not Bond. Kerim gave one blow with his useless gun and then they were on top of him. Bond leaped forward and brought his gun down hard on a round, shaven head. Then something flashed past his eyes and Vavra's curved knife suddenly appeared between the shoulders of another man. Then Kerim was on his feet and the third man was running. A man was standing in the hole in the wall, shouting one word over and over again. One by one the attackers broke off* their fights and ran over to this man, past him and out into the road.

'Shoot, James, shoot!' roared Kerim. 'That's Krilencu.' He started to run forward. Bond's gun fired once. But the man was too far away for night shooting with a small gun. As Bond lowered his hot gun, he heard the sound of many motor cycles roaring down the hill.

There was silence except for the cries of the wounded.* Bond watched Kerim and Vavra come back through the hole in the wall and walk among the bodies. The other gipsies came back and the women came hurrying out of the shadows to care for their men.

Bond shook himself; what had it all been about? Ten or a dozen men were dead. Why? Who had they been trying to kill? Not Bond. They had passed him by and gone for Kerim – the second attempt to kill Kerim. Was it anything to do with the Romanova business?

Bond saw something. His gun fired twice and the knife missed Kerim's back. The figure that had risen from the dead fell forward on its face. Bond had been just in time. Kerim looked down at the body and turned to Bond.

Bond said, 'You fool! Why can't you take more care?' Most of Bond's anger came from knowing that it was he who had brought a cloud of death around Kerim.

Darko Kerim looked ashamed. 'James, you have saved my

一鎗，看他摔倒在地。另外那個人轉身就跑。凱林正在拼命撥弄手鎗。「卡住了，」他朝龐德嚷道。

一隻手扼住龐德嘴巴，把他往後拉開。龐德以爲背上要挨把刀子了。但是那些人——他們一夥三個——要對付的是凱林，不是龐德。凱林用他那把派不上用場的手鎗揮了一下，接著他們就把他撲倒了。龐德跳上前去，拿著手鎗用力地砸上一個刮光的圓腦袋。接著什麼東西在他眼前一閃，法夫拉的彎刀突然嵌在另一個人的兩肩中間。這時凱林跳了起來，第三個人跑了。牆上的洞口站著一個人，翻來覆去地吼著一句話。攻擊者一個接一個停止打鬪，向這個人跑去，他們跑過他身邊，出去到了馬路上。

「開鎗，詹姆斯，開鎗！」凱林吼道。「他就是克里倫庫。」他開始向前衝去。龐德開了一鎗。但是以夜裏用一把小手鎗開火的情形來說，他的距離實在太遠了。就在龐德放下熱燙的手鎗時，他聽見許多輛摩托車呼嘯著衝下山去。

除了傷者的呼喊聲，四處一片靜寂。龐德看著凱林和法夫拉穿過牆上的洞，踩在那些人中間走回來。另外那些吉普賽人都回來，女人急急忙忙地從陰暗的地方趕出來照料她們的男人。

龐德打了個寒顫；這到底是爲了什麼？死了十來個人。爲什麼？他們想殺的是誰？不是龐德。他們放過他，朝凱林衝去——第二次企圖殺掉凱林。這和羅瑪諾娃的事有沒有關聯？

龐德瞄見了什麼。他開了兩鎗，那把刀子沒能捅上凱林的背上。那個從死人堆裏站起來的人影又撲地摔倒。龐德差一點就來不及了。凱林低頭望向那個屍體，又轉頭望向龐德。

龐德說道，「你這個笨蛋！幹嘛不多留心點？」龐德所以生氣，主要是因爲得知凱林身邊的死亡陰影原來是由他帶來的。

達科・凱林的表情很羞愧。「詹姆斯，你救了我太多次了。

life too often. Forgive me, I can never pay you back.' He held out his hand.

Bond brushed it aside. 'Don't be a fool, Darko,' he said. 'My gun worked, that's all. Get one that works. And now, tell me what all this is about. There's been too much blood splashing* about tonight. I'm sick of it. Let's finish that wine.' He took the big man's arm. As they reached the table a terrible scream came from among the trees. 'We shall soon know what the Faceless Ones were after,' said Kerim. 'My friends are finding out.'

They both emptied their glasses at one mouthful. Vavra came up, wiping his knife on a handful of grass. He seemed quite cheerful. He started talking fast to Kerim. Krilencu's name was often mentioned. Kerim talked back.

'My friend,' said Kerim to Bond, 'it seems the Faceless Ones were ordered to kill Vavra and as many of his men as possible. They knew he had been working for me. He was the main target. I was the other. But it seems they were told not to harm you. You were exactly described so there could be no mistake. That is strange.' He looked puzzled and unhappy. He said, 'But now it is midnight. The Rolls will be here. There remains a small piece of work to do before we go home to bed.

'Vavra wishes you well. He refuses to blame me for what happened tonight. He says I must continue to send him Faceless Ones to kill. And now we will shake him by the hand and go.'

Kerim stretched out his huge hand. Vavra took it and looked deep into Kerim's eyes. Then he let the hand drop and turned to Bond. The hand was dry and rough, like the paw* of a big animal. He let go of Bond's hand and spoke urgently to Kerim. Then he turned his back on them and walked away towards the trees.

The Rolls stood, glittering in the moonlight, as Kerim and Bond stepped through the hole in the wall. A young man sat beside the driver. 'That is my tenth son,' said Kerim. 'I thought I might need him. Now I shall.'

原諒我吧，我怎麼報答也報答不了你。」他伸出手來。

龐德把他的手撥開。「別傻了，達科，」他說道。「我的鎗開得出火，就是這麼回事。你拿一把管用的鎗吧。好了，告訴我這到底是怎麼回事。今天晚上見血見得太多了。我夠了。咱們把酒喝完吧。」他握住那個大塊頭男人的胳臂。等他們來到桌邊時，樹林間傳來一聲可怕的尖叫。「我們馬上就會知道『沒臉的東西』打的是什麼主意了，」凱林說道。「咱們的朋友在打聽。」

他們兩個一口就把杯子乾了。法夫拉走過來，一面用一把草擦刀。他好像很快活的樣子。他開始朝凱林很快地說起話來。其中常提到克里倫庫的名字。凱林也和他講了起來。

「我的朋友，」凱林對龐德說道，「『沒臉的東西』好像奉命要幹掉法夫拉及他的手下——越多越好。他們知道他一直在爲我工作。他是主要的靶子。我是另一個。不過他們似乎奉命不得傷到你。他們把你描述得一點不差，所以不會是搞錯了。眞怪。」他的表情很困惑，悶悶不樂。他說，「不過現在到午夜了。勞斯萊士就要來了。咱們回家睡覺以前，還有件小小的工作要做。

「法夫拉祝你好運。他不願爲今晚的事怪我。他說我一定得繼續不斷地送『沒臉的東西』給他殺。現在咱們握握他的手就走吧。」

凱林伸出他的大手掌。法夫拉握住，深深地望著凱林的眼睛。接著他放下手，轉向龐德。他的手乾乾的，很粗糙，就像一頭大野獸的爪子一樣。他鬆開龐德的手，急切地朝凱林說起話來。接著他轉身朝樹林那邊走開。

凱林和龐德穿過牆上的洞，勞斯萊士閃亮地立在月光中。司機旁邊坐了一個年輕男人。「那是我第十個兒子，」凱林說道。「我剛才想到可能用得著他。現在我眞要了。」

The young man turned and said, 'Good evening, sir,' to Bond, who recognized him at once as one of the clerks in the warehouse. His eyes were blue too.

The car moved off down the hill. Kerim gave directions to the driver. 'Have you got the uniforms and equipment?' he asked the young man.

'Yes, Kerim Bey.'

Kerim said to Bond, 'The gipsy said that we both had the wings of death over us. I must watch out for a son of the snows, and you must watch out for a man who is owned by the moon . . . That is the sort of nonsense they talk. But he says that Krilencu isn't either of these men. That is good.'

'Why?'

'Because I cannot sleep until I have killed that man. I do not know if what happened tonight had anything to do with your job. I do not care. For some reason, war has been declared on me. If I do not kill Krilencu, at the third attempt he will certainly kill me. So we are now on our way to keep an appointment with him.'

那個年輕男人轉身朝龐德說道，「晚安，先生。」龐德馬上就認出他是倉庫裏的一名書記了。他的眼睛也是藍藍的。

車子往山下開去。凱林朝著司機下了吩咐。「制服和裝備在你手上嗎？」他問那個年輕男人。

「是的，凱林大人。」

凱林對龐德說道，「那個吉普賽人說我們兩個頭上都有死神的翅翼。我得當心一個白雪的兒子，你得當心一個被月亮所擁有的男人……這都是他們在胡說八道。不過他說克里倫庫不在這兩人中。那就好了。」

「爲什麼？」

「因爲我除非殺掉那個傢伙，不然就睡不著。我不知道今晚發生的事情和你的工作有沒有什麼關聯。我不在乎。基於某個理由，他們已經對我開戰了。如果我不幹掉克里倫庫，那他第三次來犯的時候就一定會把我殺死。所以咱們現在就去會會他吧。」

15 The Mouth of Marilyn Monroe

The car rushed through the empty streets. 'Stop,' said Kerim finally as they came into a large square. The car pulled up in the darkness under the trees. Kerim reached for the door handle.

'We shan't be long, James,' he said.

Bond laughed. 'Thanks, but you'll be surprised to hear I'm coming with you. You're sure to get into trouble without me, Darko!'

'Well, don't blame me if you don't like this. It's going to be a straight killing in cold blood.* In my country, you let sleeping dogs lie, but when they wake up and bite, you shoot them.'

'Whatever you say,' said Bond. 'I've got one bullet left if you miss.'

'Come on, then,' said Kerim. 'We've got quite a walk. The other two will be going another way.'

Kerim took a long walking-stick from the driver, and a leather case. They started off down the street. There was no one in sight, not even a cat.

'This will be a simple operation,' Kerim said softly. 'Krilencu lives down there, beside the railway line.' He pointed towards a bunch of red and green lights at the end of the long street. 'He hides in a hut behind an advertisement board. There is a front door to it, also a trap-door* to the street through the board. He thinks that no one knows of the trap-door. My two men will go in at the front door. Krilencu will slip out through the hoarding. Then I will shoot him. All right?'

'If you say so.'

They walked on down the street, keeping close to the wall. Soon they came in sight of the twenty-foot high board at the bottom of the street. The moon was behind the board and its

十五、瑪麗蓮・夢露的嘴唇

車子在空蕩的街道上疾衝著。「停車，」等他們開進一個大廣場的時候，凱林終於說了。車子在黑黑的樹下停住。凱林伸手去抓車門把手。

「我們花不了多少時間，詹姆斯，」他說道。

龐德哈哈笑了。「多謝，不過你聽我要和你一道去可要吃一驚了。你沒有我一定會碰上麻煩的，達科！」

「好吧，如果你不喜歡這一套可別怪我。那種殺人法可是不折不扣的心狠手辣。在我國，睡著的狗你讓牠們躺著，可是等牠們醒了，要咬人，你就得開鎗。」

「不管你怎麼說，」龐德說道。「如果你失手，我還留了一發子彈。」

「那就來吧，」凱林說道。「咱們還得走好長一段路。另外兩個會走另一條路。」

凱林從司機手中接過一支長長的手杖和一個皮箱子。他們開始沿著街道走下去。一個人也看不見——甚至連隻猫都看不到。

「這次行動很簡單，」凱林輕輕地說道。「克里倫庫就住在那邊——鐵道旁邊。」他朝著長長的街道盡頭一堆紅紅綠綠的燈光指去。「他躲在一張廣告板後面的小屋子裏。屋子有前門可以進去，廣告板上也有個活門可以通到大街上。他以爲誰也不知道有那扇活門。我兩名手下會從前門進去。克里倫庫就會穿過廣告板溜出來。那時我就開鎗射他。好嗎？」

「你說好就好了。」

他們沿著街道，一直緊貼著牆壁走下去。沒多久，他們就看見街底那個高達二十呎的招牌了。月亮躲在招牌後面的陰影中。

face was in shadow. Now Kerim walked with great care, putting each foot softly in front of him. About a hundred yards from the board the shadows ended and the moon shone down. Kerim stopped in the last dark doorway and placed Bond in front of him, up against his chest. 'Now we must wait,' he whispered.

Bond could hear Kerim moving behind him. He took the lid off the leather case. In it was a long steel tube. 'This has a special lens that can see in the dark,' he said. 'Have a look at that big film advertisement over there. That face, just below the nose – you'll see the outline of the trap-door.'

Bond raised the tube to his eye. Slowly he made out* the outline of a huge face. It was Marilyn Monroe. Bond moved down to the huge pile of hair, and the cliff of forehead, and down the two-foot long nose. A faint shape showed. The trap-door ran from below the nose to the great curve of the lips. It was about three feet deep, and several feet from the ground.

Behind Bond, Kerim held forward his 'walking-stick'. It was a gun with a silencer.

'Give me the glass,' said Kerim. 'I want to aim for that trap-door before my men go in at the front. May I use your shoulder as a rest?'

'All right.' Bond handed the tube to Kerim, who fastened it to the top of the gun barrel* and slid the gun along Bond's shoulder.

'Got it,' whispered Kerim. 'Just where Vavra said. He's a good man.' He lowered his gun just as two policemen appeared. Bond got ready to run.

'It's all right,' whispered Kerim. 'That's my boy and the driver.' He put two fingers in his mouth and gave a very quick, low whistle. One of the policemen lifted his hand for a moment. Then the two policemen turned and walked away, their boots ringing loudly on the stones.

'A few minutes more,' said Kerim. 'They've got to get round the back of that board.' Bond felt the heavy barrel of the gun slip into place along his right shoulder.

這時凱林走得極爲小心，往前每一步都輕輕地跨出。到了離招牌大約一百碼的地方，再往前走就沒有陰影了，月光照了下來。凱林在最後一家陰暗的門口站住，把龐德擋在身前，緊靠在他背後。「現在咱們得等了，」他悄聲說道。

龐德聽得見凱林在他後面動來動去。他拿開皮箱蓋子。裏面是一個長長的鋼管。「這個帶著可以在黑地方看東西的特殊鏡頭，」他說道。「你瞧瞧那邊那個大電影廣告吧。那張臉，就在鼻子下面——你可以看見那扇活門的輪廓。」

龐德把那根管子湊到眼上。他慢慢地看出一張大臉孔的輪廓。那是瑪麗蓮•夢露。龐德向下移向那一大堆頭髮，接著是那削直的額頭，再望下那二呎長的鼻子。一個隱約的輪廓出現了。那扇活門從鼻子底下起，到嘴唇起伏的大弧線上。門約有三呎深，離地面好幾呎。

凱林在龐德身後把他那支「手杖」往前探出。那是支帶著滅音器的長鎗。

「望遠鏡給我。」凱林說道。「在我手下從前門進去以前，我要先瞄準那扇活門。我可以支一下你的肩膀嗎？」

「沒問題。」龐德把那根管子交給凱林，他把管子拴在鎗管上面，探過龐德的肩膀。

「好了，」凱林悄聲說道。「正是法夫拉說的地方。他那個傢伙眞不錯。」他剛把鎗放下，街上出現了兩名警察。龐德準備要跑了。

「沒關係，」凱林悄聲說道，「是我兒子和司機。」他伸了兩根手指進嘴裏，低低地吹了聲短口哨。一個警察把手舉起來了一會兒。接著兩名警察就轉身走開，靴子踏在石板上發出很大的廻響。

「再等幾分鐘，」凱林說道。「他們還得繞到那塊招牌後面。」龐德覺出那根沉重的鎗管探過自己的右肩，架好了。



'He's coming,' said Kerim at last. Out of the mouth of the huge face, between the great dark lips, the dark shape of a man crawled and hung down.

The man dropped down and stepped softly off the pavement* towards them. Now. The man was coming out of the shadows. At Bond's ear there came a sound like an axe hitting a tree. The man dived forward, his arms stretched out. There was a sharp 'tok' as his chin or forehead hit the ground. Then he lay absolutely still.

The gun came down off Bond's shoulder. Bond listened to the noises of Kerim folding up the gun and putting it away.

Bond looked away from the dead man in the road. He had never killed in cold blood, and he hadn't liked watching, and helping someone else do it.

Kerim silently took his arm. They walked slowly away from the scene and back the way they had come.

'So you forgive me for today?' said Kerim as they were walking back to the car.

「他來了，」凱林終於說了。在那黑黑的嘴唇間，從那張大臉孔的嘴巴裏鑽出一個男人的黑身影，垂了下來。

男人落下地來，走開人行道，悄無聲息地朝他們這裏過來。是時候了。男人正從陰暗處走出來。龐德耳邊聽見一個就像是斧頭伐樹的聲音。那人雙手張開，向前栽倒。他的下巴還是額頭撞到地上，「嗒」地一聲很清脆。接著他就一動不動地倒在那裏了。

鎗從龐德肩膀上拿下去。龐德聽著凱林把鎗摺好，收起來的聲音。

龐德望向一邊，不去看那個死在馬路上的男人。他從沒幹過殺人不眨眼的事，他也不喜歡觀望或是幫別人幹這種事。

凱林不發一聲，握住他的胳臂。他們慢慢地走開現場，沿著來路回去。

「今天的事，你可以原諒我了吧？」等他們走回車子那邊，凱林說道。

'Forgive you? Forgive what? Don't be a fool. You've got a job to do, and you're doing it. I'm very impressed. You've got a wonderful organization here.

'I'm the one who ought to be sorry. I seem to have brought down a great deal of trouble on your head. And I've got absolutely nowhere* with my main job. M. will be getting anxious. Perhaps there'll be some sort of message at the hotel.'

But when Kerim took Bond back to the hotel and went with him to the desk, there was nothing for Bond. 'Don't worry, my friend,' said Kerim cheerfully. 'Hope makes a good breakfast. Eat plenty of it. I will send the car in the morning and if nothing has happened I will think of some more little adventures to pass the time. Clean your gun and sleep on it. You both deserve a rest.'

Bond climbed the stairs, unlocked his door and locked it behind him. Moonlight shone through the curtains. He walked across and turned on the pink lamps on the dressing-table. He threw off his clothes and went into the bathroom and stood for a few minutes under the shower. He thought how much more exciting Saturday the fourteenth had been than Friday the thirteenth. He cleaned his teeth to get rid of the taste of the day. Then he turned off the bathroom light and went back into the bedroom.

Bond drew aside one curtain and opened wide the tall windows. He stood, holding the curtains open and looking out across the great curve of water under the riding moon. The night wind felt wonderfully cool. He looked at his watch. It was two o'clock.

Bond let the curtains drop back into place. He bent to switch off the lights on the dressing-table. Suddenly his heart missed a beat. There had been a nervous little laugh from the shadows at the back of the room. A girl's voice said, 'Poor Mister Bond. You must be tired.'

「原諒你？原諒你什麼？別傻了。你有應盡的職責，而你現在正是在盡職。你們給我的印象非常深刻。你們在這裏的組織實在太棒了。

「說起來，倒是我該道歉。我好像給你帶了一大堆麻煩。而我的主要任務還一直毫無進展。M要焦急了。也許旅社裏會有什麼口信之類的吧。」

可是等凱林把龐德帶回旅社，陪他一起到櫃台，櫃台上什麼留給龐德的話也沒有。「別焦急，我的朋友，」凱林興高采烈地說道。「『希望』做得出一頓好吃的早餐。你多吃吧。明天早上我會派車子過來，到時如果仍然沒有什麼事，我就再想些小小的冒險打發時間。你把鎗擦乾淨，枕著睡吧。你和鎗都該休息休息了。」

龐德爬上樓梯，打開房門，隨手鎖上。月光從窗帘間照了過來。他走過房間，打開梳粧台上的粉紅色燈。他脫掉衣裳扔開，走進浴室，在蓮蓬頭底下站了幾分鐘。他在想這個十四號星期六要比十三號星期五還刺激得多。他刷牙，想刷掉白天的味道。然後他關掉浴室的燈，走回臥房。

龐德拉開一邊窗帘，把高高的窗戶開得很大。他站在那裏，撩著窗帘，望向外面浮月下那一大灣海水。夜風令人覺得清凉無比。他看看手錶。兩點鐘了。

龐德鬆手把窗帘放回原處。他俯身去關梳粧台的燈。突然間，他的心房停頓了一下。房間後面的陰暗處傳來一聲怯怯的輕笑。一個女郎的聲音說道，「可憐的龐德先生。你一定很累了。」

16 Tatiana

Bond turned. He looked at the bed, but his eyes were blind from staring at the moon. He crossed the room and turned on the light by the bed. There was someone sitting on it.

'How did *you* get here?' asked Bond.

'I walked down two floors. I live here too.' The voice was deep and attractive, the English was excellent.

'Well, I'm going to get into bed.'

'Oh, no, you mustn't.'

'But it's my bed. And anyway you said I must be tired.' The face was so very beautiful. Bond examined it coolly. The cheeks grew pink.

'That was just to introduce myself.'

'Well, I'm very glad to meet you. My name's James Bond.'

'Mine's Tatiana Romanova. My friends call me Tania.'

There was a pause while they looked at each other, the girl with curiosity and – perhaps – relief, Bond with cool interest. She was the first to break the silence. 'You look just like your photographs.' She went pink again. Bond pulled up a chair beside the bed. He smiled at her. 'You're one of the most beautiful women in the world. Did you know?'

The girl looked at him seriously. 'Are you speaking the truth? I think my mouth is too big. Am I as beautiful as Western girls? I was once told that I look like Greta Garbo. Is that true?'

'More beautiful,' said Bond. 'There is more light in your face. And your mouth isn't too big. It's just the right size.'

'What is that "light in the face"? What do you mean?'

Bond meant that she did not look, to him, like a Russian spy. She seemed to have none of the cold calculation of a spy. She gave the impression of warmth and fun. These things shone out through her eyes. He searched for a word and found none. 'I mean that there is a lot of fun and laughter in

十六、塔夏娜

龐德轉過身來。他向床上望去，可是因為剛才一直在看月亮，這時眼睛什麼也看不見了。他走過房間，打開床邊的燈。床上坐了個人。

「妳是怎麼到這裏來的？」龐德問道。

「我從上面兩層樓走下來的。我也住這裏。」聲音很低沉，撩人心弦，英文說得極為流利。

「好吧。我可要上床睡覺了。」

「噢，不行，你不能睡。」

「可是那是我的床呀。何況妳還說我一定累了。」那張臉龐的確美到極點。龐德冷靜地端量著。女郎的臉頰染上一抹羞紅。

「我那麼說只是想藉機自我介紹。」

「唔，有幸得識。我名叫詹姆斯・龐德。」

「我叫塔夏娜・羅瑪諾娃。朋友都叫我塔妮亞。」

他們沉默了一陣子，互相打量，那個女郎是帶著滿懷的好奇心——或許，也鬆了口氣——龐德則冷靜地覺得有趣。還是她先打破了沉默。「你看起來就和照片上一模一樣。」她臉又紅了。龐德拉起床邊一張椅子。他朝她微笑起來。「妳是世界上最漂亮的女人之一了。妳知道嗎？」

女郎認眞地望向他。「你是說眞的嗎？我覺得我的嘴巴太大了。我有西方女孩子那麼漂亮嗎？從前有人說過我長得很像葛麗泰・嘉寶。是眞的嗎？」

「比她還漂亮，」龐德說道。「妳臉上的光采比她還要煥發。妳的嘴巴也不會太大。大小正好合適。」

「『臉上的光采』是什麼？你指的是什麼？」

龐德的意思是說——在他看來——她看起來並不像是個蘇俄間諜。她好像一點也沒有間諜那種冷酷的算計心。她給人的印象

your eyes,' he said weakly.

Tatiana looked serious. 'That is strange,' she said. 'There is not much fun and laughter in Russia. No one speaks of these things. I have never been told that before.'

Fun, she thought . . . fun, after the last two months? How could she look like that? And yet, there was a lightness in her heart. Was it something to do with this man, whom she had never seen before? It was certainly much easier than she had expected. He made it easy – made it fun, with a spice of danger. He was very handsome. And he looked very clean. Would he forgive her when she got to London and told him everything? Surely he wouldn't mind very much. It was doing him no harm. It was only a way to get her to England to make those reports. 'Fun and laughter in her eyes.' Well, why not? It was possible. There was a wonderful sense of freedom being alone with a man like this and knowing that she would not be punished for it. It was really terribly exciting.

Bond thought it was time to get down to business. 'Now listen, Tania.' He tried not to look at the beautiful face. He fixed his eyes on the point of her chin. 'We must stop this nonsense, and be serious. What *is* all this about? Are you really going to come back to England with me?' He raised his eyes to hers.

'But of course!'

'Oh!' Bond was surprised by the directness of her answer. He looked at her suspiciously, 'You're sure?'

'Yes.' Her eyes were truthful now. She was not playing any more.

'You're not afraid?'

He saw a shadow cross her eyes. But it was not what he thought. She was remembering that she had a part to play. She must be frightened of what she was doing. Frightened to death. It had sounded so easy, this acting, but now it was difficult. How odd!

'Yes. I am afraid,' she said. 'But not so much now. You will protect me.'

'Well, yes, of course I will.' Bond thought of her family in

是親切又有趣。這都是從她的眼中顯示出來的。他想找一句恰當的話說明，却怎麼想也想不出。「我的意思是說，妳的眼神非常好玩，充滿歡樂，」他支吾地說道。

塔夏娜的神情很認眞。「那就怪了，」她說道。「在俄國並不怎麼好玩，也沒多少歡樂啊。誰也不談這些。我以前從沒聽說過。」

好玩，她想……剛過了兩個月那種生活，還好玩？她看起來怎麼可能像那個樣子？不過，她心裏還是輕鬆了些。這會不會和這個她以前從沒見過的男人有關？這個場面的確要比她想像中輕鬆多了。是他把場面弄得很輕鬆——弄得很好玩，還帶著一點危險的氣氛。他非常英俊。並且他看起來很清爽。等她到了倫敦，把事情原原本本告訴他的時候，他會原諒她嗎？他當然不會怎麼介意。這件事對他並沒有不利。這只是一個把她送進英國，以便作那些報告的門路而已。「她的眼神好玩又充滿歡樂。」嗯，這又有哪裏不對呢？這很有可能。和一個這樣的男人單獨在一起，又知道自己不會因而受責罰，使人有一種絕妙的解脫感。這的的確確是太刺激了。

龐德覺得是言歸正傳的時候了。「好吧，妳聽著，塔妮亞。」他設法不去看那張美麗的臉龐。他把眼光盯在她的下巴尖上。「咱們不能再胡鬧下去了，談談正事吧。這到底是怎麼囘事？妳當眞打算和我一道囘英國？」他揚起眼睛望向她。

「那當然！」

「噢！」龐德聽了她直截了當的囘答很是驚訝。他狐疑地望著她，「妳肯定嗎？」

「是的。」這時她的眼神非常眞誠。她不再嬉鬧了。

「妳不怕嗎？」

他看出她眼中掠過一抹陰霾。但這和他以爲的並不一樣。她是想起自己還有個角色得演下去。她想到自己目前做的事，不能不嚇壞了。想到死，嚇壞了。當初聽起來演這齣戲好像輕鬆簡單，可是現在却很麻煩。眞怪！

Russia, then quickly put the thought out of his mind. What was he doing? Trying to persuade her not to come?

'There's nothing to worry about. I'll look after you.' And now for the difficult question. It would spoil everything, to ask it, but he must.

'What about the machine?'

Yes. It was as if he had hit her across the face. Pain showed in her eyes, and the edge of tears.

'So that's what you want.'

'Now listen,' said Bond. 'This machine's got nothing to do with you and me. But my people in London want it . . . It's not all that important. They know all about the machine and they think it's a wonderful Russian invention. They just want one to copy. Like you people copy foreign cameras and things.' How weak it sounded!

'Now you're telling lies.' A big tear rolled out of one wide blue eye and down the soft cheek.

Bond reached out and put his hand on her arm. She pulled her arm angrily away.

'Who cares about the machine?' said Bond angrily. 'But Tania, you must know that I've got a job to do. Just tell me, one way or the other, and we'll forget about it. There are lots more things to talk about. We've got to arrange our journey and so on. Of course my people want the machine, or they wouldn't have sent me to bring you home with it.'

Tatiana wiped her eyes. She knew that she had been forgetting her job. If only he had said that the machine didn't matter to him as long as she would come! But that was too much to hope for. He was right. He had a job to do, and so had she.

She looked up at him calmly. 'I will bring it, do not worry. But do not mention it again. And now listen.' She sat up straight. 'We must go tonight.' She remembered her lesson. 'It is our only chance. This evening I am on night duty from six o'clock. I shall be alone in the office and I will take the Spektor.'

Bond's eyes grew narrow. His mind raced as he thought of

「是的，我怕，」她說道。「不過目前還不會怕。你會保護我的。」

「嗯，是的，我當然會。」龐德想到她在俄國的家人，趕緊又不去想它了。他在幹什麼？想說服她不要她過來嗎？

「妳什麼都不必擔心。我會照顧妳的。」現在該輪到那個棘手的問題了。問那個問題可能會把一切搞砸，但他不能不問。

「那架機器呢？」

是的。他這就好像刮了她一個耳光。她眼中露出痛苦的神色，淚汪汪的。

「果然你要的就是這個。」

「妳仔細聽著，」龐德說道。「那架機器和妳、我毫無關係。不過我們倫敦的人要它……那架機器並不眞的了不得到哪裏去。他們對那架機器一清二楚，認爲那是俄國了不起的發明。他們只是想要一個來倣造。就像妳的同胞倣造外國的照像機和東西一樣。」這種說法聽起來多站不住脚！

「你撒謊。」一顆大淚珠從大大的藍眼睛裏滾出來，流下那柔滑的臉頰。

龐德伸手握住她胳臂。她怒氣冲冲地掙脫胳臂。

「誰在乎那個機器？」龐德火大了，說道。「可是塔妮亞，妳得知道我有任務在身。妳只管告訴我一聲——我不管妳怎麼說——說完了咱們就忘了這回事。要談的事還多得很。咱們還得安排行程等等。當然，我們的人要那架機器，不然他們也不會派我來把妳連著機器帶回去了。」

塔夏娜擦乾眼睛。她知道自己一直把任務忘記了。如果他剛才說只要她人來，機器對他無關緊要的話有多好！可是這個願望太過份了。他說的沒錯。他有任務在身，而她也是。

她平靜地抬頭望向他。「我會帶來的，不必擔心。可是不要再提它了。現在你聽著。」她坐直身體。「我們今晚就得走。」她想起她受的訓練。「這是我們唯一的機會。今晚從六點鐘起輪我値夜班。到時候辦公室裏只有我一個人，我就可以拿『史派托

all the problems in front of him. It was going to be a dangerous business. The Russians would do anything to get her and the Spektor back. Road block on the way to the airport . . . Bombs on the plane. Anything.

'That's wonderful, Tania. We'll keep you hidden and then we'll take the first plane tomorrow morning.'

'Don't be foolish.' They had warned Tatiana that there would be some difficult lines* in her part. 'We will take the train, the Orient Express. It leaves at nine tonight. I have thought this thing out. I won't stay a minute longer in Istanbul than I have to. We will be over the border at dawn.

'You must get the tickets and the passports. I will travel with you as your wife.' She looked at him happily. 'I shall like that. In one of those sleeping compartments* I have read about. They must be very comfortable. Like a tiny house on wheels. During the day we will talk and read, and at night you will stand outside our house and guard it.'

'Look here, Tania. That's crazy. They're sure to catch up with us somewhere. It's four days and five nights to London on that train. We must think of something else.'

'I won't,' said the girl flatly. 'That's the only way I'll go. If you are clever, how can they find out?'

Oh God,' she thought. Why did they insist on this train? But they had been definite. She would have four days to get him to love her. Then, when they got to London, life would be easy for her. He would protect her. Otherwise, if they flew to London, the English would put her straight into prison. So she needed those four days. 'And,' they had warned her, 'we shall have men on the train to see you don't get off. So be careful and obey your orders.'

Oh God, oh God, she thought again as she watched Bond's thoughtful face. She wanted to stretch out a hand to him and tell him that it would all be all right, that this was just a way of getting her into England: that no harm could come to either of them, because that was not the purpose of the plan.

'Well, I still think it's crazy,' said Bond, wondering what M. would think. 'But I suppose it may work. I've got the

』了。」

龐德瞇起了眼睛。他心思飛快地轉動，考慮橫亙在面前的所有難題。這將是一件非常危險的生意。俄國人爲了把她和「史派托」搶回去，什麼辦法都會使出來。通往機場的道路會封鎖起來……飛機上裝了炸彈。什麼事都有可能。

「太好了，塔妮亞。我們會把妳藏起來，然後我們搭明早第一班飛機離開。」

「別傻了。」他們早就告訴過塔夏娜，說她那個角色有些臺詞很棘手。「我們坐火車，東方快車號。火車今晚九點出發。我已經把這件事想好了。我在伊斯坦堡一刻也不想多呆。我們天亮的時候就可以過了國境。

「你得弄到車票和護照才行。我要以你太太的身份和你同行。」她開心地望向他。「我很喜歡那樣。我要睡一間在書上看到的那種帶臥舖的包廂。那種臥廂一定非常舒服。就像一個蓋在車輪上的房子。白天我們可以談天、看書，晚上你就站在我們房子外頭守衞。」

「看我，塔妮亞。那簡直是瘋了。他們終會在某個地方追上咱們的。搭那個火車要四天五夜才能到倫敦。我們一定得另想辦法。」

「我不要，」女郎斬釘截鐵地說道。「只有那樣我才肯走。如果你夠精明的話，他們怎麼能查得出來？」

噢，老天，她想道。他們幹嘛說一定要搭這班火車？不過他們已經說得很清楚了。她得有四天的時間來使他愛上自己。那麼，等他們到了倫敦，就可以過得很輕鬆了。他會維護她。不然，他們若是搭飛機去英國，英國人就會直接把她關進牢裏。所以她需要這四天時間。「並且，」他們警告過她，「我們會在車上安排人手監視妳，妳不要開溜。所以妳要謹慎，服從命令。」

噢，老天，噢，老天，當她望著龐德那張深思細慮的臉孔時，又一次想道。她想伸隻手給他，告訴他什麼問題也不會有，說這只是一個把她弄進英國的手段而已：他們兩個誰都不會受到傷

passports ready. I'll get the tickets and I'll ask one of our men to come along, just in case. He's a good man. You'll like him. Your name's Caroline Somerset. Don't forget it. How are you going to get to the train?'

'Caroline Somerset,' the girl turned the name over in her mind. 'It is a pretty name. And you are Mister Somerset.' She laughed happily. 'That is fun. Do not worry about me. I will come to the train just before it leaves. So that is all, and we do not worry any more. Yes?'

'Suppose you get frightened; suppose they catch you?' Suddenly Bond was worried at the girl's confidence. How could she be so certain?

'Before I saw you, I was frightened. Now I am not.' Tatiana tried to tell herself that this was the truth. Somehow it nearly was. 'And they cannot catch me. I shall leave my things in the hotel and take my usual bag to the office. I cannot leave my fur coat behind, I love it too much. But today is Sunday and that will be an excuse to wear it to the office. Tonight at half past eight I shall take a taxi to the station. Now you must stop looking so worried.' She touched his hand. 'Say that you are pleased.'

Bond took her hand and looked into her eyes. I hope it's all right, he thought, and that this crazy plan will work. Is this wonderful girl a cheat? Is she real? The eyes told him nothing except that the girl was happy, and that she wanted him to love her.

Unknown to both of them, behind the false mirror on the wall over the bed, two photographers from SMERSH were photographing them. It was all part of the plan.

害，因為這個計劃的目的不在此。

「嗯，我還是覺得很瘋狂，」說著，龐德在揣測M會有什麼看法。「不過我想可能行得通的。我已經把護照拿到手了。我會弄到車票的，並且我要請一個我們的人手一道走——只是防備萬一的情況。他那個人很不錯。妳會喜歡他的。妳的名字叫卡洛琳‧沙摩西。可別忘了。妳打算怎麼上火車？」

「卡洛琳‧沙摩西，」女郎在心底把這個名字細細咀嚼了一遍。「這個名字很美。那你就是沙摩西先生了。」她開懷地笑出聲音。「眞好玩。你不必擔心我。我會在火車就要出發前趕到的。就這樣好了，我們不要再操心了。好嗎？」

「假設到時候妳害怕了；假設他們逮到妳了呢？」突然，龐德為這個女郎一付胸有成竹的樣子憂慮起來。她怎麼可能這麼信心十足？

「我沒見到你的時候很害怕。我現在可不了。」塔夏娜設法告訴自己事實的確就是這樣。不知怎地，也好像眞的就是這麼回事了。「並且他們也逮不到我的。我會把我的東西都留在旅社，只帶平日的袋子去辦公室。我不能把毛皮大衣留下——我太喜歡那件大衣了。不過今天是禮拜天，所以可以用這個藉口穿大衣去辦公室。今晚八點半的時候，我會搭計程車去火車站。好了，你絕不能再露出這一臉擔憂的神情了。」她摸摸他的手。「告訴我說你很歡喜吧。」

龐德握起她的手，深深地望著她的眼睛。希望一切順利，他想，並且希望這個瘋狂的計劃行得通。這個絕美的女郎會是個騙子嗎？她說的都是實話嗎？那雙眼睛除了告訴他這個女孩子很快樂，並且她希望他能愛她之外，什麼也沒有了。

他倆都被蒙在鼓裏，在床頭牆壁上的假鏡子後頭，正有兩名「史莫希」派來的攝影師在把他們拍進照片裏。這都是計劃裏的步驟。

17 Orient Express

Three times a week, the Orient Express thunders over the 1400 miles of glittering track* between Istanbul and Paris.

For the tenth time James Bond looked at his watch. 8.51. He took out his handkerchief and wiped his face. Where was the girl? Had she been caught? Had she had second thoughts?

8.55. A hundred yards away, through the crowd, Bond watched the station-master* raise a hand to the engine driver and fireman*. Far away, at the dark mouth of the station, Bond saw a tiny red light change to green. The station-master came nearer. The sleeping car attendant* in his brown uniform touched Bond on the arm. 'All aboard, please*, sir.' There was no hurrying figure coming up the platform. Near the ceiling of the station, the minute hand of the big clock jumped forward an inch. Nine o'clock.

A window banged down above Bond's head. It was Tania in a black veil.* 'Quick.'

The train had begun to move. Bond swung up onto the step. The attendant was still holding the door open. Bond stepped through.

'Madame* was late,' said the attendant. 'She came along the corridor.' Bond went down the corridor* to the centre sleeping compartment, number 7 and 8. He went in and shut the door behind him. The girl had taken off her veil and was sitting in the corner by the window. A long, smooth fur coat was thrown open to show a cream silk dress, honey-coloured stockings and black shoes. She looked quite calm.

'You have no faith, James.'

Bond sat down beside her. 'Tania,' he said, 'you nearly gave me heart failure. What happened?'

'Nothing,' said Tatiana innocently. 'What could happen? I said I would be here, and I am here. Since I am sure you are more interested in the machine than in me, it is up there.'

十七、東方快車號

每星期三次，東方快車號風馳電掣在巴黎和伊斯坦堡之間的1400哩燦爛軌道上。

龐德已經是看第十次錶了。八點五十一分。他掏出手帕擦了擦臉。那個女孩子呢？她是被逮住了嗎？她又改變主意了嗎？

八點五十五分。龐德望過人羣，隔著一百碼的距離，看見站長朝著火車司機和火伕揚起了一隻手。遠遠地，龐德看見車站黑黑的出入口那邊一盞小紅燈亮成綠色。站長朝他走了過來。那個穿著一身褐色制服的臥車車僮拍了拍龐德胳臂。「請上車，先生。」月台上並沒出現急急趕來的人影。車站站頂下面不遠處，那個大時鐘的分針又往前跳了一吋。九點了。

龐德頭頂一扇車窗砰然拉了下來。是戴著黑面紗的塔妮亞。「趕快。」

火車已經開始動了。龐德躍上踏板。車僮還把車門拉開著。龐德踏了進去。

「夫人來遲了，」車僮說道。「她是走車上通廊過來的。」龐德沿著通廊走到中間的臥廂，七、八兩號。他走進去，隨手把門關上。那個女郎已經摘下面紗，坐在窗邊的角落裏。她身上一件長長的、光滑的毛皮大衣解了開來，露出一套淡黃色的絲料衣裳，蜜色絲襪，還有一雙黑皮鞋。她的神情十分平靜。

「你沒有信心，詹姆斯。」

龐德在她身旁坐下來。「塔妮亞，」他說道，「妳差點嚇得我心臟病發作。出什麼事了嗎？」

「什麼事也沒有，」塔夏娜天眞地說道。「還能發生什麼事？我說過我會到，我這就到了。我相信你對機器的興趣一定比對我要大，機器就在上面。」

Bond looked up. Two small cases were beside his big one. He said, 'Thank God you're safe.' She kept her hand in his and sank back in her corner, content.

Tatiana watched his face tenderly. What was this man thinking? What was going on behind those cold level eyes? Now they were clouded with thought. Was he worrying about them both? If only she could tell him that there was nothing to fear, that he was only her passport to England – together with the heavy case which her chief had given her that evening in the office. 'Here is your passport to England, Captain,' he had said cheerfully. 'Look. A shining new Spektor. Be certain not to let it out of your sight until you get to England. Or this Englishman will take it away from you and throw you on the rubbish heap. It is the machine they want. Do not let them take it from you, or you will have failed in your duty – understood?'

There came a soft knock on the door. Bond stood up. 'That'll be my friend Kerim,' he said. 'I must talk to him. I will tell the conductor to make up the beds. Stay here while he does it. I won't be long. I shall be outside the door.' He leaned forward and touched her hand. Then he unlocked the door and slipped out.

Darko Kerim's huge figure was blocking the corridor. He said softly, 'The news is not good. There are three of them on the train.'

'Ah!'

'It's the three strangers we saw in that room. Obviously they're on to you and the girl.' Kerim glanced sharply sideways. 'That makes her a double agent.* Or doesn't it?'

Bond's mind was cool. So the girl had been bait. And yet, and yet. No, she couldn't be acting. It wasn't possible. The code machine? Perhaps it wasn't in her bag after all? 'Wait a minute,' he said to Kerim. He turned and knocked softly on the door. He heard her unlock it and take off the chain. She had thought it was the conductor to make up the beds.

She smiled. 'You have finished?'

'Sit down, Tatiana. I've got to talk to you.'

龐德向上望去。在他的大箱子旁邊有兩個小箱子。他說道，「多謝上帝，妳沒事。」她伸手讓他握著，心滿意足地倒回角落裏。

塔夏娜柔情似水地望著他的臉龐。這個人在想什麼？在那一雙冷靜、穩健的眼睛後面隱藏著什麼？現在這雙眼睛在沉思。他是在爲他們兩個擔心嗎？但願她能告訴他什麼可怕的，說他只是她——加上當天晚上她主管在辦公室裏交給她的那個重箱子——進英國的通行證而已。「這是妳去英國的護身符，上尉，」當時他興高采烈地說道。「妳看。一架嶄新的『史派托』。妳可要留心，在妳到英國以前，別讓它出了妳視線之外。不然這個英國人就會把它從妳身邊拿走，把妳當一堆破爛扔掉。他們要的是機器。可別讓他們從妳手裏拿走，不然妳就有虧職守了——懂嗎？」

門上傳來輕輕的剝喙聲。龐德站了起來。「那是我的朋友凱林，」他說道。「我得和他談談話。我會叫車掌來整理床舖的。他整理床舖的時候，妳就留在這裏。我不會呆太久的。我就在門口外面。」他倚身向前，拍了拍她的手。然後他打開門鎖，溜了出去。

凱林的龐大軀體把通廊給塞住了。他輕輕地說道，「消息不妙。車上有他們三個人。」

「啊！」

「就是我們在那間屋子裏看到的那三個陌生人。他們顯然是朝著你和那個女孩子來的。」凱林銳利地斜瞄了一眼。「這可證明她是反間諜了。不是嗎？」

龐德的心涼了。這個女孩子果眞是誘餌。可是，可是。不，她不可能是在演戲。這不可能。那架密碼機？或許根本不在她的袋子裏？「等一下，」他對凱林說道。他轉身輕輕地敲了敲門。他聽見她開了門鎖，把門鏈拿掉。她還以爲是車掌來整理床舖。

她微笑起來。「你說完了？」

「坐下，塔夏娜。我得和妳談談。」

Now she saw the coldness in his face and her smile went out. She sat down obediently. Bond stood over her. Was there guilt in her face, or fear? No, only surprise and a coolness like his own expression.

'Now listen, Tania,' Bond's voice was steady. 'Something's come up. I must look into that bag and see if the machine is there.'

She said calmly, 'Take it down and look.' So now it was going to come, she thought. They were going to take the machine and throw her aside, perhaps put her off the train. Oh God!

Bond took down the heavy case and put it on the seat. He opened it and looked in. Yes, a grey metal case with three rows of keys, rather like a typewriter. He held the bag open towards her. 'Is that a Spektor?'

She glanced into the open bag. 'Yes.'

Bond closed the bag and put it back. He sat down beside the girl. 'There are three Russian security men on the train. We know they are the ones who arrived at your centre on Monday. What are they doing, Tatiana?' Bond's voice was soft. He watched her, searched her with all his senses.

She looked up. There were tears in her eyes. Were they the tears of a guilty child, found out? But there was no trace of guilt in her face, only fear. She reached out a hand, then drew it back.

'You aren't going to throw me off the train now you've got the machine?'

'Of course not,' said Bond. 'Don't be stupid. But you must know what these men are doing. What's it all about? Did you know they were going to be on the train?' He tried to read her expression. He could only see a great relief. And what else? Yes, she was hiding something. But what?

Tatiana tried to make up her mind. She wiped the back of her hand across her eyes. She reached forward and put the hand on his knee. She looked into his eyes, forcing him to believe her.

'James,' she said. 'I did not know these men were on the

這時她看出他臉上冷冷的神情，她的笑容不見了。她順從地坐了下來。龐德站在她身前。她臉上可流露出愧疚，或是害怕的表情？沒有，只有驚訝和一抹像他自己那種冷冷的神氣。

「妳聽著，塔妮亞，」龐德的聲音很平穩。「出事了。我必須打開箱子瞧瞧，看有沒有機器。」

她平靜地說道，「拿下來看吧。」現在果眞就是這麼回事了，她想道。他們就要拿走機器，把她扔到一邊去了——或許還要把她推下火車。噢，上帝！

龐德拿下那個重重的箱子，放在座位上。他打開來，往裏面望去。是的，裏面有一個帶著三排按鍵，和打字機有點像的灰色金屬盒子。他拿著打開來的箱子朝她伸去。「這就是『史派托』嗎？」

她往開著的箱子裏瞄了一眼。「是的。」

龐德關好箱子，放了回去。他在女孩子身邊坐下。「車上有三個俄國安全人員。我們知道他們就是星期一來到妳們本部的那三個人。他們來幹什麼，塔夏娜？」龐德的聲音很柔和。他注視著她，全神貫注地探查她。

她抬頭望了過來。她眼中噙著淚水。這是不是小孩子的把戲被人拆穿時流下的罪疚淚水？可是她臉上沒有絲毫罪疚的痕跡，只有驚懼。她伸出一隻手，接著又收了回去。

「你現在有了機器，是不是打算把我扔下火車？」

「當然不會，」龐德說道。「別胡思亂想了。不過妳一定知道這些人在幹什麼。這到底是怎麼回事？妳知不知道他們也要搭這班火車？」他想從她的表情中瞧出端倪。他只能看出她鬆了一口氣。還有什麼？是的，她是在隱瞞什麼。可是是什麼呢？

塔夏娜設法定下心神。她用手背擦了擦眼睛。她向前伸手放在他膝蓋上。她深深地望著他的眼睛，想迫使他相信她。

「詹姆斯，」她說道。「我不知道這些人在火車上。我聽說

train. I was told they were leaving today, for Germany. I thought they would go by air. That is all I can tell you. Until we arrive in England, out of reach of my people, you must not ask me more. I have kept my promise. I am here with the machine. Have faith in me. I am certain these men mean us no harm.' (*Am* I so certain? wondered Tatiana. Did the Klebb woman tell me all the truth? But I also must have faith – faith in the orders I have been given. These men must be the guards, to see that I do not get off the train. They cannot mean us any harm. Later, when we get to London, this man will hide me, out of reach of SMERSH. And I will tell him everything he wants to know . . . But God knows what will happen if I betray them now! They will get me somehow, and they will get him too. But as long as I play my part, all will be well.) Tatiana watched Bond's face for a sign that he believed her.

Bond stood up. 'I don't know what to think, Tatiana,' he said. 'You are keeping something from me, but I think it's something that you don't know is important. And I believe that you think we're safe. We may be. It may be an accident that these men are on the train. I must talk to Kerim and decide what to do. Don't worry. We will look after you. But now we must be very careful.'

Bond looked round the compartment. He tried the door that led to the next sleeping compartment. It was locked. He decided to put a wedge* under it when the conductor had gone. He would do the same with the door into the corridor. And he would have to stay awake.

Tatiana was looking anxiously up at him. 'Don't worry, Tania,' he said again. 'Go to bed when the man has gone. Don't open the door unless you know it's me. I will sit up* tonight and watch. Perhaps tomorrow it will be easier. I will make a plan with Kerim. He is a good man.'

The conductor knocked. Bond let him in and went out into the corridor. Kerim was still there, staring out of the window. Bond told him of the conversation. It was not easy to explain to Kerim why he trusted the girl. Kerim sighed.

他們今天要動身去德國。我以爲他們要搭飛機。我能告訴你的只有這些了。在我們到達英國——擺脫我這邊的人——以前，你什麼也不要再問我了。我答應你的事都已經做到了。我帶著那架機器來這裏了。相信我吧。我敢說這些人不會有傷害我們的意圖。」（我眞這麼肯定嗎？塔夏娜在懷疑。克列布那個女人眞的把實話都講給我聽了嗎？不過我也一定得有信心——相信我接到的那些指令。這些人一定就是那些保鏢，來監視我不要半途下車。他們不可能有半點傷害我們的意思。以後，等我們到了倫敦，這個人會掩護我，擺脫掉『史莫希』。到時他想知道什麼我都會告訴他……可是，假如我現在就背叛他們，天曉得會出什麼事！他們總會把我逮到，並且也抓住他。不過，只要我把這個角色扮演下去，一切都沒有問題。）塔夏娜望著龐德的臉孔，希望能捕捉到他相信了她的跡象。

龐德站了起來。「我不知道該怎麼想，塔夏娜，」他說道，「妳有事情隱瞞著我，不過我認爲妳並不知道那些事情很重要。並且我相信妳以爲我們目前很安全。也許吧。也許這些人只是碰巧搭上這班火車。我得和凱林談談，決定該怎麼辦才好。妳不必擔心。我們會照顧妳的。不過咱們目前一定得非常小心。」

龐德環視了下車廂。他試了試通往隔壁臥廂的門。門是鎖著的。他決定等車掌走了後，在門底下擺一片三角木片。靠通廊的那扇門他也要同樣地安排一下。他還必得不要睡著才行。

塔夏娜仰頭焦慮地望著他。「不必擔心，塔妮亞，」他又說了。「等車掌走了，妳就上床睡吧。有人敲門，除非妳知道是我，不然就別開門。我今晚會熬夜守備的。也許明天事情就好辦多了。到時我會和凱林討論個計劃出來。他是個很不錯的人。」

車掌敲了敲門。龐德給他開了門，走出通廊上。凱林還在那裏，朝窗外眺望著。龐德把剛才談的話講給他聽了。要向凱林解釋清楚他爲什麼信任那個女孩子很不容易。凱林嘆了口氣。「詹

'James,' he said, 'you are now in charge. This is your part of the operation. We have already argued most of this out today. It certainly appears that she has surrendered to you. At the same time you admit that you have surrendered to her. You have decided to trust her. In this morning's telephone talk with M., he said he would support your decision. He left it to you. Very well. But he didn't know we would have three Russian security men to deal with. Nor did we. And I think that would have changed all our views, would it not?'

'Yes.'

'Then the thing to do is get rid of these three men. Get them off the train. We are not going to share it with these men. Right?'

'Of course.'

'Then leave it to me. At least for tonight. This is still my country and I have certain powers in it. And plenty of money. I shall arrange something. Two of them are in sleeping compartments. The senior man is next to you, in number 6. He is travelling on a German passport – "Melchior Benz, salesman". The dark one is in number 12. He too has a German passport – "Kurt Goldfarb, engineer." They have tickets to Paris. I have seen them. I have a police card and the conductor made no trouble. The third man is travelling sitting up in the first class, in the next compartment to me. He does not have to surrender his passport until the border. But he *has* surrendered his ticket.' Kerim brought a ticket out of his coat pocket. He smiled proudly at Bond.

'How did you get that?' asked Bond.

'Before he settled down for the night, the stupid man went to the lavatory. I was standing in the corridor and I suddenly remembered how we used to steal tickets when I was a boy. I gave him a minute. Then I walked up and knocked on the lavatory door. I hung on to the handle very tightly. "Ticket inspector," I said in a loud voice. "Tickets, please." There was a mutter from inside. I felt him trying to open the door. I hung on tightly, so that he would think the door was stuck. "Do not disturb yourself, sir," I said politely, "push the

姆斯，」他說，「現在是你在負責。這次行動從現在起是你負責的部份。今天我們已經把這個部份討論得差不多了。看起來她對你的確是死心塌地。同時你也承認爲她傾倒。你已經決定信任她了。今早和M通的電話中，他說他會支持你的決定。他讓你全權處理。好。不過當時他可不知道咱們還得對付三名俄國安全人員。咱們也不知道。我想咱們原先的打算該全盤改變了吧？」

「是的。」

「那麼我們要做的事就是甩掉這三個人了。把他們趕下車去。我們可不要和這些人搭同一班火車。對吧？」

「當然。」

「那就看我的吧。起碼今晚看我的。我們還沒出我的國家，我在這裏還有相當勢力。並且錢也多。我要安排安排。他們有兩個是搭臥車。那個官階比較高的傢伙睡你隔壁——六號臥廂。他出來是用德國護照——「麥奇奧•賓玆，推銷員。」黑黑的那一個睡十二號。他拿的也是德國護照——「科特•哥法布，工程師。」他們的車票到巴黎。我看過。我有張警方證明，車掌就沒嚕嗦了。第三個人一路坐在頭等車廂裏——就在我隔壁的車廂。他在到達邊界以前還不必亮出護照。不過他已經亮過車票了。」凱林從大衣口袋裏掏出一張車票。他朝著龐德得意地微笑。

「你怎麼拿到的？」

「那個蠢貨在安頓好準備睡覺以前，先去了洗手間。當時我站在通廊上，突然想起以前小時候常去偷車票的手法。我先給了他一分鐘時間。接著我走過去敲了敲洗手間的門。我緊緊地抵住門把手。『查票員，』我大聲說道。『請拿車票看一下。』裏面的人咕噥了一聲。我覺出他在想把門打開。我緊緊地扭著不放，這樣他會以爲卡住了。『先生，您別急，』我彬彬有禮地說道，『請把車票從門底下推出來吧！』那個笨蛋就眞的跟著做了！」

ticket under the door!" And the fool did!' Kerim laughed. 'He will be sleeping peacefully now. He thinks that his ticket will be given back to hlm at the border. He is of course mistaken! I will see that he is put off the train.'

Bond smiled at Kerim's trick. 'You're amazing, Darko. What about the other two?'

'I shall think of something,' he said confidently. 'We will somehow make those men sweat. Then we will leave their own people to punish them for failing in their duty.'

While they were talking, the conductor had come out of number 7. Kerim turned to Bond and put a hand on his shoulder. 'Have no fear, James,' he said cheerfully. 'We will defeat these people. Go to your girlfriend. We will meet again in the morning. We shall sleep tomorrow.'

Bond watched the big man move off easily down the corridor. He felt a wave of friendship for the tough, cheerful professional spy.

Kerim disappeared into the conductor's cabin. Bond turned and knocked softly on the door of number 7.

凱林笑了起來。「現在他安安穩穩地睡著了。他以爲到了邊界就拿得回車票。他可完全搞錯了！我會看著他被趕下車的。」

龐德聽了凱林的把戲，微笑起來。「你可眞有意思，達科。另外那兩個怎麼辦？」

「我想得出辦法，」他滿懷自信地說道。「咱們可以想法子叫這些人出點汗。然後咱們就讓他們自己人處罰他們沒盡到職責。」

就在他們說話的功夫，車掌已經從七號臥廂裏出來了。凱林轉向龐德，伸出一手按上他的肩頭。「別怕，詹姆斯，」他愉快地說道。「咱們會打垮這些傢伙的。去你的女朋友那裏吧。早晨咱們再碰個頭。咱們明天再睡吧。」

龐德望著那個高大的男人在通廊上輕快地走開。他在這個粗壯、爽朗的職業間諜身上感覺到一份溫暖的友誼。

凱林走進車掌房間不見了。龐德轉身輕輕敲了敲七號臥廂的房門。

18 Out of Turkey

The train howled on through the night. Bond sat and watched the hurrying, moonlit countryside and tried to stay awake. Everything seemed designed to make him sleep, every sight and sound. Even the night-light* above the door seemed to say, 'I will watch for you. Sleep now. You are safe.'

The girl was fast asleep. Bond looked at his watch. Four o'clock. Only one more hour to the Turkish border. Perhaps he would be able to sleep during the day; give her the gun and put the wedges in the doors again. He looked down at the beautiful sleeping face. How innocent she looked, this girl from the Russian Secret Service.

Soon they would be out of Turkey. But would Greece be any easier? And Yugoslavia*? Whatever the orders of the three Russians were, they either knew Tatiana and Bond were on the train, or they would soon find out. He and the girl could not spend four days in the sleeping compartment behind drawn curtains. Their presence would be reported back to Istanbul from some station telephone box. By morning the Russians would discover the Spektor was missing. Then what? Would they have the girl taken off the train as a thief? Or was that all too simple? And if this was all part of some mysterious Russian plan, what should Bond do? Should he and the girl leave the train at some small station, and hire a car and somehow get on a plane to London?

Outside, dawn was breaking. Bond looked at his watch. Five o'clock. What was going on further down the train? What had Kerim done? If, between them, he and Kerim could get rid of the three agents, they would stay on the train and follow their original plan. If not, Bond would get the girl and the machine off the train, somewhere in Greece, and go home another way.

Behind all his reasoning*, Bond calmly admitted to himself

十八、出土耳其

火車在黑夜裏呼嘯著向前奔馳。龐德坐著，一面望著月光下疾掠過去的鄉間，一面設法不要使自己睡著。所有的東西好像都是特地設計來叫他入睡的——所有的光景和聲音。甚至連門頂上的夜明燈也似乎在說，「我會幫你看著的。睡吧。你不會有事的。」

女孩子睡得很熟。龐德看看手錶。四點。再過一個小時就到土耳其邊界了。也許他可以在白天睡一覺——把手鎗給她，再在門底下擺上三角木片。他低頭望向那張沉睡的美麗臉龐。她看起來多麼純潔——這個出身蘇俄情報局的女孩子。

他們馬上就要出土耳其了。可是進了希臘會輕鬆些嗎？還有南斯拉夫？不管那三個俄國人身上負的是什麼使命，就算他們原先不知道塔夏娜和龐德在火車上，也會馬上發現的。他和這個女孩子不可能躲在臥廂裏，把窗帘都拉起來過四天。他們一露行踪，就會有人在某個車站的電話亭裏回報伊斯坦堡。到了早晨，俄國人就會發現「史派托」不見了。然後呢？他們會不會把這個女孩子當作小偷抓下火車？或者，還沒有那麼簡單？如果這都是某個俄國神秘計劃的環節，龐德該怎麼辦？他該不該和女孩子在哪個小站下車，租一輛汽車再想法子搭飛機去倫敦？

車窗外，已經是破曉時分了。龐德看看錶。五點。火車繼續駛下去，還會有什麼事？凱林已經採取了什麼行動？如果他和凱林能在這段時間裏把那三名間諜甩掉，他們就留在車上，照原定計劃進行。如果不能，龐德就帶著女孩子和機器在希臘境內某個地方下車，走別的路回國。

撇開他一切推測不談，龐德冷靜地承認自己有一種狂熱的慾

that he had a mad desire to play this game out and see what it was all about. He wanted to solve the mystery. M. had left him in charge. He had both girl and machine. It would be mad to run away and perhaps only escape one trap to fall into another one.

The train gave a long whistle and began to slow down. It was a country station; dusty platform with a few chickens scratching and a few officials standing about, not even trying to look important. Across the platform from Bond was a closed door with POLICE over it. Through the dirty window Bond saw the huge head and shoulders of Kerim.

'Customs! Passports!'

A plain-clothes man and two policemen in dark green uniform, with guns in holsters, entered the corridor. The conductor went before them, knocking on doors.

At the door of number 12 the conductor made an angry speech in Turkish. The plain-clothes man, signalling to the two policemen, knocked at the door. It opened and they stepped inside. The two policemen stood guard behind him.

Bond slid down the corridor. He heard a mutter of bad German. The passport and ticket of Herr* Goldfarb were missing. Had he taken them from the conductor's cabin? Had he in truth ever surrendered his papers to the conductor? Naturally. Then the matter was unfortunate. Herr Goldfarb could not continue his journey until inquiries had been made. No doubt, if his papers were later found to be in order, he could continue his journey the next day.

The face of the Russian agent who rushed into the corridor was grey with fear. He was dressed only in the bottom half of his pyjamas. He brushed past Bond. At the door of number 6 he paused and pulled himself together. He knocked and was allowed in. There was silence, during which the conductor dealt with the papers of the couple in number 10, and then with Bond's. The officer hardly glanced at Bond's passport. 'You are travelling with Kerim Bey?' he said.

'Yes.'

'Have a good journey, sir.' He turned and knocked sharply

望，想把這場遊戲玩到底，看看到底是怎麼囘事。他想把這謎霧解破。M已經讓他全權處理。女孩子和機器都在他手中了。如果說要逃開，那眞瘋了，何況也許只是躲開這個陷阱，却又掉進另一個裏面。

火車長鳴了聲汽笛，慢了下來。這是個鄉下小站，滿是灰塵的月台上有幾隻小鷄在剔喙羽毛，四處站著幾名官員——連充充威風的架式也沒擺。隔著月台，龐德對面是一扇門，上書著「警察」。龐德望過髒髒的窗戶，看見凱林大大的腦袋和肩膀。

「海關！護照！」

一名便衣男人和兩個穿著深綠色制服，鎗袋裏揷著鎗的警員走上通廊。車掌走在他們前頭，每個房間敲門。

在十二號臥廂門口，車掌用土耳其話火氣冲冲地嚷了起來。便衣男人朝兩名警員比了個手勢，敲起房門。門打開，他們走了進去。兩名警員站在他身後護衞。

龐德沿著通廊偸偸地溜過去。他聽見有人咕噥著一口蹩脚的德語。哥法布先生的護照和車票不見了。他有沒有從車掌房間裏拿囘去？他到底有沒有 把證件交給車掌？當然有。那這件事就不妙了。哥法布先生在接受查問以前是沒法繼續他的旅程了。毫無疑問，如果以後發現他的證件都合規定，他可以在第二天再上路。

那個俄國間諜衝進通廊，他嚇得臉都白了。他身上只穿著下半截睡衣。他擦過龐德身邊。他在六號臥廂門口停了一下，抖擻起精神。他敲敲門，得准進去了。裏面靜悄悄的，這時候車掌查過十號臥廂那對夫妻的證件，再來就是龐德了。那名官員幾乎連瞄也沒瞄龐德的護照。「你和凱林大人一道旅行嗎？」他說。

「是的。」

「祝您旅途愉快，先生。」他轉過身，用力地敲起六號臥廂

at the door of number 6.

Five minutes later the door was thrown back. The plain-clothes man called to the policemen. He turned back to the man in the compartment. 'You are under arrest, sir. Attempting to bribe* an official is a serious crime.' There was an angry roar in Goldfarb's bad German. It was cut short by one hard sentence in Russian. A different Goldfarb, a Goldfarb with madman's eyes, walked blindly down the corridor and went into number 12. A policeman stood outside the door and waited.

'And your papers, sir.' The officer spoke to the other Russian. 'Come into the light. I must check this photograph.' His heavy face pale with anger, the man who called himself Benz stepped out into the corridor. The plain-clothes man shut the passport and handed it to the conductor. 'Your papers are in order, sir. And now, if you please, your baggage.' He went in, followed by the second policeman. The Russian turned his back on Bond and watched the search.

Bond noticed the outline of a gun under the left arm, and of a belt round the waist. He wondered if he should tell the plain-clothes man, and decided against it. He did not want to be called in as a witness.

The search was over. The plain-clothes man moved on down the corridor. The Russian went back into number 6 and banged the door behind him. One had got away.

Bond turned back to the window. A big man was being led through the door marked POLICE. He was joined by Goldfarb, between two policemen.

The engine whistled. Doors banged shut. The guard* at the back of the train held out his flag, and they were off. Bond looked out of the window at the two men, both under sentence of death* from their own people. Two down, one to go! He looked away towards the round golden sun. It was going to be a beautiful day. Bond drew his head in, out of the cool, sweet morning air. He pulled up the window with a bang. He had made up his mind. He was going to stay on the train and play this game to the end.

房門。

過了五分鐘，門用力拉了開來。那個便衣男人招呼了警員一聲。他又回頭望向車廂裏的那個人。「你被捕了，先生。企圖賄賂官員這個罪是很嚴重的。」哥法布以他那蹩脚的德語憤怒地咆哮起來。他吼了一半，被一句冷冷的俄國話截斷了。一個變了樣子的哥法布，一個眼睛瞪得像個瘋子的哥法布瞎了眼似地走過通廊，進了十二號臥廂。一名警員站在門外等著。

「還有你的證件，先生。」官員朝另外那個俄國人說道。「走到燈光下。我得查對這張照片。」那個自稱「賓玆」的男人踏進通廊，他那張陰沉的臉孔氣得發白。便衣男人闔上護照，交給車掌。「你的證件全合規定，先生。現在，你樂意的話——行李。」他走了進去，第二個警員跟在他身後。俄國人背對過龐德，守望他們搜查的情況。

龐德看出他的左臂下露出一把手鎗的輪廓，還有腰間圍了一圈東西。他考慮該不該告訴那個便衣男人，最後決定打消這個念頭。他不想當證人被傳證。

搜查完了。便衣男人沿著通廊走過去了。那個俄國人走回六號臥廂，砰然一聲把門帶上。解決一個了。

龐德回身走到窗口。一個大塊頭男人被帶進那扇寫著「警察」的門裏。哥法布夾在兩名警員中間也去和他作伴了。

汽笛響了。車門一個個碰地關上。火車後頭的車站站員伸出旗子，火車就開動了。龐德望向窗外那兩個人——兩個都被他們自已人判死刑了。解決了兩個，還有一個！他挪開視線，望向那輪金亮的太陽。這將是美好的一天。龐德從那涼爽、新鮮的清晨空氣中把頭縮回車廂裏。他砰然一聲拉起窗子。他已經下了決心。他要留在車上，把這場遊戲玩到底。

19 Out of Greece

Hot coffee from the station bar at Pithion*(there was no restaurant car until midday), a painless visit from the Greek customs and passport control,* and then the beds were folded away and the train hurried south. Outside, there was light and colour. The air was drier than in Turkey. The men in the stations and in the fields were handsome. It was, as Darko had said, another day.

There came a knock on the door of Bond's compartment. It was Darko Kerim. Bond let him in. Kerim bowed to Tatiana.

'What a charming domestic* scene,' he said. 'I have never seen a handsomer pair of spies.'

'I am not accustomed to Western jokes,' said Tatiana coldly. Kerim laughed.

'You'll learn, my dear. The English love jokes. They make a joke of everything. I have been laughing a lot this morning. Those poor men at the border! I fear that two of your comrades will come to a sad end, Mrs Somerset.'

'How did you do it?' asked Bond.

'Money and influence. Five hundred dollars to the conductor and some big talk to the police. It was lucky our friend tried to bribe that officer. A pity that cunning Benz next door didn't get mixed up in that. I couldn't do the passport trick twice. I'll have to get rid of him in some other way . . . Ah well, the day has started well. We won the first round, but our friend next door will be very careful now. Perhaps that is for the best. Now we can move about – even have lunch together, as long as you bring the family jewels with you.' He glanced at the Spektor. 'We must watch to see if Benz makes a telephone call. He will probably wait until we get into Yugoslavia, Greek telephones being what they are. But I have my own organization in Yugoslavia. We can get

十九、出希臘

火車到了匹狄恩站，他們點了車站速簡餐廳的熱咖啡（火車在中午以前沒有餐車）；希臘海關和查驗護照人員不關痛癢地來過一趟；接着床舖摺了回去，火車匆匆向南趕去。車外，有陽光，也有動人的景色。空氣要比土耳其乾燥些。車站上的人、田野間的人都很俊俏。正如達科所言，這是另外一個日子。

有人敲了敲龐德那間臥廂房門。是達科・凱林。龐德給他開了門。凱林朝塔夏娜鞠了一躬。

「好一個溫暖動人的小家庭，」他說。「我從沒見過這麼漂亮的一對間諜。」

「我不習慣西方人開的玩笑，」塔夏娜冷冷地說道。凱林笑出了聲音。

「妳就會學著習慣的，我的好姑娘。英國人喜歡開玩笑。他們什麼事都喜歡開玩笑。今天早晨我已經笑了一大堆了。邊界上那兩個可憐的傢伙！我恐怕妳那兩名同志的下場會很淒慘，沙摩西太太。」

「你是怎麼幹的？」龐德問道。

「金錢及勢力。送了車掌五百塊，又唬了唬警員。幸好咱們的老兄想賄賂那名官員。可惜那個狡滑的賓茲置身事外。我的護照把戲可不能玩上兩次。我得用別的法子甩掉他……啊，好了，好了，這一天已經有了很好的起頭。我們贏了第一回合，可是咱們隔壁那位朋友現在一定十分小心了。也許這樣再好不過。現在咱們可以到處走動走動——甚至可以一道用午餐，只要你們把那個家寶帶在身邊。」他瞄了一眼「史派托」。「咱們得注意看著賓茲有沒有打電話。他很可能會等進了南斯拉夫才打，希臘的電話是出了名的。不過我在南斯拉夫有自己的組織。如果需要的話，我們可以在當地獲得助力。這趟路眞是再過癮不過。每次搭東

help there if we need it. It should be a most interesting journey. There is always excitement on the Orient Express.

'I will call for you at lunchtime! Greek food is worse than Turkish, but even my stomach is in the service of the Queen!'

'That was not respectful, to talk of the Queen like that,' said Tatiana when he had left. 'In Russia such a thing is very bad manners.'

She and Bond were still arguing about this when the train stopped in the sun-baked, fly-filled station of Alexandropolis*. Bond opened the door of the corridor and the sun poured in, out of a sky the colour of the Greek flag.

They had lunch, with the heavy bag under the table between Bond's feet. The man called Benz avoided the restaurant car. They saw him on the platform buying food. Kerim suggested asking him to make a fourth at cards. Bond suddenly felt very tired. His tiredness made him feel that they were turning this desperate, dangerous journey into a picnic. Tatiana noticed his silence.

'He must rest,' she said, 'please excuse us, Mister Kerim.'

Back in the compartment, Tatiana drew the curtains and shut out the hard afternoon light. The compartment became like a green cave.

'Now sleep,' she said. Bond put the wedges under the doors and gave her his gun. Soon he was asleep.

It was getting dark when he woke. Tatiana looked down at him and said urgently, 'Darling, how long will this last?'

'A long, long time,' said Bond, still half asleep.

'But how long?'

Bond looked into the beautiful, worried eyes and chased* the sleep out of his mind. He tried to see beyond the next three days on the train, beyond their arrival in London. This girl was an enemy agent. The Service would want to find out everything she knew. Probably at Dover* they would take her to 'The Cage*', a comfortable, well-guarded private house. The men in plain clothes would come one by one and ask her polite questions, always with the hidden tape-recorders listening to every word. Where would Bond be when she had

方快車都刺激得很。

「吃午飯的時候我會來叫你們。希臘吃的東西比土耳其還要糟糕，不過我現在連肚子都在爲女王陛下效忠了！」

「他那個樣子提到女王陛下眞不莊重。」等他走了，塔夏娜說道。「在俄國的話，這樣非常沒有禮貌。」

就在她和龐德爲這一點在爭辯個沒完的當兒，火車在熱烘烘、到處都是蒼蠅的亞歷山大羅波利斯站停了下來。龐德打開通廊的門，陽光灑了進來，外面天空的顏色就和希臘的國旗色一樣。

他們吃了午餐——餐桌下，那個沉重的箱子夾在龐德雙腿之間。那個名叫賓玆的男人沒進餐車。他們看見他在月台上買吃的。凱林提議請他來湊一脚，四個人玩牌。突然，龐德覺得非常疲倦。他疲倦得開始覺得他們正把這趟拚命的，危險的旅途快變成郊遊一樣了。塔夏娜注意到他沉默下來。

「他得休息了，」她說道，「對不起，我們先告退了，凱林先生。」

回到臥廂裏，塔夏娜拉上窗帘，把午後炎熱的陽光擋在外面。臥廂好像變成了一個綠綠的洞穴。

「你睡吧，」她說。龐德在門底下塞了紙片，把自己的手鎗交給她。他很快就睡着了。

他醒來的時候，天就要黑了。塔夏娜低頭望着他，急切地說道，「親愛的，我們這樣還要繼續多久？」

「好久，好久，」龐德說道，他還沒完全醒過來。

「可是有多久呢？」

龐德深深地望向那對緊張的美眸，揮開心頭的睡意。他沒法想像在這火車上再過二天後的情景；等他們到達倫敦時的情景。這個女孩子是敵方的情報人員。情報局一定想探知她所知道的一切。他們很可能在多佛就把她帶去「籠子」——一棟守衛週密的舒適私宅。那些便衣人員會一個接着一個地去見她，彬彬有禮地問她些問題——他們身上都會藏著錄音機，把她每一句話都錄下來。等一切結束，她出來的時候，龐德會在什麼地方？也許在世

come out of it all? Perhaps on the other side of the world. And would she still love him, after going through all this?

'Darling,' repeated Tatiana, 'how long?'

'It depends on us. Many people will interfere. They will separate us. It will not be easy. It would be foolish to tell you anything else.'

Tatiana smiled down at him. 'You are right. I will not ask any more foolish questions. But we must not waste any more of these few days together.'

Later Kerim came to where Bond was standing in the corridor. 'Dinner time, James!' he said.

'All you think about is your stomach,' said Bond. 'What about our friend in number 6?'

'He has not moved. The conductor has been watching for me. That man will be the richest conductor on the line!' Kerim laughed. 'And now, have you found out anything more from your Russian princess? I still feel anxious. Everything is too peaceful. All is going well on our journey. And yet . . . and yet . . .' Kerim shook his head. 'The Russians are great chess players. They plan the game in every detail. At the back of my mind, I have a feeling that you and I and this girl are pieces in a very large chess game. We are being allowed to make our moves because they do not interfere with the Russian game.'

'But what are they trying to do?' said Bond. 'We've all smelt trouble, but what exactly is it all about? I know the girl's hiding something, but I think it's only some small secret that she doesn't think is important. She says she'll tell me everything when we get back to London. Everything? What does she mean? She only says that I must have faith – that there is no danger.' He paused and looked at Kerim. Kerim said nothing.

'I admit I love her. But I'm not a fool, Darko. I know she's telling the truth. If she's cheating, she's being cheated herself. But we still get back to the question: what is this all about? And all I ask is to go on with the game until I find out.'

Kerim smiled. 'If it was my choice, my friend, I would slip

界的另一頭。而她在經歷過那一切後，還仍然會愛他嗎？

「親愛的，」塔夏娜重複了一遍，「多久呢？」

「那要看我們了，會有很多人來干涉的。他們會把我們拆散。事情並不簡單。我再告訴妳什麼的話就是我笨了。」

塔夏娜低頭朝他微笑起來。「你說的對。我不會再問些笨問題的。可是我們相聚一起只有這麼短短幾天，絕不能再浪費下去了。」

過後，龐德站在通廊上，凱林走過來了。「吃晚飯的時候到了，詹姆斯！」他說道。

「你除了肚子就什麼都不記得了，」龐德說，「咱們六號房那位朋友如何？」

「他沒動彈。車掌一直在幫我監視著。那個傢伙將是這條路線上最富有的車掌了！」凱林哈哈笑了起來。「說眞的，你從你那位俄國公主身上有沒有再打聽出什麼？我還是覺得不妥。一切都太平得過份了。咱們這一路上一切都順利。可是……可是……」凱林搖搖頭。「俄國人是了不起的棋手。他們每一步棋都算計得非常仔細。我心底有一種感覺，覺得你、我和這個女孩子都是一場大棋局裏的棋子。我們得以自作活動，是因爲這些活動還沒有攪亂俄國人的棋局。」

「可是他們的企圖是什麼呢？」龐德說道。「我們都覺察到其中有麻煩，不過到底是什麼麻煩呢？我知道那個女孩子有隱瞞着的事情，可是我認爲那只是些她覺得不關緊要的小秘密。她說等我們回到倫敦後會全盤向我托出。全盤？她是什麼意思？她只是叫我要有信心——相信並沒有危險。」他停頓了一下，望望凱林。凱林什麼也沒說。

「我承認我愛她。可是我不是個傻瓜，達科。我相信她講的是實話。如果說她在騙我，那她自己也是被騙了。不過我們還是要回頭談那個問題：這到底都是爲了什麼？而我要的就是把這盤棋玩下去——玩到我發現底細。」

凱林微笑起來。「如果由我選擇的話，我的朋友，我會在薩

off the train at Salonika*– with the machine, certainly, and perhaps with the girl, though she is less important. I would take a hired car to Athens and get on the next plane for London. But, then, I do not "play the game". This is *not* a game to me. It is business. For you it is different. You want to know the answer to this puzzle. But I like to play safe, to make certain, to leave as little as possible to chance.' He paused. 'But you already know these things, my friend. And I have made myself thirsty talking to you. Let us go and eat. But watch for surprises!'

They finished dinner as the train pulled into Thessaloniki.* With Bond carrying the heavy little bag, they went back down the train and parted for the night. 'We shall soon be disturbed again,' warned Kerim. 'There is the border at one o'clock. If anyone annoys you, I am in the second compartment in the next car along. I have it to myself. Tomorrow I will move into my friend Goldfarb's bed in number 12.'

Tatiana again slept, while Bond sat awake and thought of what Kerim had said. It was not fair to drag him across Europe on an adventure with which he had little sympathy. Kerim clearly felt that Bond was doing the wrong thing. Well, there was some truth in that. It would certainly be safer to get off the train and take the plane home. But Bond admitted to himself that he hated the idea of running away. And M. had left the decision to him. M. too wanted to see what this whole game was all about. Bond dismissed* the problem. The journey was going well. Once again, why worry?

Ten minutes after they had arrived at the Greek border station of Eidomene,* there was a knock at the door. It was the conductor.

'Sir, sir! There has been an accident. Your friend Kerim Bey.'

'Wait,' said Bond fiercely. He put the Beretta in his holster and put on his coat. 'What is it?' he asked. The conductor's face was yellow under the corridor light. 'Come,' he said. He ran down the corridor towards the next car.

Bond reached the door and looked in. Along the right

羅尼加站溜下火車——當然，要帶着那架機器，也許也帶着女孩子，雖然她不關緊要多了。我會租一輛汽車去雅典，然後搭上就要起飛的班機去倫敦。不過，呵，我可不『玩那盤棋』。對我來說，這不是一盤棋。這是任務。對你來說，這又不同。你想知道這個謎團的解答。可是我寧願玩得安全、有把握、盡可能不要倚賴運氣。」他歇了口氣。「可是這些事情你已經都知道的，我的朋友。我和你講這麼一大堆嘴都乾了，咱們去吃飯吧。不過可要當心意外！」

火車駛進薩羅尼加車站的時候，他們吃完了晚飯。龐德帶着那個沉重的小箱子，他們在車上走了回來，接着就道晚安分手了。「不要多久，咱們就又得被吵一陣子了，」凱林預先通知了一聲。「一點鐘的時候就要到邊界了。如果有誰搗亂，我就在隔壁那節車廂的第二個包廂裏。我自己睡。明天，我會搬進十二號臥廂，咱們的朋友——哥法布的床舖。」

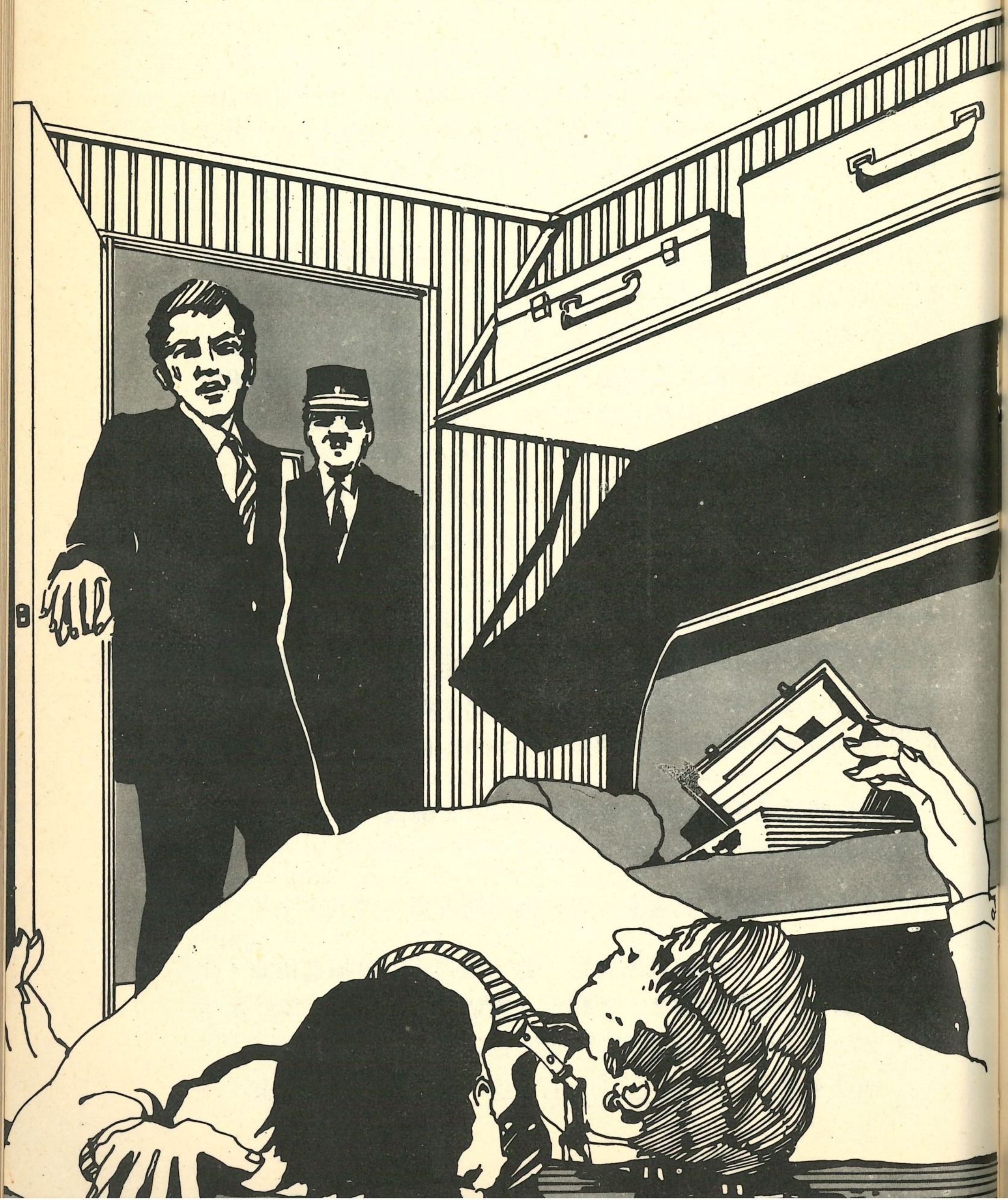
塔夏娜又睡了，龐德則醒著坐著，回想凱林剛才說的話。硬拖他橫越歐洲，冒一場他根本就不怎麼贊成的險，實在並不應該。凱林顯然覺得龐德是在做一件錯事。嗯，他說的話也有點道理。如果下了火車，搭飛機回國，確實比較安全些。不過龐德承認自己不願意臨陣脫逃。M已經讓他全權決定。M也想知道這盤棋到底在下的是什麼。龐德把這個問題拋到一邊。目前這趟路走得很順利。還是那句話，担什麼心？

在他們抵達希臘邊界伊都曼尼車站十分鐘後，有人敲了敲門。是那個車掌。

「先生，先生！發生意外了。你的朋友凱林大人。」

「等一下，」龐德厲聲說道。他把比列塔手鎗插進鎗套，穿上了外衣。「怎麼回事？」他問道。在通廊的灯光下，車掌的臉孔黃黃的。「來，」他說。他沿着通廊朝隔壁的車廂跑去。

龐德來到門口，望了進去。右手邊的座位上有兩具屍體——



hand seat were two bodies, frozen in a terrible death-struggle Underneath was Kerim. There was a knife in his neck. The empty eyes stared up at the night. Half on top of him was the heavy body of the man who had called himself Benz, with Kerim's knife in his back.

Bond could imagine how it had happened. Benz had tried to murder Kerim in his sleep. And Kerim, with his last dying breath, had killed Benz. This wonderful man, who had carried the sun with him, was now dead. Bond turned and walked out of sight of the man who had died for him.

在拚命的激烈爭鬪中僵住了。下面的是凱林。他的脖子上插着一把刀。空洞的眼睛往上瞪着夜空。斜壓在他身上的那具沉重屍首，是那個自稱賓玆的男人——凱林的刀子插在他背上。

龐德可以想像得到當時的情景。賓玆想趁凱林睡着的時候幹掉他。而凱林，以他垂死前最後一口氣，把賓玆殺死了。這個身邊帶着陽光的奇人，現在却死了。龐德轉身走開，遠離那個爲他送命的男人。

20 Out of Danger

The Orient Express came into Belgrade* at three o'clock in the afternoon. There would be an eight hours' delay while the other half of the train came in from Bulgaria. Bond looked out at the crowds and waited for the knock on the door from Kerim's man. Tatiana sat beside the door, watching Bond, wondering if he would come back to her.

Bond had come back from seeing Kerim, and had sat looking at her. He had asked sharp, hard questions. She had fought back, desperate, sticking to* her story, knowing that now, if she told him everything, she would certainly lose him. Now she sat and was afraid, afraid of the trap in which she was caught, afraid of what might be behind the lies they had told her in Moscow – above all afraid that she might lose this man who had suddenly become the light of her life.

There was a knock on the door. Bond got up and opened it. A tough, cheerful man, with Kerim's blue eyes in a brown face, came into the compartment. 'Stefan Trempo at your service,' he said with a big smile. 'Where is the Chief?'

'Sit down,' said Bond. He thought, I know it. This is another of Darko's sons.

The man looked sharply at them both. His smile was gone. The bright eyes stared at Bond with fear and suspicion.

When Bond had finished, the man stood up. He did not ask any questions. He said, 'Thank you, sir. Will you come to my flat, please? There is much to be done.' They walked down the platform and into the station square. Trempo led the way to an old car and opened the door for them. He took the wheel and they drove for a quarter of an hour through wide, empty streets.

They stopped halfway down a side street. Trempo led them up two flights of stairs and into a two-room flat. On a table stood a tray with bottles and plates of fruit and biscuits*

二十、脫險

下午三點的時候，東方快車駛進了貝爾格勒。火車在這裏要延誤八個小時，從保加利亞開來的另一半列車還沒到。龐德望向車外的人羣，等凱林的人來敲門。塔夏娜坐在門邊，一面望着龐德，一面不知道他還會不會再回到自已身邊。

龐德看了凱林回來後，就坐着看她。他冷冷地問了些嚴厲的問題。她竭力反駁，繼續堅持自己的說詞，她知道，如果這時把事情全都告訴他，那一定會失去他的。現在，她驚恐地坐着——害怕自己經陷入的陷阱；害怕他們在莫斯科告訴她的那些謊言背後的陰謀；最主要，她害怕自己會失去這個突然成爲她生命中亮光的男人。

有人敲了敲門。龐德起身把門打開。一個神采飛揚的粗壯男人——棕色臉龐上的藍眼睛就像凱林一樣——走進臥廂。「史提凡・川普聽候您差遣，」他咧着大嘴微笑起來。「我們當家的在哪裏？」

「你坐，」龐德說 。 他想：我知道了 。 這也是達科的兒子。

那個男人銳利地望望他們兩個。他的笑容不見了，一雙明亮的眼睛混雜着恐懼和猜疑瞪向龐德。

等龐德說完了，那個男人站了起來。他什麼問題也沒問。他說道，「謝謝您，先生。請兩位到我住的公寓去一趟好嗎？還有很多事要做。」他們沿着月台走下去，進了車站廣場。川普帶路走向一輛舊汽車，幫他們打開車門。他坐上駕駛座，他們在空曠的街道上開了有一刻鐘的車。

他們在一條巷子中間停了下來。川普帶他們走了兩層樓梯，進了一間兩房公寓。一張桌子上擺着張盤子，盤裏有好幾瓶酒，還有幾碟水果和餅乾——用來款待達科和達科的朋友。川普朝那

– the welcome to Darko and Darko's friends. Trempo waved towards the drinks. 'Please, sir, make yourself and Madam at home. There is a bathroom if you would like a bath. If you will excuse me, I must telephone!' The man's self-control was about to give way.* He turned and went quickly into the bedroom and shut the door behind him.

There followed two empty hours. For the first hour Tatiana pretended to look through a pile of magazines. Then she went into the bathroom and started running the water for a bath. Bond just looked out of the window.

At about six o'clock, Trempo came out of the bedroom.

'I must go out,' he said. 'There is food in the kitchen. I will return at nine and take you to the train. Please treat my flat as your own.'

Bond went into the bedroom, picked up the telephone and started talking in German to the long-distance exchange. Half an hour later there was M.'s quiet voice.

Bond spoke as a travelling salesman would speak to the managing director of a company.

'My partner is very sick, sir,' he said. 'Are there any new instructions?'

'Very sick?'

'Yes, sir. Very.'

'How about the other company?'

'There were three with us, sir. One of them caught the same disease. The other two didn't feel well on the way out of Turkey. They left us at the border.'

'What are your ideas? Would you and your wife like to take another way home?'

'I'd like you to decide, sir. My wife's all right. The sample is in good condition. I still want to finish this trip. Otherwise we'll never know what the possibilities of the area are.'

'Would you like one of our other salesmen to give you a hand?'

'Just as you like, sir.' Bond could imagine M.'s eyes glittering with the same curiosity as he himself felt.

'All right then. I'll think about sending another salesman

幾瓶酒擺了擺手。「請用，先生，希望您和夫人不必客氣。如果兩位想洗澡，這裏有浴室。兩位可以見諒的話，我得打電話才行了！」男人似乎難以控制自己了。他轉身快步走進臥房，隨手把門關上。

接下來的兩個小時無所事是。第一個小時裡，塔夏娜在佯裝翻閱一堆雜誌。然後她又走進浴室，開始放水準備洗澡。龐德則一直望着窗外。

大約六點的時候，川普從臥房裏走了出來。

「我得出去一趟，」他說。「厨房裏有吃的東西。我會在九點鐘的時候回來，帶兩位去火車站。請兩位把我這裏就當作自己的家吧。」

龐德走進臥房，拿起電話，以德語和長途台說起話了。半個小時後，電話裏傳來M平靜的聲音。

龐德以一個巡廻推銷員和公司的經理人員談話的口氣說了。

「經理，我的夥伴病得很重，」他說。「您有沒有什麼新的指示？」

「病得很重？」

「是的，經理。非常重。」

「和你在一起的另外那些人呢？」

「和我們在一起的有三個，經理。其中一個也得了同樣的病。另外兩個要出土耳其的時候覺得不怎麼舒服。他們在邊界和我們分手了。」

「你看該怎麼辦？你和你太太要不要走別的路回來？」

「我希望由您決定，經理。我內人一切沒問題。樣品也保存得很好。我還是想走完這趟路。不然我們就永遠不知道在這個地區推銷的可能性有多大了。」

「你可要咱們別的推銷員去助你一臂之力？」

「隨您決定吧，經理。」龐德可以想像得出M的眼睛閃動着，就像自己一樣滿懷好奇。

「那好了。我會考慮再派一名推銷員去助你一臂之力。」

to give you a hand.'

'Thank you, sir. Goodbye.'

'Goodbye.'

Bond put down the receiver. He sat and looked at it. He could certainly do with help, just in case. And the girl, what about her? Could he blame her for the death of Kerim? He knew he could not. If she was an agent, she was not conscious of this herself.

She came out of the bathroom, looking lovely with her pink cheeks and damp hair. 'I am glad you have come back, James,' she said. 'And now we must eat and drink and start our lives again.'

Later, after supper in the kitchen, Trempo came and took them to the station. He said goodbye, quickly and coldly, and disappeared down the platform. At nine o'clock exactly the new engine gave its new whistle. Bond went along to the conductor's cabin to look through the passports of the new passengers.

Bond knew most of the things to look for in false passports, but the five new ones – three American and two Swiss – seemed innocent. Bond went back to the compartment and prepared for another night without sleep.

Vinkovci.* Brod,* Zagreb* came and went. At Ljubljana,* the girl woke. They had breakfast in a restaurant car full of cheerful English and American tourists, fresh from their holidays on the Adriatic coast. Bond's heart lifted at the thought that by the afternoon they would be in western Europe, a third dangerous night over.

At Sezana,* the hard-faced Yugoslav plain-clothes men came aboard. Then Yugoslavia was behind them and they were in Italy.

We're safe, thought Bond. I really think we're safe. Tatiana saw the relief in his face. She reached over and took his hand. He moved and sat close beside her. They looked out at the sailing-boats on the Adriatic.

The train slid quietly into the gleaming station of Trieste.* Bond got up and pulled down the window. They stood side

「謝謝您，經理。再見。」

「再見。」

龐德放下話筒。他坐着望着電話。他當然可以獲得幫手——純粹預防萬一。而那個女孩子，她怎麼辦？他可以爲凱林之死怪罪她嗎？他知道不可以。如果她眞是個間諜，那她一定連自己都不知道。

她從浴室裏走了出來，臉頰紅紅的，頭髮濕濕的，看起來非常美麗。「眞高興你又回到我身邊，詹姆斯，」她說道。「現在我們得吃、喝些東西，重新開始過活了。」

過後，等他們在厨房裏吃過晚飯，川普回來把他們帶去車站。他冷冷地迅速道過別，接著就消失在月台上了。九點整的時候，新接上的火車頭鳴起新汽笛。龐德走去車掌的房間，檢查新上車的乘客護照。

檢查假護照的招數龐德幾乎都知道，可是新上車的這五個人——三名美國人，兩名瑞士人——似乎並沒問題。龐德走回臥廂，準備再睜著眼睛過一夜。

維康夫奇，布羅特，札格拉布站都到了又過了。火車到了盧布拉納，女孩子醒了。他們在餐車裏吃了早飯，餐車裏滿是興高采烈的英國和美國觀光客，他們剛從亞得里亞海邊渡完假。龐德想到又渡過了第三天危險的夜晚，下午他們就可以進入西歐，只覺整個人輕鬆起來。

在西札那，臉色陰沉的南斯拉夫便衣人員上了火車。接着，南斯拉夫就在他們身後，他們進了義大利了。

我們安全了，龐德想。我眞認爲我們安全了。塔夏娜從他的臉色看出他鬆了一口氣。她伸手過去握住他的手。他挪過來，緊靠着她坐下。他們望向車外亞得里亞海上的帆船。

火車平穩地滑進的里雅斯特閃亮的車站。龐德起身把窗子拉下。他倆併肩站在一起，向外望去。龐德突然覺得高興起來。陽

by side looking out. Suddenly Bond felt happy. They looked out at the holiday crowd. The sun shone through the tall clean windows of the station, on the sun-burned, happy people.

A ray of sun lit up the head of one man in this happy, playtime* world. The light flashed on golden hair under a cap. It crossed Bond's mind that the man was an Englishman. Perhaps it was the familiar shape of the dark green cap, or the old raincoat, that mark of the English tourist.* It may have been the grey trousers or the old brown shoes. But Bond's eyes felt drawn to the man as if to someone he knew.

The man came nearer. Now he was looking at Bond. Was it recognition? Bond searched his mind. Did he know this man? No. He would have remembered those eyes that stared out so coldly under the pale lashes, like the eyes of a drowned man. But they had some message in them. What was it? Recognition? Warning? Bond watched the man reach for the rail* and swing himself easily up the steps into the first-class car next to his.

Suddenly Bond knew what the glance had meant, who the man was. Of course! This was an agent! After all, M. had decided to send him along. That was the message in those strange eyes. Bond felt sure that the man would soon come along and introduce himself. How like M. to make absolutely sure!

To help him to get in touch, Bond waited for the man in the corridor. He ran over* the details of the code of the day. These few harmless phrases were changed on the first of each month. They were a simple recognition signal between agents.

The train moved slowly out into the sunshine.

'Excuse me, could I borrow a match?'

'I use a lighter.' Bond produced his.

'Better still.'

'Until they go wrong.'

Bond looked up into the man's face, expecting a smile. The lips smiled, but there was no light in the very pale blue eyes.

光透過車站高高的潔淨窗戶，灑落在那些曬黑了的快樂人們身上。

在這歡樂、嬉戲的天地裏，一道陽光照亮了一個男人的頭。陽光在一頂圓帽下的金亮頭髮上閃動着。龐德馬上就覺出這是個英國人。也許是因爲那頂常見的深綠色圓帽，或者是因爲那身老舊的雨衣——英國觀光客的標誌。也可能是因爲那條灰褲子或是棕色的舊皮鞋。龐德的眼光情不自禁地向那人望去，就好像是去看一個舊識一樣。

那個男人走得近些了。這時他正望着龐德。這個人認識他嗎？龐德仔細想了一遍。他認識這個人嗎？不認識。如果他以前見過那雙在朦朧的睫毛下冷冷地望出來的眼睛——就像是喝醉了的人的眼睛——他不會忘記的。可是這雙眼睛裏蘊含著某種意味。是什麼意味？表示認識？表示警告？龐德望着那人伸手抓住扶手，輕鬆躍上車廂門階，進了他這一節車廂隔壁的頭等車廂。

突然，龐德知道他那一眼是什麼意思了，知道這個人是誰了。沒錯！這是個情報員！M畢竟決定派他來了。那雙奇異的眼神意味的就是這個了。龐德確信那個人一定很快就會過來自我介紹了。這麼事事求實，眞是M本色！

爲了幫助那人和自己聯絡上，龐德到通廊上去等他了。他仔細地回想了一遍當天該使用的暗語。這幾句不經意的話是在每月一號用來交談的。這些話是情報員之間一種簡單的辯認信號。

火車緩緩地駛進陽光中。

「對不起，借根火柴好嗎？」

「我用打火機。」龐德拿出他的打火機。

「更好了。」

「除非出了毛病。」

龐德仰頭望向那人臉孔，意料會有一個微笑。那人的嘴唇微微咧了一個笑容，可是那淺藍的眼睛却沒有笑意。

The man had taken off his rain-coat. He was wearing an old wool coat with the grey trousers. His tie had the dark blue and red stripes* of the Royal Engineers. On his left wrist there was an old silver watch on a worn leather strap.

Bond knew the type of man he must be – war service, then security work in a small way. At the small station in Trieste he would be doing simple tasks. A good life, without much being expected from him. Then, out of the blue, this had come along. It must have been a shock, getting one of M.'s Most Immediate signals.

I expect he's shy, thought Bond. Odd face, though.* The eyes look rather mad. Oh, well, you have to be a bit mad to be in our job! Powerful man, probably on the stupid side, but useful for this kind of guard work.

All this went through Bond's mind. Now he said, 'Glad to see you. How did it happen?'

'I got a signal late last night. Personal from M. It shook me, I can tell you, old man.*'

Strange accent, thought Bond. What is it? A hint of Irish, and not educated Irish at that. Oh well, it probably comes of living abroad and talking foreign languages all the time . . . And that dreadful 'old man' at the end. Just shyness.

'I'm sure it did,' said Bond sympathetically. 'What did it say?'

'Just told me to get on the train and meet you, and stay with you to Paris. That's all, old man.'

Bond glanced at him. The pale eyes turned to meet his. There was a quick red light in them. Then the light died and the eyes were pale again – the eyes of a man who rarely looks out into the world but is for ever looking inside himself.

'Well, I'm very glad to have you with me. There probably won't be much for you to do. We started off with three Redland men after us. We've got rid of them, but there may be others on the train, or more might get on. Tonight we'd better stay together and take it in turns to stay awake. I don't want to take any chances. By the way, my name's

男人脫掉了雨衣。他穿着一件舊毛料外套和灰褲子。他繫著深藍色領帶，上有「皇家工程師」的紅色山形徽章。他的左手腕上戴着一隻破舊的皮錶帶老銀錶。

龐德很清楚他是哪一類人了——服過戰役，接着担任小規模的情報工作。在的里雅斯特這個小站，他的工作一定很單純。生活優閒，沒期望多大作爲。接着，出人意料地，來了這麼一件任務。他接到M的「最急件」指令，衝擊一定很大。

我想他很靦腆，龐德想。可是臉孔也很怪異。他的眼神看來有點瘋狂。噢，好，你要牽扯進我們的任務，得瘋狂點才行！孔武有力的傢伙——可能還說得上愚笨——不過來担當這種護衛工作很有用。

龐德心裏想了這麼一大堆事。現在他說了，「很高興見到你。是怎麼來着？」

「昨晚深夜我收到一份指令。是M個人拍來的。我可以告訴你，我很吃驚，老闆。」

腔調好怪，龐德想。是什麼腔調？有點像愛爾蘭人——並且聽來像是沒受過教育的愛爾蘭人。嗯，這很可能是因爲他一直住在國外，講外國話的關係……最後還來那麼句嚇人的「老闆」。靦腆就是靦腆。

「我想也是，」龐德善解人意地說道。「指令說什麼？」

「只是叫我上火車來見你，然後陪你到巴黎。再沒有了，老闆。」

龐德望了他一眼。那雙淺藍色的眼睛迎了過來。眼中很快地閃過一抹紅光。接着紅光消失，眼睛依然那麼淺藍了——這是個很少望向外面世界，一直注意自己的人的眼睛。

「好吧，有你陪着，我眞非常高興。你要做的事可能並沒多少。我們上車的時候，後面跟了三個『紅國』的人。我們已經把他們甩掉了，不過車上還有別的人，或者可能還有更多的人要上車。今晚咱們最好守在一起，輪流睡覺休息。我絕不想碰運氣。順便提一下，我名叫詹姆斯•龐德，現在用的名字是『大衞•沙

James Bond, travelling as David Somerset.'

The man reached in his inside pocket and produced* a visiting card.* It said, 'Captain Norman Nash.'

'Thanks,' said Bond. 'Well, Nash, come and meet Mrs Somerset.' He smiled pleasantly at this odd, shy man.

Again the red light. 'Delighted, old man.' Bond turned to the door and knocked softly and spoke his name.

'This is Captain Nash,' he told her. 'He's here to keep an eye on us.*'

'How do you do. Won't you sit down?'

'Er, thank you.' Nash sat down stiffly on the edge of the seat.

Bond wondered how to help this clumsy, shy man who was so clearly not quite a gentleman. He said weakly, 'You look very fit, Nash. Tennis?'

'Swimming.'

'Have you been long in Trieste?'

'About three years.' Again the quick red light.

'Interesting work?'

'Sometimes. You know how it is, old man.'

Bond wondered how he could stop Nash calling him 'Old man'. He could not think of a way. Silence fell.

Nash clearly felt it was his turn again. He produced a newspaper cutting* from his pocket. It was the front page of an Italian newspaper. He handed it to Bond. 'Seen this, old man?'

The Russian office in Istanbul had been blown up. Everyone there had been killed. Bond handed the cutting back. How much did this man know? Better to play safe.

'Bad luck,' he said. 'Gas, I suppose.' Bond saw again the bomb hanging down from the roof of that arch. Who had pressed the button on Kerim's desk yesterday afternoon at Trempo's orders? Had Kerim's children stood round and watched the hand on the button, with eyes that glittered with hate? The tears would be reserved for the night. Revenge would come first.

Nash was looking at him. 'Yes, I suppose it was gas,' he

摩西』。」

男人伸手探進衣服裏面的口袋，拿了張名片出來。上面寫着，「諾曼・納許上尉」。

「多謝，」龐德說道。「嗯，納許，來見見沙摩西太太吧。」他朝着這個腼腆的怪人愉快地微笑起來。

紅光又一閃而過。「樂意之極，老闆。」龐德轉向門邊，輕輕地敲敲門，說出自己的名字。

「這位是納許上尉，」他告訴她。「他來照顧我們。」

「你好。請坐下來談吧？」

「呃，謝謝妳。」納許在座椅邊上生硬地坐下。

龐德摸不清該怎麼幫助這個笨拙又怕羞的男人——顯而易見，他並不是個教養很好的人。他勉強地說道，「你看起來非常結實嘛，納許。打網球嗎？」

「游泳。」

「你在的里雅斯特多久了？」

「差不多三年。」紅光很快地又一閃而過。

「工作有意思嗎？」

「偶爾。你該很清楚的，老闆。」

龐德搞不懂他該怎麼叫納許不要再稱呼他「老闆」才好。他想不出點子。大家沉默下來。

納許顯然覺得又該輪到他了。他從口袋裏拿出一張剪報。那是一份義大利報紙的頭版。他交給了龐德。「看過嗎？老闆？」

蘇俄在伊斯坦堡的辦事處被炸了。沒有一個人倖免。龐德把剪報還給他。這個人知道多少？還是小心爲妙。

「倒霉，」他說。「瓦斯吧，我猜。」龐德眼前又浮起炸彈從那個拱洞頂上吊下來的光景。昨天下午，在川普的指示下，是誰按了凱林書桌上的按鈕？凱林的子女是不是都站在四周，以閃動着憎恨的眼光守視那隻手按下按鈕？他們的眼淚一定都留到晚上再流。報仇是當務之急。

said without interest.

Bond looked at Tatiana. 'What about lunch?' he said. 'What about you, Nash?'

'I've had it, thanks, old man. I'll go and look around . . . you know.' He went off down the corridor, the light blazing on the tight golden curls at the back of his head.

In the restaurant car, Bond ordered wine. Tatiana looked more cheerful.

'Odd man, Nash,' said Bond. 'But he'll give me a chance to get some sleep.'

'I do not like him,' the girl said. 'I do not trust his eyes. Did you know him before?'

'No. But he's one of our men.'

'I do not like his name. *Nash*. In Russian that means *ours*. In our Services, a man is *nash* when he is one of 'ours'. He is *svoi* when he is one of the enemy. And this man calls himself Nash. That is not pleasant.'

'Really, Tania, Nash is quite a common English name.' Tatiana made a face and went on with her lunch.

Padua* came, and Vicenza*, and the sunset blazed red and gold over Verona*. Time for dinner. Nash met Bond in the corridor.

'I think I've seen one of the enemy, old man.'

'Who is he?' Bond was not surprised.

'I don't know his real name, but I've seen him in Trieste. He's on an American passport. "Wilbur Frank". In number 9, next to you.'

Bond glanced at the eyes in the big brown face. They were red again.

'Thanks. This may be a tough night. You'd better stay with us from now on. We mustn't leave the girl alone.'

'That's what I thought, old man.'

The conductor came along the corridor, announcing dinner. 'Come and join us, Nash,' said Bond. 'I'm sure we feel safer with you around.'

納許在望着他。「是的，我猜是瓦斯，」他漠不關心地說道。

龐德望向塔夏娜。「吃午飯吧？」他說。「你呢，納許？」

「我吃過了，多謝，老闆。我出去溜達溜達……你也知道。」他沿着通廊走了，他腦後整齊的金黃鬈髮在陽光下閃動着耀目的光亮。

進了餐車，龐德叫酒了。塔夏娜的神情也開朗多了。

「怪人，納許，」龐德說道。「不過他可以給我睡覺的機會。」

「我不喜歡他，」女孩子說道。「我不相信他的眼神。你以前就認識他嗎？」

「不認識。可是他是我們的人員。」

「我不喜歡他的名字。納許。這個字眼以俄文來說是『自己人』。在我們的情報局裏，一個人如果是『自己人』，他就是納許。如果是敵人，他就是史伏依。而這個人竟說他自己叫『納許』。這叫人心裏有好大一個疙瘩。」

「妳眞是，塔夏娜，『納許』只是個非常普遍的英國姓而已。」塔夏娜扮了個鬼臉，回頭吃午餐了。

巴多瓦到了，接着是維承薩，然後是耀目的金紅色夕陽下的威羅那。吃晚飯的時候到了。納許在通廊裏和龐德碰了頭。

「我想我看見一名敵人了，老闆。」

「是誰？」龐德沒有吃驚。

「我不知道他的眞名，可是我在的里雅斯特見過他。他用的是美國護照。『威伯・法蘭克』。住九號臥廂，就在你隔壁。」

龐德望了一眼那張大棕臉上的眼睛。眼睛又紅了起來。

「多謝。這個晚上可難挨了。你最好從現在起就和我們在一起。我們絕不能把女孩子放單。」

「我也是這麼想，老闆。」

車掌沿着通廊走了過來，通知大家吃晚餐的時間到了。「和我們一道走吧，納許，」龐德說。「我相信有你在一起，我們會覺得安全一些。」

21 War and Peace

Dinner was a silent meal. Nash sat beside the girl and kept his eyes on his plate. His table manners were less than graceful. Halfway through the meal he reached for the salt and knocked over Tatiana's glass of wine. He made a great show of calling for another glass and filling it.

Coffee came. Now it was Tatiana who was clumsy. She knocked over her cup. She was very pale and breathing fast.

'Tatiana!' Bond rose to his feet. But Captain Nash jumped up and took charge. 'She feels faint,' he said shortly. 'Allow me. I'll take her back to the compartment. You look after the bag and pay the bill.'

Bond called for the waiter. Poor Tatiana, he thought. She must be tired out. Thank heavens for Nash. Useful man, in spite of his lack of manners.

Bond paid the bill, took up the heavy little bag, and knocked softly on the door of number 7. Nash opened it. 'She's fainted,' he said. 'The beds were made up, so I put her in the top one. She's asleep. I suppose all this has been too much for her, old man.'

Bond nodded. Tatiana was very pale, and her hands were cold. Better let her sleep.

Nash looked at him with empty eyes. 'Well, let's settle down for the night. I've got my book.' He showed it. *War and Peace*. 'I've been trying to read it for years. You take the first sleep, old man. You look tired out. I'll wake you up when I can't keep my eyes open any longer.' He looked towards number 9. 'No sign of him yet.' He paused. 'Have you got a gun, old man?'

'Yes. Why, haven't you?'

Nash looked sorry. 'I'm afraid not. Mine's at home – too heavy for this sort of job.'

'You'd better take mine.' Bond hated handing over his

二十一、戰爭與和平

他們這一頓晚餐吃得很沉默，納許坐在女孩子身旁，眼睛一直沒有離開碟子，他的餐桌禮儀談不上優雅。晚飯吃到一半的時候，他伸手去拿鹽巴，把塔夏娜的酒杯打翻了。他露了了不起的一手——叫人換過杯子，倒滿酒。

咖啡來了。這次是塔夏娜笨手笨脚了。她弄翻了杯子。她臉色蒼白，氣喘得很急。

「塔夏娜！」龐德站了起來。不過納許上尉跳起來自告奮勇了。「她頭昏，」他簡單地說道。「讓我來。我帶她回臥廂。你看箱子，付帳吧。」

龐德招呼了侍者。可憐的塔夏娜，他想。她一定是累倒了。多謝老天派了個納許來。雖然沒有禮貌，到底還很管用。

龐德付了帳，拿著那個沉重的小箱子，輕輕地敲了敲七號臥廂門。納許開了門。「她昏昏沉沉的，」他說。「床舖都舖好了，我把她放在上舖。她睡著了。我想這一陣叫她太吃不消了，老闆。」

龐德點點頭。塔夏娜臉色非常蒼白，手冰涼的。最好讓她睡一覺。

納許以空洞的眼神望著他。「好吧，咱們就好好準備過夜吧。我身邊帶著書。」他拿了出來。戰爭與和平。「我已經想看了好幾年。你先睡吧，老闆。你看起來累垮了。等我眼睛沒法睜下去的時候，我就把你叫醒。」他朝九號臥廂那邊望去。「他還沒露面。」他頓了一下。「你有鎗嗎？老闆？」

「有。怎麼，你沒帶嗎？」

納許的表情很愧咎。「我恐怕沒帶。我的留在家裏——幹這類工作我那一支太重了。」

「你最好用我的吧。」龐德很不樂意把自己的鎗交給別人。

gun. Nash took it and sat down on the seat. 'I'll take this end,' he whispered. He settled down with *War and Peace* on his knee.

Bond took off his coat and tie and lay down and tried to read. He was too tired. Could he afford to sleep? The wedges! Bond felt for them in his pocket. He got up and slipped them under the doors. Then he lay down again and switched off the reading lamp.

The blue light of the night-light shone softly down.

'Thanks, old man,' said Captain Nash. The train gave a low whistle and crashed into a tunnel.

The light touch at his ankle woke Bond. He was awake at once, like an animal. Nothing had changed. The noises of the train were the same as ever. What had woken him? The night-light shone as softly as ever. Tatiana was still asleep. By the window Captain Nash sat, his book open on his knee. He was looking hard at Bond.

'Sorry to disturb you, old man. I feel like a talk!'

A new note in the voice warned Bond that something was wrong. Danger, like a third man, was standing in the room.

'Fine,' said Bond easily. But the note of authority in Nash's voice worried him. Was he mad? If so, he must be got rid of at the next station.

Bond lifted his wrist to look at the time. From Nash's direction came a sharp click. Bond felt a violent blow on his wrist. The watch broke into small pieces. He wondered if his wrist was broken. But the fingers all moved when he tried them.

War and Peace was still open on Nash's knee, but now a thin line of smoke was coming out of it. Bond's mouth went dry. So it was a trap, all the time! Captain Nash had been sent by Moscow, not by M. And the Russian agent in number 9 did not exist. And Bond had given Nash his gun! He had even put wedges under the doors so that Nash would feel safer. Bond was disgusted with himself.

'That was just a sample, old man,' said Nash. 'You must admit the Russians do these things very well. Too bad that book of yours is only for reading, old man.'

納許接過，在座椅上坐下。「我要把這本書看完，」他悄聲說了一句。他開始專注地看起放在膝頭上的戰爭與和平了。

龐德脫掉外套和領帶，躺下來想看點書。他太累了。他睡這一覺也沒關係嗎？三角木片！龐德在口袋裏摸索出來。他站起來，把紙片塞進門底下。然後他又躺下，關掉床頭燈了。

夜明燈的藍色燈光輕輕地灑落下來。

「多謝，老闆，」納許上尉說道。汽笛低鳴了一聲，火車轟隆隆地衝進一條隧道。

什麼東西輕輕碰了龐德脚踝一下，把龐德弄醒了。他就像一頭野獸一樣，馬上清醒了。什麼變動也沒有。火車的聲音還是那麼吵人。是什麼把他弄醒了？夜明燈還是那麼輕柔地照着。塔夏娜仍然在睡著。納許上尉坐在窗邊，書放在膝頭上。他正冷冷地望着龐德。

「抱歉把你弄醒，老闆。我想和你說說話！」

他說話語氣和剛才不同，龐德警覺到有什麼不對勁了。危機就像是個第三者，站在房間裏。

「好啊，」龐德輕鬆地說道。可是納許話聲裏那一抹權威的語氣使他很不安。他瘋了嗎？如果眞的瘋了，下一站就得把他甩掉。

龐德抬起手錶要看看時間。納許那邊傳來一聲尖銳的咔嗒聲響。龐德覺得手腕上挨了重重一擊。手錶破得碎碎片片。他不知道自己的手腕有沒有斷掉。可是當他試一試時，手指還都會動。

戰爭與和平仍然在納許的膝頭上打開着，不過這時有一縷細煙從書裏面冒出來。龐德的嘴乾乾的。這果然是一個陷阱——從頭到尾！納許是莫斯科派來的，不是M派的。而九號臥廂的那個俄國情報員根本就不存在。龐德還把自己的手鎗給了納許！他甚至還在門底下放了三角木片，讓納許覺得安全些。龐德嫌惡起自己來

「這只是叫你知道厲害，老闆，」納許說道，「你不能不承認俄國人辦這種事非常俐落。不幸你們的書本除了看之外就沒有

'Will you please stop calling me "old man"!'

'Sorry, old man. It's a habit. Part of trying to be a gentleman. Like these clothes. They said I'd be all right in them. And I was, wasn't I, old man?

'But let's get to business. We've got about half an hour before I kill you. You see, Mister James Bond, you're not as clever as you think. You're going to die in half an hour or I wouldn't have my job.'

'What *is* your job? (How could he, Bond, upset this man's balance?)

'Chief Executioner of SMERSH.' There was a hint of interest in the voice, then it went flat again.

SMERSH. So that was the answer. And this was their chief killer. Bond remembered the red light behind the pale eyes. A killer, a madman. 'Does the moon have any effect on you, Nash?' he asked.

'Clever aren't you? You think I'm crazy. Don't worry. I wouldn't be where I am if I was crazy.'

The voice was angry. Bond had touched a sore spot.* Better not get him out of control. Perhaps Tatiana . . .

'Where does the girl fit into* all this?'

'She was the bait. Don't worry, she can't hear us. I put something in her wine. She'll be dead* to the world* tonight. And any other night. I'm going to kill her too.'

'Oh, really.' Bond lifted his aching hand onto his knee, massaging the fingers to get the blood moving. 'Well, let's hear the story.'

'Careful, old man. No tricks. If you move, you'll get a bullet through the heart. And don't forget who I am. I never miss.'

'Good for you' said Bond carelessly. 'But don't be frightened. After all, you've got my gun. Get on with your story.'

'All right, old man. Well, SMERSH decided to kill you, to hit at the Secret Service.'

'Why choose *me*?'

'Don't ask me, old man. But this plan's been cooking for three months and it's a beauty. You see, old man, we've got a

別的用了，老闆。」

「請你別再叫我『老闆』好不好！」

「對不起，老闆。這是我的習慣。是我想當紳士所作的努力之一。就像這些衣服一樣。他們說我穿著一定很合適。的確是，不是嗎？老闆？

「咱們還是談正經的吧。在我殺你之前，咱們還有半個小時的時間。你知道，詹姆斯．龐德先生，你並不像自以爲的那麼聰明。半小時內你就要死了，不然我就要被革職了。」

「你的職位是什麼？」（他——龐德——怎麼才能搗亂這個人的心情？）

「『史莫希』首席死刑執行者。」他的口氣帶着一點好玩的意味，接着又生硬起來。

「史莫希」。果然這就是答案。而這個人是他們的頭號殺手。龐德想起那雙淺藍色眼睛裏閃現的紅光。一個殺手，一個瘋子。「月亮對你是不是有什麼影響？納許？」他問道。

「你這可不是很聰明嗎？你以爲我瘋了。別緊張。如果我是瘋子，就不會爬到今天這個地位了。」

說話的聲音火大了。龐德觸到痛處了。最好還是別惹他發狂。也許，塔夏娜……

「那個女孩子在這件事裏扮演的是什麼角色？」

「她是誘餌。別緊張，她聽不見咱們說的話。我在她的酒裏下了點東西。她今天晚上可是人事不省。別的晚上也一樣。我也要把她殺掉。」

「噢，眞的。」龐德抬起那隻疼痛的手，放在膝蓋上，一面按摩手指頭，讓血液循環流通。「好吧，就聽聽你的故事吧。」

「小心點，老闆。別耍把戲。你一動，心臟就要穿過一顆子彈了。別忘了我是什麼人。我不失手的。」

「那不錯，」龐德漫不經心說道。「不過你不必嚇着。再怎麼說，我的鎗在你手裏。你說你的故事吧。」

「好，老闆。嗯，『史莫希』決定殺你——以打擊『英國情

planner in SMERSH. A man called Kronsteen, a great chess player. He said your pride, and a touch of craziness in the plan, would catch you. And you took the bait, didn't you, old man?'

Bond thought how right he was. They had all fallen for* that crazy story. And pride? Yes, the idea of the Russian girl in love with him had appealed* to that. And then the Spektor . . .

'Then came the operation itself. Our Head of Executions is quite a character.* Rosa Klebb. Horrible woman, but she knows her job.'

Rosa Klebb. If only he, Bond, could live to get after her! The fingers of his right hand curled softly. The flat voice went on: 'Well, she found that girl, trained her for the job.'

No! Bond didn't believe it. He took the opportunity to move his shoulders, to get the man accustomed to movement.

'They got some nice pictures of you two,' Nash went on. 'That's going into the girl's bag. It'll look good in the papers.' Nash laughed.

The change of rooms at the hotel. The big mirror behind the bed – Bond's hands were wet with sweat. He wiped them on his trousers.

'Steady, old man. I told you not to move, remember?'

Bond put his hands back on the book on his knee. How far could he develop these small movements? 'Get on with the story,' he said. 'Did the girl know about these pictures? Did she know SMERSH was in all this?'

'She didn't know about the pictures. Rosa didn't trust her. But she knew she was working for SMERSH. She was told she had to go to London and do a bit of spying there.'

The silly girl, thought Bond. Why hadn't she told him? She had always said she would tell him everything when they reached England. That he must have faith. Oh well. Poor child. She had been cheated too. But any hint would have been enough – even have saved Kerim's life.

'Then we had to get rid of that Turk. I suppose it was his men who blew up the Centre in Istanbul . . . Well, my end of

報局』。」

「爲什麼挑上我了呢？」

「別問我，老闆。不過這個計劃已經着手三個月了，的確漂亮。你也知道，老闆，我們『史莫希』裏有一名策劃人。這個人名叫克隆斯丁，是名了不起的棋手。他說藉着你的自傲——再在計劃裏加進一點瘋狂的成分——就會叫你入網的。而你也眞正上鈎了。不是嗎？老闆。」

龐德想他講的一點沒錯。他們全都被那個瘋狂的故事騙倒了。而自傲呢？是的，這個俄國女孩子愛上他的想法就和這一點相呼應。還有那架『史派托』……

「再來就是行動本身了。我們的執行主任實在是個奇人。羅莎·克列布。那個女人很可怕，可是辦起事來在行得很。」

羅莎·克列布。他——龐德——如果能活着逮到她有多好！他右手手指輕輕地握了起來。那個死板的聲音繼續說道：「總而言之，她找到那個女孩子，訓練她幹這件任務。」

不！龐德不相信。他把握機會動了動肩膀，以便叫這個男人習慣這個動作。

「他們給你們兩個拍了些精彩的照片，」納許接道。「那些照片就要進這個女孩子的箱子了。等報紙登出來的時候一定很好看。」納許吃吃笑了起來。

旅社房間的變動。床後頭那張大鏡子——龐德的手汗漬漬的。他在褲子上擦了擦手。

「穩着些，老闆。我告訴過你不要亂動，忘了嗎？」

龐德兩手又放回膝蓋上的書本。他這樣一點點動彈，頂多能動彈多少？「說你的故事吧，」他說。「女孩子知道這些照片的事嗎？她知道這件事從頭到尾都有『史莫希』在內嗎？」

「她不知道那些照片的事。羅莎並不相信她。不過她知道她是在爲『史莫希』做事。她知道自己得到倫敦去，在那裏打聽一點東西。」

這個蠢丫頭，龐德想。她爲什不告訴他呢？她總是說等他們

the job's going to be easy. In twenty minutes we go through the Simplon tunnel.* One bullet for you, as we go in. Just one in the heart. Then one for her in the back of the neck with *your* gun – and out of the window she goes. Then one more for you in the heart with your gun. You killed yourself, you see. They'll find the film in the girl's bag and in your pocket will be a long love letter, threatening to give the film to the newspapers unless you marry her. Saying you promised to marry her if she stole the Spektor . . .

'By the way, old man, the Spektor's a trap too. As soon as your code experts start playing with it, it'll blow them up,' He laughed. 'They'll find the other bullet later. Then there'll be even more mystery for the papers – as if they hadn't enough already! Old man, the story's got everything. Orient Express. Beautiful Russian spy. Secret code machine. Handsome British spy murders her then shoots himself . . . what a blow for your famous Secret Service! Old man, this story is going to be the story of the century!'

Yes, thought Bond. He's right about that. And the Spektor! How many Western code experts will it kill? I must let them know. But how?

The top of *War and Peace* stared at him. With his eyes Bond checked the position of his leather case on the floor, worked out exactly what Nash would do . . .

'How did you know the code of the month?' he asked Nash.

Nash said patiently, 'Old man, SMERSH is *good* – really good. We know the code of the month for every year. Every January we catch one of your small men – maybe in Tokyo, maybe Timbuctoo.* SMERSH just takes someone and gets the code out of him. Easy as can be.'

Bond dug his nails into his palms.

'As for picking you up in Trieste – I didn't. I rode down with you in the front of the train. I got out as we stopped, and walked back up the platform.' Nash stopped and took another glance at his watch. 'Pretty soon, old man. Fifteen minutes to go.'

到了英國後會把所有的事都講給他聽。說他一定得相信她。噢，這可好了。可憐的孩子。她也被騙了。可是她多少有一點暗示就夠了——甚至凱林也不會送命了。

「然後我們得幹掉那個土耳其佬。我想是他的手下把我們在伊斯坦堡的據點炸掉的……總之，我來結束這件任務是很輕鬆的。再過不了二十分鐘，我們就要穿過辛普倫隧道。就在我們要進隧道的時候，送你一顆子彈。只在心臟上一鎗。然後，用你的鎗在她脖子後面給一鎗——接着把她丢出窗外。然後拿你的鎗再給你心臟一鎗。你是自殺的，你知道。他們會在女孩子的箱子裏發現照片底片的，而在你的口袋裏會有一封洋洋灑灑的情書——信上威脅你如果不娶她的話就要把底片交給報紙。說你曾經答應她如果她偷出『史派托』的話就娶她……

「順便告訴你，老闆，那架『史派托』也是個陷阱。一等你們的密碼專家開始動手，它就會把他們炸上半天，」他吃吃笑了起來。「過後他們會發現另外那顆子彈的。那時報紙上的謎團就更多了——就好像原來那些還不夠一樣！老闆，這個故事裏什麼東西都有了。東方快車。漂亮的俄國間諜。密碼機。英俊瀟灑的英國間諜蓄意殺了她又自殺……對你們聲威赫赫的『情報局』該是多大的打擊！老闆，這個故事就要成了世紀的故事了！」

是的，龐德想。他說的沒錯。還有那架「史派托」！它要害死多少西方國家的密碼專家？我一定得通知他們。可是怎麼才能呢？

戰爭與和平的頂端瞪着他。龐德眼睛估量了下他的手提箱在地板上的位置——果然不愧是納許動的手脚……

「你怎麼知道這個月的暗語？」他問納許。

納許耐心地說道，「老闆，『史莫希』是很優秀的——的的確確優秀。每年每個月的暗語我們都知道。每年一月的時候，我們逮一個你們的小嘍囉——也許是在東京，也許是在廷巴克圖。『史莫希』只是找個人，從他口中逼出暗語就好了。容易之極。」

龐德的指甲掐進掌心裏。

Bond thought: we never knew SMERSH was as good as this. Somehow I must get this information back. Bond's mind went over the details of his poor, thin, desperate plan.

'I'm not going without a cigarette,' said Bond.

'Go ahead, old man. But if there's a move I don't like, you're dead.'

Bond slipped his right hand into his pocket and drew out his broad metal cigarette case. He lit a cigarette, leaving the cigarette case on his knee beside the book. He slipped the case between the pages.

'You see,' he said, waving the cigarette about, to draw Nash's attention away from his other hand, 'It looks a good plan, but what will you do after we come out of the tunnel? The conductor knows you're mixed up with us. They'll soon be after you.'

'Oh, the Russians think of everything. I get off at Dijon* and take a car to Paris. They won't catch up with me. As a matter of fact, I've got an appointment at noon tomorrow – Room 204 at the Ritz Hotel, to make my report to Rosa. Then I'll turn into her driver and we drive to Berlin. I may even get the Order of Lenin*.'

The train began to move. What a way to die, thought Bond. All through my own blind vanity and stupidity. God! At any moment he could have got out of this trap. Vanity and curiosity and four days with Tatiana had kept him in it, just as SMERSH had planned.

And Tatiana, the beautiful bait . . . Bond sweated with shame.

A few more seconds, a few more yards, before the tunnel.

'Sweet dreams, Mister Bond.'

Bond saw flame flash from *War and Peace*. The bullet flashed the two yards towards Bond's heart. He fell forward onto the floor and lay like a broken doll under the blue night-light.

「至於說我半途在的里雅斯特和你碰面——我不是在那裏半途上車的。我是坐在火車前頭的車廂和你們一路過來的。火車一停，我就下車，然後在月台上走回來。」納許停了一下，又看了一眼手錶。「馬上就要到了，老闆。還有十五分鐘。」

龐德想道。我們從不知道「史莫希」厲害到這個地步。我一定得想法子把這個情報傳回去。龐德仔細地回想了一遍他那個可憐的、脆弱的、絕望的計劃。

「不抽支煙我不想走，」龐德說道。

「抽吧，老闆。不過如果有什麼我不喜歡的動作，你就死了。」

龐德右手探進口袋，掏出他那個寬寬的金屬煙匣子。他點了支煙，把煙匣子留在膝頭上的書本旁邊。他偷偷地把匣子插進書本中間。

「你知道，」他說，一面揮動著香煙，以便誘使納許忽略他另外那隻手。「這個計劃看來的確不賴，可是等我們從隧道裏出來後你怎麼辦？車掌知道你和我們混在一起。他們馬上就會逮捕你的。」

「噢，俄國人是什麼事情都考慮到的。我要在第戎下車，然後搭汽車去巴黎。他們追不上我的。說實話，明天中午我還有個約會——去麗池大飯店 204 室向羅莎報告。然後我就化身她的司機，我們開車去柏林。我甚至可能拿得到列寧勳章。」

火車開始要動了。這個死法眞是太丟人了，龐德想。這都是由我盲目的虛榮心和愚蠢所造成的。老天！其實他隨時都能擺脫這個陷阱。但虛榮心加好奇心，再加上和塔夏娜處了四天，把他一直扣在陷阱裏——正如「史莫希」所計劃的。

而塔夏娜——那條美麗的誘餌……龐德只覺汗顏不已。

再有幾秒鐘，再有幾碼，就是隧道了。

「祝你好夢，龐德先生。」

龐德看見戰爭與和平冒出了火光。子彈閃過兩碼的間隔，飛向龐德的心臟。他往前栽倒在地板上，俯臥在藍色夜明燈底下，就像一個破掉的洋娃娃。

22 Ten Pints* of Blood

It had all depended on the man's aim. One bullet through the heart, Nash had said. Bond had taken a chance that his aim was as good as he said it was. And it was.

Bond lay like a dead man, arms and legs thrown outwards like a broken doll. Where the bullet had hit him, his side was on fire. The bullet must have gone through the cigarette case and then through the other half of the book. He could feel the bullet hot over his heart, and a sharp pain in his head where it had hit the wood-work. Bond explored.* His right hand was within inches of the little leather case. It was within inches of the secret throwing-knives that he had laughed at when Equipment Branch showed the case to him.

The brown shoes in front of Bond's face moved. Nash stood up. In a minute, with Bond's gun in his right hand, Nash would climb on to the bottom bed. He would reach up and feel through the curtain of hair for the girl's neck. The roar of the train would cover the sound of the shot.

Bond tried to remember where the main arteries* were. Down the inside of the leg. Bond knew he could not beat this terrible man in a straight fight.* The first violent blow of the knife had to be the last.

The brown shoes moved. For a hundred yards on either side of this little death cell, people were sleeping, or lying awake, thinking of their lives and loves, wondering who would meet them in Paris. And all the time, just along the corridor, death was riding with them on the same hot rails.

One brown shoe left the floor. Bond's muscles curled like a snake's. His right hand moved a few centimetres towards the edge of the case, pressed sideways and felt the knife, drew it softly towards him.

Now the second foot was gone as Nash climbed onto the bed. In one violent movement, Bond's body twisted up from

二十二、十品脫的血

這全看那個人的準頭了。一鎗穿心，納許說過。龐德碰的運氣就是希望他的準頭的確能像他說的那樣準。而果然如此。

龐德像個死人似地臥倒着，手、腿都像個破掉的洋娃娃伸張着。子彈打中他的地方——他的肋邊——火辣辣的。子彈一定是穿透煙匣子，又穿過書本的另一半。他可以感覺到子彈壓在心房上燙燙的，還有腦袋剛才撞到木板地的地方非常刺痛。龐德小心地估量了一下。他的右手和那隻小皮箱只有幾吋的間隔。手再往前伸幾吋就拿得到暗藏的飛刀了——當初裝配部門把皮箱示範給他看時，他還拿飛刀訕笑一番。

龐德頭前面的棕色皮鞋挪動了。納許站了起來。納許右手拿着龐德的手鎗，馬上就要登上下舖了。他會伸手上去，在女孩子的髮堆中摸索着找她的脖子。火車的轟隆聲響會蓋過鎗聲的。

龐德設法回想大動脈都是在什麼地方。在大腿內側。龐德知道：如果纏鬪的話，他打不贏這個可怕的傢伙的。第一刀猛刺下去必得也是最後一刀。

那雙棕色皮鞋挪動了。在這間要命的小屋兩邊各百碼的地方內，人們都睡着，或是醒着躺着，想他們的生活和愛人，揣測到了巴黎會是誰來接自己。而在這段時間裏，死神一直都傍着通廊，和他們一起馳騁在同一條熱燙的軌道上。

一隻棕色皮鞋離開了地面。龐德的肌肉就像一條蛇似地曲縮着。他的右手朝着皮箱邊伸前了幾公分，斜地裏一按，摸到刀子，輕輕地抽了回來。

這時納許爬上了床，第二隻脚也不見了。猛地裏，龐德翻身從地上跳了起來。刀光一閃。龐德使上了全身力氣，刀刃向上疾

the floor. The knife flashed. The blade, with all Bond's strength behind it, flew upwards, deep into the big artery.

A terrible scream came down to him. The Beretta fell to the floor. Then the knife was torn from Bond's hand as the man crashed down. Bond had planned for the fall, but, as he stepped sideways, a hand caught him and sent him flying. Before he could recover himself, the terrible face rose up from the floor. Slowly the huge hands felt for him. Bond, half on his back, kicked out blindly. His foot was held and twisted. He felt himself slipping downwards. Now the other hand had him by the leg. Nails dug into him. Soon the teeth would reach him. Bond kicked out with his free leg. It was no good. He could feel himself slipping down.

Suddenly Bond's fingers felt something hard. The book! *War and Peace!* How did one work it? Which way up did one hold it? Would it shoot him or Nash? Desperate, Bond held it out towards the great sweating face. He pressed.

'Click! Click! Click!' Now Bond felt the heat under his fingers. The hands let go of his leg. A noise came from the dying throat. With a terrible crash, the body fell forward onto the floor and the head fell back against the wood-work*.

Bond lay, trying to get his breath back. He stared up at the blue night-light above the door. The sweat ran into his eyes and stung* them. He lay still, doing nothing about it.

The galloping sound of the train began to change. With a final roar, the Orient Express thundered out into the moonlight and slowed down. Bond reached up lazily and pulled at the edge of the curtain. He saw warehouses and railway* yards*. Lights shone brightly, cleanly on the rails, the lights of Switzerland. The train slid quietly to a stop.

In the steady, singing* silence a small noise came from the floor. Bond quickly bent down, listening. He held the book forward just in case. But there was no movement. The man was quite dead. His body had just been settling.

Bond sat back and waited for the train to move again. There was a lot to do. He must clean up the compartment first, then get to work on Tatiana.

刺，深深地揷進那條大動脈。

他在下面聽見了一聲凄厲的慘嚎。比列塔手鎗掉在地上。接著那個男人摔了下來，刀子從龐德手中掙開。龐德原就算計好他會摔下來，但是，在他向一邊躲開時，一隻手抓住他，把他扔了出去。在他還沒能恢復過來前，那張可怕的臉孔從地板上抬了起來。兩隻巨靈大掌向他摸索過來。龐德半倚着身子，胡亂地踢動。他的脚被抓住，扭曲着。他覺出自己朝下面滑去。這時另一隻手抓住他的大腿了。指甲深掐進他的肉裏。牙齒馬上就要咬到他了。龐德用他那隻沒被抓住的腿踢踩下去。沒有用。他可以覺出自己正往下面滑去。

突然，龐德的手指摸到一個硬硬的東西。是那本書！戰爭與和平！該怎麼用它？拿在手裏哪一面朝上？開鎗會打中他還是納許？絕望中，龐德抓着它朝那張汗水淋漓的大臉伸去。他按了下去。

「咔嗒！咔嗒！咔嗒！」這時龐德覺出自己指頭下熱熱的。抓住他的腿的雙手鬆開了。那垂死的人喉嚨裏發出一聲呻吟。他的身體倒在地板上，弄出可怕的咕咚一聲，腦袋又撞上了木板地。

龐德躺在那裏，設法調匀氣息。他朝天瞪着門頂上的藍色夜明燈。汗水流進他眼裏，很刺痛。他一動不動地躺著，根本不去理會。

火車奔馳的聲音開始變了。東方快車號發出最後一聲咆哮，轟隆地駛出隧道，進了月光下，慢了下來。龐德虛弱地站起來，抓著窗帘邊。他看到倉庫和火車調車場。燈光明亮地照耀著，把鐵軌照得乾乾淨淨的——這是瑞士的燈光了。火車悄悄地滑停下來。

在耳鳴不絕的靜寂中，地板上傳來一聲很小的聲音。龐德迅速地俯下身子傾聽。他伸出那本書，以防萬一。不過沒有動靜。那個人已經死翹翹了。他的屍身剛才才擺平。

龐德又坐了下來，等火車再開動。還有一大堆事得做。他得



The long train started again. Already there was a new sound in the rails, as if glad that the tunnel was past. Bond got to his feet, stepped over the dead man and turned on the top light.

There was blood everywhere. How much blood does a body contain? Bond thought, trying to remember. Ten pints? Well, as long as it did not spread into the corridor! Bond pulled the bedclothes off the bottom bed and got to work.

At last the job was done, the walls washed down around the covered body on the floor, the suitcases ready for the escape at Dijon. Bond drank a whole jug of water. Then he stepped up and gently shook Tatiana's shoulder.

No answer. Had the man lied? Had he killed her with the poison? Bond felt her neck. It was warm. He felt for an ear and pinched it hard. At last a faint voice said, 'Don't.'

Bond smiled. He shook her. He went on shaking until Tatiana turned over on her side. Two drugged* blue eyes looked into his and closed again. 'What is it?' The voice was sleepy,

先清理好車廂，然後把塔夏娜弄醒。

長長的列車又出發了。鐵軌上已經發出新的聲音，就好像在欣喜通過了隧道。龐德站了起來，跨過那個死人，打開頂燈。

地上到處都是血。人的身體裏能有多少血？龐德想，一面極力思索。十品脫？不論如何，只要別流到通廊上就行了！龐德把下舖的床單扯下，開始動工了。

這件工作總算結束了，地板上用床單蒙起來的那個屍首周圍牆壁都清刷過，在第戎下車逃走時要帶的皮箱也準備妥當了。龐德喝了一大瓶水。接着他走向前去，輕輕地搖了搖塔夏娜肩膀。

沒有反應。那個人騙他了嗎？他下毒把她毒死了嗎？龐德摸了摸她的脖子。還暖和。他摸到一隻耳朵，用力地掐了下去。她終於以微弱的聲音說道，「不要。」

龐德微笑起來。他搖搖她。他把塔夏娜一直搖到翻過身來。她那雙被麻醉了的眼睛睜開看了他一眼，又閤上。「什麼事？」她的聲音很睏，很不高興。

angry.

Bond talked to her and swore at her*. He shook her more roughly. At last she sat up and stared emptily at him. Bond pulled her legs out so that they hung down over the edge. Somehow he got her down on to the bottom bed. She looked terrible, untidy and drunk with sleep. Bond got to work with a wet towel and her comb.

Lausanne* came. An hour later, the French border at Vallorbe*. Bond left Tatiana and stood out in the corridor, just in case. But the customs and passport men brushed past him on the way to the conductor's cabin, then went on, down the train. Bond stepped back into the compartment, to find Tatiana asleep again. Bond looked at Nash's watch, which was now on his own wrist. 4.30. Another hour to Dijon. He set to work.

At last Tatiana's eyes opened wide. She said, 'Stop it now, James.' Bond wiped the sweat off his face. He took the bags to the end of the corridor. Then he went to the conductor.

'My wife is not well,' he said. 'Do not worry, I have taken our luggage out so as not to disturb her. My friend, the one with fair hair, is a doctor. He sat up with us all night. He is tired out. I have put him to sleep in my bed. Please do not wake him until ten minutes before Paris.' He gave him a final tip.

'Certainly, sir.' The conductor had not had such large tips since the good old days. He handed over Bond's passport. 'Here we are, sir,' he said as the train slowed down.

Bond went back to the compartment. He dragged Tatiana to her feet and out into the corridor. He shut the door on the white pile of death beside the bed.

At last they were down the steps and onto the platform. A porter in blue overalls took their luggage. The sun was beginning to rise. At that hour in the morning there were very few passengers awake. Only a handful* in the third class, who had sat up through the night, saw a man help a young girl away from the great train towards the door of the station.

龐德和她說話，又罵她。他搖她搖得更用力了。最後她坐了起來，眼神空洞地瞪著他。龐德把她的腿拉了出來，垂在床邊。他好歹總算把她弄到下舖了。她睡得看起來很難看，亂七八糟的，像喝醉了一樣。龐德拿了條濕毛巾，還有她的梳子，動起手來了。

洛桑到了。又過了一個小時，到了法國邊界法羅布斯。龐德放下塔夏娜，站到通廊上——只是以防萬一。可是海關人員和查驗護照的人都擦過他身邊往車掌房間走去，接著又往前面車廂走去。龐德退回臥廂，發現塔夏娜又睡著了。龐德看看納許的手錶——它現在戴在他的手腕上了。到第戎還得要一個小時。他開始工作了。

塔夏娜終於圓睜了雙眼。她說，「住手，詹姆斯。」龐德擦掉臉上的汗水。他提著箱子往通廊盡頭走去。然後他去找車掌。

「我太太不舒服，」他說。「不必擔心，我已經把我們的行李拿了出來，免得叫她心煩。我朋友——那位黃頭髮的朋友——是個醫生。他陪我們熬了一夜。他累倒了。我已經把他扶在我的床舖上睡覺。請你在離巴黎十分鐘的時候再叫醒他。」他給了他最後一筆小費。

「沒問題，先生。」車掌從以往那段黃金時光以後從沒收過這麼濶綽的小費。他把龐德的護照交了過來。「到了，先生。」火車慢了下來，他說道。

龐德走回臥廂。他把塔夏娜拉了起來，出了通廊上。他關上房門，把床邊那堆白屍首關在裏面。

他們終於下了階梯，跳上月台。一名穿着藍色工作服的脚伕過來接過他們行李。太陽就要升起來了。早晨這個時候，沒幾個乘客醒過來。只有三等車廂寥寥幾個坐著熬了一夜的人看見一個男人扶著一名年輕女郎下了長長的列車，朝車站出口走去。

23 Doing Her Knitting

The taxi stopped outside the Ritz Hotel. Bond looked at Nash's watch. 11.45. He must arrive exactly on time. He knew that if a Russian spy was even a few minutes early or late, the meeting was cancelled. He paid the driver and went into the bar.

He ordered a double whisky. He felt wonderful. Suddenly the last four days, and particularly last night, were forgotten. Now he was on his own, having his private adventure. All his duties were done. The girl was sleeping in a bedroom provided by the French Secret Service. The Spektor had been taken away by the bomb experts. He had spoken to his old friend Mathis of the police and the porter at the Ritz had been told to give him a pass key* and ask no questions.

Mathis was delighted to see Bond again and to share in his adventure. 'I will do what you ask, James,' he said, 'and you can tell me the story afterwards. Two men with a large laundry* basket will come to Room 204 at 12.15. I shall accompany them, dressed as the driver of their van. We shall fill the laundry basket and take it to the airport. A British plane will arrive at two o'clock. We hand over the basket, and some dirty washing which was in France will soon be in England. Yes?'

Head of Station F had spoken to M. He had passed over a short written report from Bond. It was he who had asked for the plane. No, he had no idea what it was for. Bond had only delivered the girl and the Spektor. He had eaten a huge breakfast and left the office, saying he would be back for lunch.

Bond looked again at the time. He finished his drink and went to get the pass key. Up in the lift, and along the corridor, looking at the numbers.

204. Bond felt the Beretta, in the waist-band of his trou-

二十三、織她的東西

計程車在麗池大飯店外面停住。龐德看看納許的手錶。十一點四十五分。他一定得準時到達。他知道俄國間諜在約會的時候如果早到或遲到——就算只是幾分鐘——約會就會註銷。他付了車錢，走進酒廊裏。

他叫了雙份威士忌。他覺得暢快極了。突然間，過去四天來的經歷——特別是昨天晚上的——都不在他心上了。現在他又單鎗匹馬，來冒他個人的險了。他的任務都已經完成了。女孩子現在在一間法國情報局提供的臥房裏睡着。「史派托」已經由爆破專家拿走。他和警方的老朋友——馬蒂斯——談過話，並且麗池大飯店的門房也接到吩咐，要他把總鑰匙交給他，什麼也別問。

馬蒂斯很高興又見到龐德，並可以參予他的冒險行動。「你要我做什麼都可以，詹姆斯，」他說道，「故事你可以等以後再講給我聽。十二點十五分的時候，會有兩個男人抬一個洗衣籃到204 號房間。我會和他們一道去，打扮成他們的卡車司機。我們會把洗衣籃裝滿，帶去飛機場。兩點鐘的時候會來一架英國飛機。我們把籃子交過去，然後法國的一些要洗的髒東西很快就到英國去了。好嗎？」

F站的站長和M通過話。他轉達了一份龐德寫的短報告。是他要求派飛機來的。不，他不知道要派飛機來作什麼。龐德帶來的只有那個女孩子和機器。他吃了一頓豐盛的早餐就出了辦事處，說他會回來吃午餐。

龐德看了看時間。他把酒喝完，去拿總鑰匙了。他搭電梯上去，沿着走廊一路看着房間號碼走過去。

204。龐德摸了摸插在腰帶上的比列塔手鎗 。他可以感覺到

sers. He could feel the metal of the silencer warm against his stomach. He knocked once.

'Come in.' It was the trembling voice of an old lady. Bond tried the handle of the door. It was unlocked. He slipped the pass key into his pocket. With one quick movement he was in the room, the door shut behind him.

The room was attractive, with white walls and a wine-red* carpet*. In a pool of sunshine, in an arm-chair beside a desk, a little old lady sat, doing her knitting. The noise of the steel needles continued. The eyes, behind the square glasses, examined Bond with polite curiosity.

'Yes, sir?' The voice was deep. The face, under its powder*, showed nothing but polite interest.

Bond's hand on the gun was as tight as a steel spring. His eyes went round the room, and back to the old lady again. Had he made a mistake? Should he get out? This old lady looked so exactly like the sort of respectable rich widow who lived at the Ritz, quietly knitting to pass the time. The old-fashioned black dress, the neat little feet in their black-buttoned boots. It couldn't be Klebb! Bond could feel the sweat under his arms. But he must play the scene through.

'My name is Bond, James Bond.'

'And I, sir, am Madame de* Metterstein. What can I do for you?' The accent was rather thick. German Swiss, perhaps. Click-click went the busy needles.

'I am afraid Captain Nash has had an accident. So I came here instead.'

Did the eyes narrow a little behind the glasses?

'I fear I do not know the Captain. And I do not know you. Please sit down and tell me your business.'

Bond walked across the room and sat down. Now he was about six feet away from her. The desk held only an old-fashioned telephone with the receiver on a hook and, within reach of her hand, a bell.

Bond stared rudely into the woman's face, examining it. It was an ugly, frog-like face under the powder. The eyes were light brown, almost yellow. The pale lips were wet under the

金屬滅音器貼在肚子上暖暖的。他敲了下門。

「請進，」是個老太太顫聲說了。龐德握了握門把手。門沒上鎖。他悄悄地把總鑰匙放回口袋。他很快地一下子就閃進屋裏，門在他身後關上。

房間很漂亮，牆壁是白色的，舖着紫紅色地毯。書桌旁邊的扶椅裏，一個小小的老太太坐在一圈陽光下，正在織她的東西。鋼針聲音一直沒有停頓。方框眼鏡後面的眼睛打量着龐德，禮貌中帶着好奇。

「有什麼事嗎？先生？」聲音很低沉。那張擦了粉的臉孔除了禮貌地表示好奇之外，什麼也沒流露。

龐德的手就像是支鋼鐵彈簧似地緊握住手鎗。他的眼睛四處打量過房間，又回到老太太身上。他搞錯了嗎？他該不該出去？這個老太太看起來正是那種住在麗池的有地位的富孀，平靜地織東西打發時間。這一身老式的黑衣裳，這一雙穿着黑扣子皮靴的端正小脚。她不可能是克列布！龐德可以覺出腋下的汗水了。但是他不得不演完這場戲。

「我名叫龐德，詹姆斯•龐德。」

「我是麥特斯坦夫人，先生。有什麼可以效勞的地方嗎？」說話的腔調有點不清楚。也許是德裔瑞士人。鋼針咔嗒、咔嗒地不閒着。

「我恐怕納許上尉出了意外。所以我代替他來了。」

眼鏡後面的眼睛有沒有稍微瞇了一下？

「我想我不認識那個上尉。並且我也不認識你。請坐下來說說有何貴幹吧。」

龐德走過房間，坐了下來。現在他離她大約有六呎。書桌上只有一臺老式電話，收話筒掛在鉤子上，還有，在她手邊勾得到的地方，有一個按鈴。

龐德不客氣地瞪着老太太的臉孔，細細地端詳。這張臉擦了粉，很醜，像青蛙一樣。眼睛是淺棕色，幾乎就是黃色。在粗短的鼻子底下，蒼白的嘴唇濕濕的。香煙把她的指頭薰得黃黃的…

thick nose. Cigarettes had made her finger-tips yellow . . . Cigarettes? There were no ashtrays, no smell of smoke, in the room. Bond's hand tightened on his gun. He glanced down at the bag of knitting, at the steel needles. Something was odd about them. The ends were dark, as if they had been held in the fire. Did knitting needles* usually look like that?

'Well?' Was there an edge* to the voice? Had she read something in his face? Bond smiled, ready for any movement, any trick. 'It's no use,' he said cheerfully. 'You are Rosa Klebb. And you are Head of Executions for SMERSH. You wanted to kill me and the Romanov girl. I am very glad to meet you at last.'

The voice was still patient and polite. The woman reached towards the bell-push. 'I fear you are unwell. I must ring for someone to show you out.'

Bond never knew what saved his life. Perhaps it was the flash of realization that no wires led from the bell-push towards the wall or onto the carpet. Perhaps it was the memory of the English 'Come in' when the knock came at the door. But, as her finger touched the button, he threw himself sideways.

As Bond hit the ground the chair where he had been sitting crashed to the floor in ruins. Bond twisted over, pulling at his gun. Out of the corner of his eye he noticed a curl of blue smoke coming from the mouth of the 'telephone'. Then the woman was on him, the steel needles glittering in her hands. She stabbed* down at his legs. At once, Bond knew what those dark tips meant. It was poison. All she had to do was scratch him, even through his clothes.

Bond was on his feet as she came at him again. He pulled again at his gun. The silencer had caught. There was a flash of light and one needle stuck in the wall. Then the dreadful woman was on top of him. Bond, not daring to use his naked hands against the needles, leapt sideways over the desk.

Breathing hard and talking to herself in Russian, Rosa Klebb came round the desk, her one remaining needle held like a sword. Bond let go of the gun and took hold of a small

…香煙？這個房間裏沒有煙灰缸，也沒有香煙味道。龐德的手緊握着手鎗。他往下瞄向那一包在織的東西，望向鋼針。鋼針有些古怪。針頭黑黑的，就好像放在火裏燒過。通常編針看起來都是這樣嗎？

「怎麼了？」聲音裏有沒有危機？她在他臉上有沒有瞧出什麼端倪？龐德微笑起來，他已經準備應付任何行動，任何把戲。「沒有用的，」他愉快地說道。「妳就是羅莎•克列布。妳也是『史莫希』的執行主任。妳想幹掉我和羅瑪諾娃那個女孩子。我很高興終於見到妳了。」

那個聲音仍然很有耐心，很有禮貌。老太太朝按鈴伸過手去。「我想你是不大舒服。我得叫人來帶你出去。」

龐德永遠想不通他是怎麼逃過一命的。也許是因爲他靈光一閃，看出按鈴上沒有電線通到牆上或是地毯上。也許是因爲他想起當他敲門的時候，那一聲用英文講的「請進」。總之，在她的手指按上按鈕的時候，他向一邊撲倒。

就在龐德摔在地上時，他剛才坐着的椅子嘩啦一聲碎在地板上。龐德翻過身，去掏手鎗。他眼角瞄到「電話」口裏正裊裊飄散出一縷青煙。接着那個女人就撲向他身上，鋼針在她手中閃動着。她朝他腿上刺去。龐德立刻明白黑黑的針頭是怎麼回事了。那是毒藥。她只要刺破他就好了——就算是透過衣服也行。

龐德剛跳了起來，她又朝他衝來。他又去掏手鎗。滅音器被卡住了。光芒一閃，一支鋼針揷在牆上。接着那個可怕的女人就壓在他身上了。龐德可不敢赤手應戰鋼針，他朝一邊跳過書桌去。

羅莎•克列布氣咻咻地一面用俄語在自己咕噥着，一面繞過書桌來，剩下的那支鋼針握在她手裏就像一支長劍。龐德放開手鎗，抓起一張小椅子。他抓住椅背，椅腿像刺角一樣仰起着，迎

chair. Holding it by the back, the legs pointing up like horns, he went to meet her. But she was beside the 'telephone'. She swept it up and aimed it. Her hand went to the button. Bond leapt forward. He crashed the chair down. Bullets hit the ceiling, sending pieces down onto their heads.

Bond leapt forward again. The legs of the chair caught*the woman round the waist and over the shoulders. She was so strong! She stood firm, spitting* hate over the top of the chair. Bond stood back a little, holding the chair at arm's length. He took aim and kicked at the wrist of the hand that held the needle. The needle flew away out of her reach.

Bond came in closer and examined the position. Yes, the woman was pinned*firmly by the chair legs. Bond looked down into the hate-filled face.

'That's all, Rosa,' he said. 'The Secret Service will be here in a minute. In an hour or so you'll be in London. Nobody will see you leaving the hotel, or going into England. In fact, very few people will ever see you again. From now on you're just a number in a secret file. By the time we've finished with you, you'll be ready for the mad-house.'

The face was changing. The blood had left it, and it was yellow. But not with fear. The yellow eyes were not defeated.

'And where will *you* be when I am in the mad-house, Mister Bond?'

'Oh, getting on with my life.'

'I think not!'

Bond hardly noticed the words. He had heard the click of the door opening. It was Mathis and his men. Bond turned his head to greet them.

'You can take over,' he said. 'Let me introduce Rosa. She's quite important in SMERSH – organizes all their murders, in fact.'

Mathis came up, with the two 'laundry-men'. The three looked respectfully into the dreadful face. 'Well, well,' said Mathis. 'I am sure you are uncomfortable in that position, Rosa. You two, bring the basket.' The two men walked to the door.

向她。但是她身邊就是那臺「電話」。她伸手拿了起來瞄準。她的手朝按鈕上按去。龐德躍向前去。他拿椅子砸了下去。子彈打中屋頂，一塊塊東西掉在他們頭上。

龐德又往前躍去。椅腿打中女人的腰間和肩膀。她眞是壯到家了！她穩穩地站着，隔著椅子口沫橫飛地咒罵着。龐德稍微退後一點，握着椅子不讓她接近。他看準了那隻握着鋼針的手腕，踢了過去。鋼針飛到她勾不到的地方了。

龐德靠近一點，查看了下情勢。是的，這個女人被椅子腿牢牢地制住了。龐德低頭望向那張充塞着恨意的臉孔。

「夠了，羅莎，」他說。「情報局的人馬上就要到了。大約一個小時以後，妳就在倫敦了。誰也不會看見妳出飯店，也看不見妳進英國。事實上，能再看見妳的人寥寥無幾。從現在起，妳只是秘密檔案中的一個號碼。等我們和妳的事了結後，妳就要進瘋人院了。」

她的臉色變了。臉上毫無血色，黃黃的。不過並沒有驚懼的神色。黃黃的眼睛還是桀驁不馴。

「我在瘋人院裏的時候，你又會在什麼地方，龐德先生？」

「噢，過我的日子吧。」

「我可不認爲！」

龐德幾乎壓根就沒理會她。他聽見房門咔嗒一聲打開。是馬蒂斯和他的手下。龐德轉頭和他們打招呼。

「你們可以接手了，」他說。「我來介紹介紹羅莎吧。她在『史莫希』裏舉足輕重——事實上他們所有的謀殺行動都由她安排。」

馬蒂斯和兩名「洗衣工人」走了過來。他們三人謙恭地望向那張恐怖的臉孔。「好了，好了，」馬蒂斯說道。「我相信妳現在這個姿勢一定很不舒服，羅莎。你們兩個把籃子拿過來。」兩個男人走向門口。

The woman's eyes were still fixed on Bond's. She moved a little from one foot to the other. As she did so, the toe of one buttoned boot pressed the other, and a tiny knife blade slid out. Like the knitting needles, the steel was dark at the end.

The two men put the big laundry basket down beside Mathis. 'Take her,' he said. He bowed to the woman. 'It has been an honour.'

'Goodbye, Rosa,' said Bond.

The yellow eyes blazed. 'Goodbye, Mister Bond.' The boot,* with its tiny steel tongue, shot out. Bond felt a sharp pain in his right leg. It was only the sort of pain you get from a kick. He stepped back. The two men seized Rosa Klebb.

'My poor James,' said Mathis, laughing. 'Trust SMERSH to have the last word!'*

The tongue of steel had drawn back into the leather. The harmless old woman was lifted into the basket.

'A good day's work, my friend,' said Mathis to Bond. 'But you look tired. Have a rest, and then in the evening we will have dinner together and I will find you the loveliest girl in Paris to share it.'

Bond felt very cold and stiff. There was no life in his fingers. They felt big and clumsy. His hand fell heavily to his side.

Breathing became difficult. Bond sighed deeply. He half-shut his eyes. Through his eyelashes he saw the basket being carried to the door.

'I shan't need a girl,' he said thickly, with an effort. Now he had to fight for breath. His knees began to tremble.

He said, or thought he said. 'I've already got the loveliest . . . ' Bond crashed to the wine-red floor.

Fortunately, our hero does not die. Mathis calls a doctor who realizes he has been poisoned, and who saves his life.

So Bond lives to enjoy many other adventures.

那個女人的眼睛仍然盯着龐德不放。她稍微動了一下，換了隻脚站着。就在她這樣動了一下的當兒，她一隻帶着鈕扣的長靴靴尖踩了下另一隻靴尖，接着那隻靴尖就探出一片刀刃。就像那兩支編針一樣，這片鋼片的頂端也是黑黑的。

兩個男人在馬蒂斯身邊放下那個大洗衣籃。「把她放進去，」他說道。他朝女人鞠了一躬。「榮幸之至。」

「再見，羅莎，」龐德說道。

那雙黃眼睛在燃燒着。「再見，龐德先生。」那隻帶着一片小鋼舌的長靴踢了出去。龐德覺出右腿一陣刺痛。那種痛法和普通挨了一脚的痛沒有兩樣。他向後退開。兩個男人抓住羅莎·克列布。

「我可憐的詹姆斯，」馬蒂斯哈哈笑着說道。「你得相信『史莫希』的最後一手是招架不了的。」

那片鋼舌又收回皮裏。這個無害的老太太被抬進籃子裏。

「好一天辛苦的工作，」馬蒂斯對龐德說道。「你的神色很疲倦。休息休息，晚上咱們一道吃晚飯，然後我會給你找個巴黎最漂亮的女孩子陪你共渡良宵。」

龐德覺得冷冷的，全身僵住了。他的手指感覺不到活力了。手指覺得腫腫，笨笨的，他的手重重地沉到身邊。

逐漸難以呼吸了。龐德深深地嘆了口氣。他的眼睛半閉起來。他從眼縫裏望出去，看見那個籃子正被抬往門口。

「我不需要女孩子，」他濁聲說道，費了很大的力。現在他得拼命才能呼吸了。他的膝蓋開始顫抖起來。

他說——或者該說他以爲自己說了。「我已經有了最漂亮的……」龐德頹然倒在紫紅色的地板上。

幸好，我們的英雄並沒死。馬蒂斯叫了個醫生來，他看出他中了毒，把他救活了。

所以，龐德就活着又經歷了許多其他冒險事蹟。

生字、片語

■ P.6
①on one's face 臉朝下躺、俯臥
②pool (n.) 游泳池
③in full view 看得清清楚楚
④「死人」和「還沒死」是由「had been a man」和「was a man」來的
⑤money-clip (n.) 錢夾（clip 有「夾子」的意思）
⑥cigarette-case (n.) 裝香煙的匣子

■ P.8
①eyelid (n.) 眼皮
②inward-looking (a.) 深沉內向的
③string bag 網袋
④be scented with…… 有……的香味
⑤shoulder-blade(n.)肩胛骨
⑥massage (v.) 按摩
⑦yield (v.) 軟化
⑧make for…… 向……前進
⑨sun-burn (n.) 曬斑
⑩roast (a.) 烘烤的

■ P.10
①upset (v.) 使煩亂

■ P.12
①executioner (n.) 死刑執行者、劊子手

■ P.14
①recite (v.) 背誦
②dull (a.) 沉悶的
③Moscow (n.) 莫斯科
④nervously (ad.) 強健地、有精神地
⑤這裏的「if……」作「儘管……」解。 (=even if，although)
⑥cupboard (n.) (英國用法) 一般櫃子
⑦wash-stand (n.) 盥洗臺
⑧basin (n.) 臉盆
⑨paper-back (a.) 平裝的（書）
⑩a collection of…· 一堆….
⑪hastily (ad.)急速地

■ P.16
①hook (n.)衣鈎
②Crimea (n.) 克里米亞（蘇聯西南部黑海一個半島）
③hedge (n.) 樹籬
④military (a.) 軍用的
⑤paper (n.) (pl.) 證件
⑥runway (n.) 飛機跑道
⑦transport (n.) 運輸機
⑧Navy (n.) 海軍
⑨helicopter (n.) 直昇機
⑩control tower 指揮塔
⑪spot (v.) 用（探照燈）照射
⑫loudspeaker (n.) 揚聲器
⑬wind-brake (n.) 擋風板

■ P.18
①seat-belt (n.) 安全帶
②north-south (a.) 南北方向的
③weight-lifter (n.)舉重選手
④Irish (n.) 愛爾蘭人
⑤give birth to….. 生下…..
⑥by force 憑力氣、強迫
⑦cunning (n.) 狡猾、詭詐

■ P.20
①urge (n.) 衝動
②sheep-dog (n.) 牧羊狗
③shed (n.) 倉庫
④championship (n.) 錦標、冠軍
⑤keep oneself fit 鍛鍊自己 (fit 當形容詞用可解作「強健的」、「結實的」)
⑥Belfast (n.) 貝爾發斯特（北愛爾蘭的首府）

■ P.22
①commanding officer 指揮官（簡稱 C.O.）
②Berlin (n.) 柏林
③go over 轉而投靠其他派系等
④by chance 適巧
⑤round (n.) 拳賽的回合
⑥despatch (n.) (=dispatch) 快遞公文
⑦Secret Service 情報局（英國的稱呼）

■ P.25
①machine gun 機關鎗
②form (n.) 表格

■ P.26
①van (n.) 貨車
②lift (n.) (英國用法) 電梯
③cell (n.) 密室
④go through 調查、研究
⑤ribbon (n.)(勳章的) 綬帶

■ P.28
①advanced (a.) 高級的
②despatch bag 公文袋
③labour camp 勞動營
④sand-coloured (a.) 淡茶色，沙色的
⑤rough stuff 暴烈的行動（Allowed no rough stuff in his house. 他家裏不准有人動粗。）
⑥sourly (ad.) 不懷好意地

■ P.30

①chief-of-staff 參謀長
②flat (n.) (建築物的) 層
③number plate 牌照
④a man in plain clothes 便衣人員

■ P.32
①Stalino (n.) 史達林諾 (蘇聯一城市，現名Donetsk)
②Dnieper (n.) 聶伯河 (在蘇聯歐洲境內流入黑海)
③betray oneself 無意中洩露底細

■ P.34
①tray (n.) (桌上裝文件的) 淺箱
②Leningrad (n.) 列寧格勒 (舊名「聖彼得堡」)
③field-work (n.) 野外工作
④nil (n.) 零、沒有

■ P.36
①superior (n.) 上司
②envy (v.) 羨慕
③victim (n.) 犧牲者

■ P.38
①base (n.) 基地
②passer-by (n.) 路過的人
③second floor 是英國用法，所以譯作「三樓」。(英國用法一樓是 ground floor，二樓是 first floor.)
④ashtray (n.) 煙灰缸
⑤tape-recorder (n.)錄音機
⑥microphone (n.) 麥克風
⑦lavatory (n.) 廁所
⑧wash-room (n.) (美國用法) 洗手間

■ P.40
①decoration (n.) 勳章
②collar (n.) 衣領
③senior (a.) 官階高的

■ P.42
①witness (n.) 證人
②note (n.) 筆記
③mutter (n.) 低語
④packet (n.) 小包
⑤bang (v.) 碰然敲打

■ P.44
①scandal (n.) 醜聞

■ P.46
① hesitate (v.) 猶豫

■ P.48
①death warrant 死刑判決書
②underline (v.) 強調
③out-of-place (a.) 離題的
④for the benefit of…… 爲了……
⑤rage (n.) 憤怒
⑥with respect 在這裏只是用來禮貌地引出後面要說的話，譯作「對不起」是揣摹其語意。

■ P.50
①appearance (n.) 儀表
②speak highly of someone 讚賞某人
③file (n.) 檔案夾

■ P.52
①stripe (n.) 條紋、線條
②café (n.) 咖啡館
③care-free (a.) 逍遙自在的
④close-up (n.) (照片的) 特寫。
⑤clean-cut (a.) 樣子好看的、輪廓鮮明的
⑥scar (n.) 疤痕

■ P.54
①lock (n.) 鬈髮
②eyebrow (n.) 眼眉
③nasty (a.) 難纏的
④all-round (a.) 全能的
⑤disguise (n.) 化裝
⑥holster (n.) 鎗套
⑦strap (v.) 用皮帶綁縛
⑧toe-cap (n.) 鞋尖
⑨agent (n.) 情報人員
⑩on active service 執勤 (尤指戰時)
⑪decisively (ad.) 斷然

■ P.56
①be sick of……厭倦……
②make out 起草、寫
③at the head of…… 居……首位
④more or less 多少、有幾分
⑤fetch (v.) 拿來

■ P.58
①outline (n.) 大綱
②in order 妥當
③comrade (n.) 同志
④colonel (n.) (陸軍) 上校
⑤flat (a.) 扁平的
⑥sugary (a.) 甜的

■ P.60
①time trouble 讀秒麻煩(棋手在前、中盤浪費的時間太多，到了後盤陷入所餘時間不足的困境，每一步棋都思考得很匆促。)
②pump (v.) 急速地運動
③final (n.) 決賽
④descend (v.) 下降
⑤piece (n.) 棋子

■ P.62
①Georgia (n.) 喬治亞 (蘇聯高加索南部之一共和國。)

■ P.65
①bitter (a.) 苦的
②clap (v.) 拍手

■ P.66
①a waste of breath 白費口

舌（＝waste one's breath)
②out of a mess 脫出困境
③appeal to someone 打動某人
④with authority 威嚴地
⑤single-minded (a.) 專心一致的

■ P.68
①in the interests of……為了……的利益著想
②mercy (n.) 慈悲
③riches (n.) 豐富、財寶
④這裏的"so"是 conj., 放在句首，作「果眞」、「原來」解。
⑤spare (v.) 節省
⑥broad (a.) 大略的
⑦thought (n.) (pl.) 意見

■ P.70
①thickset (a.)矮胖的、粗短的
②scrape (v.) 梳平
③character (n.)名聲、聲望

■ P.72
①bait (n.) 餌
②trap (n.) 陷阱
③with a perfect command of…… 精通……

■ P.74
①corporal (n.) 下士
②have nothing to do with …… 與……無關
③rank (n.) 官階

■ P.76
①fur (n.) 毛皮
②looking glass 鏡子
③brow (n.) 額頭（通常以複數表示時才指「眉毛」）
④make a face 做苦臉、皺眉頭
⑤mistress (n.) 情婦

■ P.78
①gay (a.) 快樂的、高興的
②Moskva (n.) （俄文）莫斯科（或作 Moscovy。英文是 Moscow）
③ear-piece (n.) 聽筒、耳機（＝earphone)

■ P.80
①a touch of 一點，些許
②blouse (n.) 上衫（婦女穿著的與襯衫類似的寬鬆上衣）

■ P.82
①labour of love 喜愛的工作
②jacket (n.) 夾克、短上衣
③weakly (ad.) 無力地、勉強地
④captain (n.) （陸軍）上尉

■ P.85
①cork (n.) 軟木塞
②small-talk (n.)閒談、聊天
③Swiss (n.) 瑞士
④swallow (v.) 呑

■ P.86
①choke (v.) 使嗆住
②Come, come! 好了!好了！

■ P.88
①spin (v.) 疾轉

■ P.90
①operations room （軍事）參謀指揮室

■ P.92
①machinery (n.) 機關、機械裝置
②Chelsea (n.) 查爾西（倫敦市文化區名，在倫敦西南部，藝術家與作家多居於此。）
③Istanbul (n.) 伊斯坦堡（舊名君士坦丁堡，據博士普魯斯海峽兩岸）

■ P.94
①Bulgaria (n.) 保加利亞

■ P.96
① The Times 泰晤士報

■ P.98
①fix (v.) 打敗
②black coffee 不加糖、牛奶的咖啡
③spare time 閒暇時間
④hang about 晃蕩、徘徊
⑤slice (n.) 薄的切片

■ P.100
①starter (n.) （機器的）起動裝置
②Bentley (n.) 班特里（英國車牌名，與 Rolls Royce 同廠。）
③signal (n.) 用電報（或電話、電視、雷達）傳送的情報（或消息、聲音、影像等）
④bullet (n.) 子彈
⑤come up 發生、走近

■ P.102
①round ticket 雙程票
②ferry (n.) 渡船
③Galata (n.) 加拉塔（位於西伊斯坦堡的金角區，是伊斯坦堡的商業中心。）
④Bosporus (n.) 博士普魯斯海峽

■ P.104
①look down one's nose (at) 瞧不起……
②pull (n.) （抽煙）一口

■ P.106
①break down 分析

■ P.108
①camp bed 行軍牀
② keep one's end 做好份內工作
③in the flesh 活生生地

■ P.110

①BA 英航（British Airways 的簡寫）
②Rome (n.) 羅馬
③Athens (n.) 雅典
④overnight bag 小旅行袋
⑤lining (n.) 襯裏、內層
⑥silencer (n.) 滅音器

■ **P.112**

①push one's luck 輕率地冒險
②Geneva (n.) 日內瓦
③Alps (n.) 阿爾卑斯山脈
④Mont Blanc (n.) 白朗峯（阿爾卑斯山脈最高峯。4810公尺。在法國東南部。）
⑤Genoa (n.) 熱那亞（義大利西北部海港）
⑥Mediterranean (n.)地中海
⑦part (n.) 角色
⑧Elba (n.) 厄爾巴島（拿破崙第一次戰敗後被放逐此地。位於義大利與科西嘉島之間。）

■ **P.114**

①air-hostess (n.) 空中小姐
②electric storm 雷雨
③Adriatic (n.) 亞得里海（義大利東邊）

■ **P.116**

①Aegean (n.) 愛琴海（希臘東邊）
②Sea of Marmara (n.) 瑪摩拉海（土耳其夾在博斯普魯斯海峽和達達尼爾海峽之間的海。）
③Rolls Royce (n.) 勞斯萊士車（英國生產之高級轎車，Rolls 爲簡稱。）
④Bey (n.) 土耳其對要人的尊稱。(大旅行箱是 trunk)
⑤Palais (n.) (法語) 王宮

■ **P.118**

①night porter 守夜的司閽
②tap (n.) 水龍頭
③Golden Horn 金角（位於博斯普魯斯海峽入口，形成伊斯坦堡港灣。）

■ **P.120**

①yog(h)urt (n.) 酸乳酪
②ripe (a.) 成熟的
③barrel (n.) 桶
④spice (n.) 香料
⑤railing (n.) 欄杆
⑥stool (n.) 凳子

■ **P.122**

①let go of…… 放開……
②fleet (n.) （飛機、汽車等的）一隊
③little (a.) 卑鄙的
④make a mess of…… 弄得……一塌糊塗

■ **P.124**

①go off (鎗、砲等) 爆炸

■ **P.126**

①note (n.) 鈔票
②camera (n.) 攝影機

■ **P.128**

①fall to the ground 計劃徹底失敗、希望成泡影

■ **P.130**

①SAS 北歐航空公司（Scandinavian Airways）
②director (n.) 理事、董事

■ **P.132**

①Bokhara 布卡拉（俄屬中亞一地名。以出產毛毯馳名。毛毯多爲深紫紅色，刺繡精美，上有幾何圖案。）

■ **P.136**

①strip (n.) 細長的條或片
②strong man 大力士
③raki (n.) （南歐與近東的）葡萄酒
④Trebzond (n.) 特拉布松（土耳其北部濱黑海的港口）

■ **P.138**

①patch (n.) 眼罩
②side-line (n.) 副業、兼職
③circus (n.) 馬戲團
④every now and then 常常

■ **P.140**

①think a lot of…… 重視（誇獎）……
②just yet〔與否定句連用〕（不會）馬上就

■ **P.142**

①overall (n.) 工作服
②blood (n.) 親戚
③share (n.) 股份
④in good hands 在良好的照料中
⑤flash-light (n.) 手電筒

■ **P.144**

①glitter (n.) 閃光
②gutter (n.) 排水溝
③waterproof (a.) 防水的

■ **P.146**

①Persia (n.) 波斯（現稱「伊朗」）
②periscope (n.) 潛望鏡
③tram (n.) 電車
④in the right pockets
⑤eye-piece (n.) 窺視孔

■ **P.150**

①drain (n.) 排水溝
②take over 援手

■ **P.152**

①Gipsy (n.) 吉普賽人
②give oneself away 露出馬脚

③scornful (a.) 譏誚的
④ever since 從那時到現在
⑤fine-boned (a.)骨架均勻的

■ **P.154**
①blow something up 把某物炸掉
②in the world 現有的
③second-hand (a.)二手貨的
④open air (a.) 露天的

■ **P.156**
①bracelet (n.) 手鐲

■ **P.158**
①sing (v.) 咻咻作響

■ **P.160**
①break off 中斷
②the wounded 傷者

■ **P.162**
①splash (v.) 迸濺
②paw (n.) 爪子

■ **P.166**
①in cold blood 冷酷無情地
②trap-door (n.) 活板門

■ **P.168**
①make out 辨認出
②barrel (n.) 鎗管

■ **P.171**
①pavement (n) 人行道 (這是英國用法，美國常以 sidewalk 指人行道)

■ **P.172**
①get nowhere 失敗，大吃敗仗

■ **P.178**
①hit someone across the face 刮某人耳光
②one way or the other 不管是哪一方、不論如何

■ **P.180**
①line (n.) (以pl.表示) 臺詞
②sleeping compartment 臥廂

■ **P.184**
①track (n.) 軌道
②station-master (n.) 站長
③fireman (n.) 火伕
④attendant (n.) 管理員
⑤All aboard, please！請上車！
⑥veil (n.) 面紗
⑦madame (n.) 夫人
⑧corridor (n.) 通廊

■ **P.186**
①double agent 反間諜

■ **P.190**
①wedge (n.) 楔形 (三角形或箭形等)木片(或金屬片)
②sit up 熬夜

■ **P.196**
①night-light (n.) 夜明燈
②Yugoslavia (n.) 南斯拉夫
③reason (v.) 推論

■ **P.198**
①Herr (n.) 先生 (德文)

■ **P.200**
①bribe (v.) 賄賂
②guard (n.) 管車的人
③under sentence of death 被判以死刑

■ **P.202**
①Pithion (n.) 匹狄恩 (希臘地名，在希、土交界的邊境上。)
②control (n.) 核對查驗
③domestic (a.) 家庭的

■ **P.204**
①Alexandropolis (n.) 亞歷山大羅波利斯 (希臘地名、濱愛琴海)
②chase (v.) 追逐
③Dover (n.) 多佛 (英國港口，隔多佛海峽與法國之「加來Calais」相望)
④cage (n.) 籠子

■ **P.208**
①Salonika (n.) 薩羅尼加 (希臘港口，濱愛琴海的薩羅尼加灣)
②Thessaloniki (n.) 薩羅尼加 (Salonika) 之別名。
③dismiss (v.) 斷念、忘掉
④Eidomene (n.) 伊都曼尼 (希臘地名， 在國境上與南斯拉夫之 Gevgelija 相對)

■ **P.212**
①Belgrade (n.) 貝爾格勒 (南斯拉夫首都)
②stick to…… 堅持……
③biscuit (n.) 餅乾

■ **P.214**
①give away 崩潰

■ **P.216**
①Vinkovci (n.) 維康夫奇 (南斯拉夫北部地名，在貝爾格勒西北方)
②Brod (n.) 布羅特 (南斯拉夫西北部都市又稱Slavonski Brod)
③Zagreb (n.) 札格拉布 (南斯拉夫西北部都市)
④Ljubljana (n.) 盧布拉納 (在札格列布西北方，是工商交通中心)
⑤Sezana (n.) 西札那 (南斯拉夫與義大利的邊界城市)
⑥Trieste (n.) 的里雅斯特 (義大利濱亞得里亞海的港口，又簡稱「的港」)

■ **P.218**
①playtime (n.) 休閒娛樂

時間

②tourist (n.) 觀光客
③rail (n.) 扶手
④run over 複習

■ P.220

①stripe (n.) (以 pl.表示) 山形徽章
②though (ad.) 可是(這種用法不放在句首)
③old man 老闆 (這是一種通俗的稱呼，稱父親、丈夫、隊長、主人等皆可)

■ P.222

①produce (v.) 提出、呈出
②visiting card 名片
③keep an eye on someone 守衛某人
④cutting (n.) 剪報

■ P.224

①Padua (n.) 巴多瓦 (義大利北部城市，在威尼斯西邊，是商業、鐵路中心)
②Vicenza (n.) 維承薩 (義大利北部城市、工商中心，有許多古蹟)
③Verona (n.) 威羅那 (義大利北部城市，與巴多瓦、維承薩都在波河平原上)

■ P.230

①sore spot 痛處
②fit into 調和
③dead (a.) 昏迷的、無感覺的
④to the world 完全地、徹底地

■ P.232

①fall for …被……欺騙
②appeal (v.) 投合
③character (n.) 奇人、怪人

■ P.234

①the Simplon tunnel 辛普倫隧道(從義大利境內橫穿阿爾卑斯山脈進入瑞士。是世界最長隧道，長20公里)
②Timbuctoo (n.) 廷巴克圖 (西非蘇丹共和國一城市)

■ P.236

①Dijon (n.) 第戎 (法國東部城市)
②Order of Lenin 列寧勳章 (order 可作「勳章」解)

■ P.238

①pint (n.) 品脫 (容量單位，在英國相當0.57公升；在美國相當0.47公升)
②explore (v.) 探查
③main artery 大動脈
④straight fight 爭鬪戰

■ P.240

①wood-work (n.) 木製品
②sting (v.) 刺激
③railway yards (火車的) 調車場
④sing (v.) 耳鳴

■ P.243

①drugged (a.) 被痲醉過的

■ P.244

①swear at someone 罵某人
②Lausanne (n.) 洛桑 (瑞士城市在日內瓦東北部)
③Vallorbe (n.) 法羅布 (瑞士與法國交界的城市)
④handful (n.) 少數

■ P.246

①pass key 萬能鑰匙、總鑰匙
②laundry (n.) 洗衣店

■ P.248

①wine-red (n.) 葡萄酒紅、紫紅
②carpet (n.) 地毯
③powder (n.) 粉
④de (prep.) (由法語來)「的、之」意

■ P.250

①knitting needle (織東西用的) 編針
②edge (n.) 危機
③stab (v.) 刺

■ P.252

①catch (v.) 打中
②spit (v.) 口沫橫飛地說話
③pin (v.) 釘住

■ P.254

①boot (n.) 長靴、半長統靴
②have the last word (辯論中)最後說了令人無法反駁的話

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